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TWENTY YEARS
OF
CONTINENTAL WORK AND TRAVEL

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The Rt. Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, D.D.
Bishop for North and Central Europe.

TWENTY YEARS

OF

CONTINENTAL WORK AND TRAVEL

BY

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP WILKINSON, D.D.

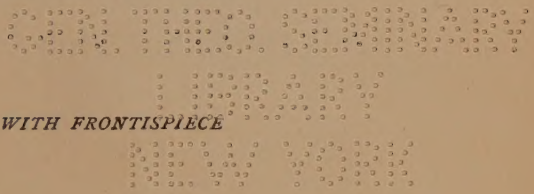
OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL EUROPE

WITH A PREFACE BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND MONSON, BART.

G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ETC.

LATE H.B.M. AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA, PARIS, ETC.



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39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1906

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TO

THE CHAPLAINS

OF NORTH AND CENTRAL EUROPE

WHO BY THEIR LOYALTY AND READY CO-OPERATION

HAVE ENABLED ME

UNDER GOD

TO DO THE WORK HEREIN RECORDED

AND TO THE MANY KIND AND HOSPITABLE FRIENDS

WHO HAVE WELCOMED AND CARED FOR ME

ON MY LONG AND LONELY JOURNEYS

I DEDICATE THIS RECORD

OF MY TWENTY YEARS' WORK AMONGST THEM

PREFACE

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND MONSON, BART.
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ETC.

IT has not been without considerable misgiving as to my competence to deal adequately with the task that I have ventured to comply with the request of my old friend and diocesan that I should write a few words of preface to his reminiscences. In doing so I must at once confess that I should look upon it as an impertinence to comment upon his recital of experiences,—in a measure unique, and consequently possessing a peculiar interest of their own,—without having had the opportunity of a previous perusal. I am, however, very grateful to the Bishop for giving me an opportunity of making a few remarks upon the general question of the British chaplaincies abroad, and of the necessity of their being subjected to episcopal supervision; for though many of my late colleagues in the diplomatic service have had equally good occasion to appreciate the devotion of the chaplains to their duties, and the enlightened zeal and energy of their diocesan, and would be able to express that appreciation in a more intelligent and attractive form than I fear lies in my own power, there is no one who has a heartier interest than I have in the welfare of the clergy officially resident on the Continent, in the success of their labours, and in the advantages derived by the various British communities from their assiduous performance of the very responsible functions which their exceptional situation involves; and further, there is no one who recognizes more sincerely the fact that they are unanimous in their sentiments of admiration and thankfulness for the wise and judicious and sympathetic superintendence of their Bishop.

There are perhaps not many now living who can recollect, as I can,

the deficiency of all facilities for the observance of religious worship according to the rites and ceremonies of our Anglican Church which prevailed in the greater part of the Continent sixty years ago. Living for some time abroad with my parents in the early forties; travelling in many countries, a juvenile member of a large family party always accompanied by a clerical tutor, it was of very common occurrence that on the Sunday halts in the large towns in which English travellers or English residents—generally few in number—were to be found, the opportunity of attending divine service held by an English clergyman was eagerly welcomed; and every effort used to be made by my parents to make known that such an opportunity would be offered at their hotel.

At a large number of such places, where the celebration of divine service was then an infrequent event, there are now resident chaplains, and very often English churches or chapels; in some, which have become the favourite resorts of our countrymen, there are more than one church or chapel, and very large congregations. Not a year passes but their number is increased; and in many cases the buildings thus erected are edifices of architectural beauty, and the services celebrated therein are dignified by most of the adjuncts, musical and other, associated in our minds with the worship of God in our own country. These edifices represent, in nearly every case, the outcome of efforts, of sacrifices, of persistent energy in the face of discouraging circumstances, which are, alas! far too little understood or valued by the travelling public. The burden has often been terribly heavy upon the fixed residents; not to speak of the chaplain himself, whose scanty remuneration is rarely a living wage; upon which inadequate provision he generally has to draw partly for the maintenance of the fabric itself, and partly for the charities as unavoidable in his position as they would be to a parson at home. The majority of our travellers abroad, those who visit the Continent for amusement, or for deliverance from the rigours of the English climate, are *ex necessitate rei*, people of ample means. But it is not from their pockets that a consul, a chaplain, or even a diplomatic representative dare expect much pecuniary aid towards the support of a British charitable fund, a British school, or the salary of a British clergyman. The consciences of many are appeased, and applications for aid are answered

by the argument that they do their duty at home in their own country; and they recognize no similar obligation on their well-filled purses which enable them to take their pleasure abroad. The stories of bad money; of coins of infinitesimal current value; of coins not current at all; found in the offertory bags, are unfortunately as true as they are common; and they derive an additional element of sadness from the undoubted fact that they contrast, unfavourably for our reputation, with the consistent and never-failing generosity of Americans in dealing with analogous circumstances.

I have referred to the responsibility of the office of a chaplain abroad. It is in general a heavy one, not only in regard to local demands on his time, his attention, and his pocket, but also in regard to the correspondence and trouble caused by applications from persons at home requiring information on the most varied topics; such, for instance, as the advantages and disadvantages of the place as a residence; its educational facilities; its climatic characteristics. Or it may be that a perfectly unknown correspondent makes inquiries of a more personal character: as to individuals—relatives or friends—of whom no precise news can be obtained, or for whom the chaplain's interest, protection, or intervention is claimed in places where no diplomatic or consular official resides. Services rendered by the chaplain in such cases remain unremunerated, and frequently put him to no little trouble and expense. But my experience leads me to believe that they are in all cases very cheerfully rendered, without any reference being made to the trouble, expense, or inconvenience involved.

And, beyond the satisfaction of the chaplain at the consciousness of duty punctually performed, and of unremunerated aid and advice ungrudgingly given, what reward awaits him for years of unremitting labour and almost uninterrupted exile from his own country? Rare is it indeed that in his later years he can see any prospect of obtaining a cure of souls at home in the event of health or family circumstances making a return to England an object to him. Poorly paid, he can lay by little or nothing for his old age; without influence or interest he must be content to live his life in a foreign land. But in spite of these drawbacks there are to be found among our chaplains abroad all the single-mindedness, the zeal, the unselfishness, the

devotedness that we are accustomed to identify with the example of the parish priest.

It may be said that I have coloured the picture too highly, and exaggerated the merits of the type. But I do not pretend to portray that type as superior to all human defects. On the contrary, the weaknesses, the errors, the prejudices, inherent in frail nature, are as much there as everywhere else; and their existence leads me to touch upon the one topic which many a reader of this preface—if I may flatter myself that such there will be—may consider as more germane to the Bishop's reminiscences than the excursus upon which I have ventured in the preceding remarks. I need hardly say that I refer to the personality of the author.

If any one asks me the *raison d'être* for a bishop of the Anglican Church with such an episcopal sphere as Northern and Central Europe—vast in its extent, but sketchy and shadowy in its outline—with a jurisdiction apparently unsubstantial, and in a great degree dependent upon the personality of the Bishop, I have no difficulty in replying that my experience satisfies me that the cessation of the system as at present organized would be an irreparable calamity. Many may look upon his position as purely ornamental; more may recognize the necessity of his existence for the performance of ordinary episcopal rites, confirmation of the young, consecration or dedication of buildings for the celebration of divine worship; it is reserved, perhaps, for the few to understand and appreciate the value of his supervision of the clergy of his diocese both in their individual and in their collective capacity. And amongst the few none more completely and gratefully than the chaplains themselves. I doubt if it be possible to find a body of men, of limited number, professing the same faith, actuated unquestionably by the same motives, inspired by the same principles, who nevertheless exemplify more thoroughly the truth of the old maxim *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. And is it surprising that such should be the case? I think not, when their circumstances are fairly considered. Dwellers in a foreign land; isolated in most cases from colleagues with whom it would be advantageous to be in close touch; insensibly but unavoidably influenced by local surroundings, by the habits of life, the methods of thought, the prejudices, nay, even the example of the mass of the people with

whom they necessarily come somewhat in contact; themselves men of an education generally far superior to that of the majority of the community of their fellow-countrymen, of whom they are in most cases the leaders, titular or actual; it seems only natural that this quasi isolation should induce habits of thought, of study, and of reflection, which, unchecked by frequent free communication with men of congenial, even of differing methods of dogma and reasoning, must tend to build up idiosyncrasies of character and of mental action liable, when occasion does bring them into association with their colleagues, to provoke mutual misunderstanding, unless such misunderstanding can be composed and conciliated by the intervention, advice, and authority of an officially recognized arbiter.

Irrespective of the regular pastoral visits paid to each chaplain individually, it is at the annual meeting in conference of the Anglican chaplains abroad that the bishop is called upon to exercise the most important of his functions as president and moderator of his assembled clergy. Efficiently to carry out this duty, the presiding authority must be endowed with a knowledge and experience which command respect, while at the same time he must display a largeness of view; a genuine sympathy with men of divergent opinions; a power of tactful management; and an exceptionally patient temper; without which such meetings could hardly escape the danger of developing acrimonious polemics. To the ordinary acquirements of a highly placed ecclesiastic he must add the conciliatory methods of a trained diplomatist as well as the patent equity of an unimpeachable arbitrator. Speaking as I do from personal knowledge of the proceedings of these conferences held in several of the foreign capitals at which I have been the accredited representative of my Sovereign, I have no hesitation in saying that the work accomplished by the author of the following pages has been in every direction successful, and one for which every British subject interested in the welfare of his countrymen abroad may well feel grateful to the guiding hand which has raised up and placed in an authoritative position a personage possessing in a marked degree the indispensable qualifications demanded by his office.

For myself, as one who for so many years has enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, as well as for many colleagues on behalf of

whom I am sure that I can speak with unfaltering confidence in the same sense, I look back upon the long period during which Bishop Wilkinson has carried out his mission amongst us with heartfelt gratitude towards one who has never spared himself in the discharge of his ministrations, but has continued, at much cost to his health and to his pocket, to *labour* (for that word is the only one to describe the nature of his efforts) in the task imposed upon him.

In his journeyings over his vast diocese he has been brought into contact with the high and mighty as well as with the humble and meek. I venture to assert that wherever he has been, whether it be in the court or the cottage, at the table of a Sovereign, or at that of a poorly paid chaplain, he has equally shown the attractiveness of his individuality and the single-mindedness of his life and views. I trust he will pardon me for saying thus much. I should have done violence to my sense of fairness had I said less.

Of the nature of his personal relations with each individual member of the body of chaplains; of the value of his advice and sympathy in their troubles and difficulties; of the solace and encouragement afforded by his visits to the scene of each man's labours; it is not for me to speak. I can guess the truth; but that truth remains the secret treasure of each grateful beneficiary.

EDMUND MONSON

Saint Andrew's Day, 1905

INTRODUCTION

DURING the twenty years that I have travelled and worked up and down North and Central Europe amongst the British colonies, factories, and communities scattered broadcast over an area eight times the size of Great Britain, I have visited many interesting places, taken part in many notable functions and scenes, and been thrown with many remarkable, and indeed historical, persons. These places, scenes, and personages I have woven into the journals of my work, written not for publication but for reference, and jotted down in many strange corners and circumstances as time and pressure have made possible. They have been written up *de die in diem*, in all sorts of odd places: on steamers, in railway trains, on railway platforms, at all hours of the day; and in cabins, waiting-rooms, and sleeping-cars at all hours of the night. I have done this not only to preserve that freshness of impression which is so essential to journalism, but to ensure accuracy of recount and detail. Though of necessity frequently revisiting the centres of my work, I have always found some new interest to record, and have tried never to repeat my experiences.

My many continental and English friends have urged me strongly from time to time, during these twenty years, to publish my journals, but I have hitherto declined to do so. I do not like even quasi autobiography, and in going against my own feelings, and giving way to the oft-repeated wishes of my friends, I would have it understood that I do so because I think that the manuscripts before me, copied out and arranged by an old friend—Mrs. White, of Charmouth—may prove not only in some measure interesting, but in some measure also profitable. As a record of what a Bishop in charge of his fellow-countrymen living and travelling abroad has to do in these

days in order to meet their spiritual needs when scattered over an area coterminous with North and Central Europe, they may encourage other workers in other fields.

It must be remembered that these scattered Anglo-Saxons—for my episcopal charge includes many hundreds of thousands of resident and travelling Americans—are to be found more or less everywhere throughout the eight hundred thousand square miles of the so-called North and Central Europe Anglican Bishopric, which stretches over the ten countries of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Russia.

Before I was twenty-two years old I had travelled in all those ten countries except Norway, then scarcely known as a region of travel; indeed, I knew Europe pretty well from Petersburg to Stockholm in the north, to Southern Italy and Gibraltar in the south; and east and west, from Calais to Moscow; before I took Holy Orders.

I have in the last twenty years retraced as a Bishop the early steps of a wide-wandering, and I am afraid in some sense a wild-wandering, boy; for when a schoolboy of seventeen I travelled alone through France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany; and before I was twenty-two I went alone into Italy with the intention of joining Garibaldi's contingent of young Englishmen, who in 1860 fought for Italian liberty. Since then I have worked and travelled in South Africa from Capetown through Natal, Zululand and Amazwasiland to the northern goldfields and districts of the Transvaal and Amatongaland.

Much might be written of those middle twenty years, but I must confine myself to the last twenty of a roving, though I trust a useful, and certainly not an uneventful, life.

Bradford Court, near Taunton
January, 1906

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TWENTY YEARS
OF
CONTINENTAL WORK AND TRAVEL

CHAPTER I

First visit to the Continent upon chaplaincy work—Work in Paris—Effects of the "Commune" at Neuilly and Paris generally—The wounded of the Franco-German War in the salons at Versailles—Compiègne as the imperial family left it—Belgium.

MY first visit to the Continent, preceding the twenty years of work and travel which followed, was at the request of Bishop Jackson, of London. It was by no means an eventful one, but as I think it well to touch upon each, expanding upon the more interesting of my journeys, I will not altogether omit this, though it lay over near and familiar ground.

I left England on 13 April, 1882. Confirming at Boulogne *en route*, I reached Paris, and on Sunday preached in the Embassy Church on behalf of that continental bishopric, which four years later Bishop Temple asked me to take. Lord Lyons and his diplomatic staff were present, as was also the Duke of Connaught, who was staying at the Embassy. In the afternoon I confirmed seventy candidates, dining in the evening with Professor Yeatman at Neuilly. This property formerly belonged to the Orléans family, was confiscated at the fall of the monarchy in 1848, and the family recently indemnified in part, but far below its value. Professor Yeatman's house was taken as the headquarters of the Commune in 1871, and as such drew upon it the fire of the batteries at Versailles. No less than forty unexploded bombs were picked up in the

garden and premises after the siege of Paris. One only struck the house and carried away the corner. A specimen was brought up out of the cellar for me to see. These details do not say much for the material or the aim of the Communists. The house was beautifully furnished and the cellar well stocked when Professor Yeatman shut it up and retired to England upon the outbreak of the war. Upon his return he found that the head of the Commune and his staff had gutted the cellar, but in no way injured the furniture. When the Versailles troops entered Paris they broke down the wall at the back of the house and rushed upon it. The leader of the Commune fled out in front, and was shot under a tree which was pointed out to me. These incidents were fresh in the minds of the Parisians then, for they were comparatively recent, and Paris bore many terrible traces of the war, the scars of which are scarcely visible now to the visitor. They are therefore of interest, when so few of these traces are left except the burnt palace of St. Cloud. I went out to Versailles, where I confirmed in our little church, and afterwards went over the Palace with Admiral Englefield and his wife, who have resided at Versailles for many years. They were there during the German occupation, and visited daily the wounded German officers who were laid with hundreds of their fellow-countrymen in the halls and salons of the château. Admiral Englefield told me that he had seen double rows of wounded lying on each side of the various state rooms through which we passed, and that the beautiful *parqueterie* floors reeked with blood. The wounded had nothing to look upon but the endless battle pieces of Horace Vernet and other artists, and used to say it was a terrible subject to be obliged to look at, and one of which they had seen too much in stern reality.

In the chapel the place was pointed out where the Emperor and the Crown Prince of Germany used to sit at the services. Beneath that chapel which carries upon its front "A toutes les gloires de France," instead of "To the glory of God," there, outside, under those very words, stood the Emperor William I during the siege of Paris, when its starving inhabitants were eating cats and rats, and placing the crown of Charlemagne upon his head, proclaimed the German Empire. "Them that honour me I will honour; and those that despise me I will lightly esteem." We wandered through the gardens; St. Cloud is still a ruin. It was burnt because the light upon the windows drew the fire from Fort Valérien. The English

chaplain of Paris assisted in getting the State documents out of the burning palace.

Upon returning to Paris I walked through the Place de la Concorde and down to the ruined Tuileries. I remembered them as a boy, so bright and beautiful, as also St. Cloud, in all the glory of the second empire, now a charred black skeleton from which the desolate window openings look out weirdly as from empty sockets. The column in the Place Vendôme was restored, and the new Hôtel de Ville rapidly progressing.

From Paris I went to Compiègne, where I confirmed in the beautiful little church built by the Dowager Lady Barrington. It is situated in one of the many fine avenues which abound in this right royal forest.

On passing the bridge over the Oise the tower was pointed out to me upon the river bank in which Joan of Arc was taken. The château at Compiègne was built, as was also Versailles, by Louis XIV. The keepers of the château, now a national museum, are Imperialists, and it was not difficult to discern that they were. The rooms were much as the Emperor and Empress left them at the outbreak of the Franco-German War. His bedroom and hers (next to the Prince Imperial's), with the bath, jugs, and basins just as when in use. Upon a circular inlaid marble table in the Prince Imperial's room a date was scratched by the boy when last at Compiègne, 18 December, 1868. He was never there after that, though his parents were. The room is pointed out which the German Emperor used when, as King of Prussia, he visited the French Emperor; but, added the old attendant, "when he came this last time he would have nothing to do with fine rooms: he had his little iron camp-bed put in here," and he opened the door of a small dressing-room and pointed into it. This was the Emperor Napoleon's favourite hunting château, and here it was that he gave the famous autumn hunting parties, and entertained so many crowned heads and illustrious personages. It was here that he consulted with Count Cavour upon French policy in Italy, and pledged himself to the Italian nation. The view from the terrace of the main avenue, which stretches away up and down the grassy hills for miles, is very fine. The forests of Compiègne and Chantilly join, and are very extensive.

From Paris I went to Brussels, and confirmed the Brussels, Bruges, and Ghent candidates in the Church of the Resurrection,

and met Sir Savile Lumley, of the British Legation, afterwards at lunch. The new "Palais de Justice" was then nearly finished: a wonderful and magnificent building in Grecian style, of black Belgian marble, upon a fine site dominating all Brussels, well called the architectural wonder of the century.

From Brussels I travelled to Antwerp, where I confirmed in a dreary building called a church. I am thankful to be able to record that we are erecting a building in Antwerp worthy of our Church and nation, which is to cost £10,000. I spent the day with Consul-General Grattan, a pleasant and cultivated companion, who knows much of art, and with whom I enjoyed much artistic conversation over the Antwerp pictures. I visited with him the ancient house now used as a museum. Here is shown Plantin's printing apparatus, one of the first ever made. Here also are many instruments of Spanish torture, etc.

I left Antwerp via Flushing for Queenborough, arriving back in England on 21 April.

CHAPTER II

Prince Napoleon's arrest in Paris—Dr. Evans's account of the escape of the Empress Eugénie—New frontier at Deutsch-Avricourt—Strasburg Cathedral damaged by the war—Freiburg in Baden—Audience of Prince Louis of Hesse in Darmstadt—Prince Louis and Princesses attend confirmation—Princess Alice's mausoleum—Dresden—Berlin: first audience with Crown Princess—Confirmation in Mon Bijou Palace Chapel—Sir Savile Lumley's reception at Brussels—Confirmation in Holland.

BISHOP JACKSON, of London, asked me again in March, 1883, to take continental confirmations for him in Paris, Dresden, Berlin, etc., and I left England for that purpose on 30 March of that year.

I stayed upon this occasion at a house in the Avenue d'Antin, in Paris, within a few doors of Prince Napoleon's house, in which his arrest had recently taken place. All was done so quietly that few of the inhabitants in the neighbouring houses knew what was being done. He was conveyed to the conciergerie.

After a large confirmation in the Embassy Church I met at luncheon Mr. Evans, brother of Dr. Evans, who effected the escape of the Empress Eugénie from Paris after Sedan. He told me how his brother had compassed it. The Empress, being advised to quit the Tuileries in consequence of the popular feeling against the Emperor and herself, did so by a side entrance. In passing through the crowd a small boy recognized her, and cried, "Voilà l'Impératrice!" She escaped, however, into the crowd amidst cries of "à la guillotine." Taking a voiture, she drove some distance towards Dr. Evans's house, who had been in the habit of doing confidential work for the Court. Changing voitures in order to break the continuity of the journey, she reached the house deeply veiled. Upon appearing in Dr. Evans's presence, the Empress lifted her veil, and discovering herself told her story. Dr. Evans bade her rest at his house while he prepared the way to take her out at one of the western barriers *en route* to the coast. Having several

patients outside Paris, and being well known by the gendarmes who kept the barriers, he drove out by one of them, leaning from the carriage window as he passed, and telling the officials the latest news of what was passing in the city. He added that he would make further visits to patients in that direction during the afternoon and evening, and would bring with him each time the latest bulletins of the progress of the Revolution.

During the afternoon two of the best horses in his stables were harnessed to a close carriage in which the Empress, attended by a lady and Dr. Evans, was driven towards the barrier. Upon nearing it, Dr. Evans bade Her Majesty lean back as far as possible while he stood up, and filling the window with his body threw out papers, and called out the latest news to the gendarmerie.

Dr. Evans having previously instructed his coachman to lash the horses into a gallop upon reaching the barrier under colour of the urgency of a professional visit, they were soon beyond all fear of recognition and on their way to the coast. The horses were driven till they could go no further, and then the Empress, disguised as a Normandy peasant in a country cart, completed her journey, and reached Dieppe. Here she found Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, and was taken on board, unknown, it is said, till the voyage to England had commenced.

Upon this occasion I preached in the Embassy Church for the restoration fund, Lord Lyons and the Corps Diplomatique being present. In the afternoon I confirmed at Versailles, and took the night express to Strasburg. At Deutsch-Avricourt, the new frontier, we left the French and entered the German train, no through carriages running then between the two countries; things were still too strained.

Deutsch-Avricourt is quite a new township, which has sprung up on the frontier of Alsace since the war. It stands on a great open plain, a wide champaign country stretching towards France proper. A small rivulet forms the boundary—Bismarck's scientific frontier, backed by the forests and rough passes of the Vosges.

The cathedral of Strasburg was a good deal damaged during the siege. I ascended to the hut upon the unfinished tower and looked at the results of shot and shell. Much of the fine, delicate work had been renewed, the whole upper portion of the structure showing signs of the German guns. The interior bore no marks of the siege. The mechanical clock, visited by all tourists, was not

touched. One shell burst into the nave roof over the organ and twisted up the pipes like corkscrews. The city has increased under German industry; many large warehouses, buildings, and dwelling-houses have grown out into the suburbs. The storks seemed to have diminished in numbers, but it was still early for them.

From Strasburg I went to Freiburg, in Schwartzwald, always beautiful in itself, as are also its environs, whichever way is taken, the wildest and most solitary depths of both Vosges and Black Forest hills being reached easily in the day. The cathedral—a highly ornate instance of pure Gothic—the Archbishop's Palace, and the Rathhaus are the main features of the Dom Platz. The open-work stone spire is unique. Major Roberts, who had an establishment here for army pupils, was at that date the best guide to the building, and with him I had the advantage of seeing all from west to east. The porch is a history and study in itself. Upon the buttresses at the west end are rude figures and characters denoting the various weights and measures current in the Black Forest district. Placed as they are in such a prominent part of the market-place, they must have rendered great service to the country people. They are supposed to be very old, many of them being records of weights and measures now obsolete. A reredos stands over a small altar, from which Mr. Baring-Gould evidently copied that which he gave to the parish church at Staverton, in Devonshire. The organ was given by Sir John Sutton.

After confirming at Heidelberg I passed on to Darmstadt. Here Prince Louis of Hesse had arranged for an audience with me upon the subject of the continental bishopric. I went to the New Palace in the morning. It was a fête day, being Princess Victoria's birthday. The band was playing in the garden below. I was ushered through several handsome rooms by the Hofmarschal, into one which looked very English, showing the English hand and arrangement of the late Princess Alice. I was told afterwards that it was her room. After a short time the Prince, a man of middle age, short, stout, and light-haired, came in; he was not in uniform, which for a German was remarkable. He received me most kindly, and we sat and talked for some time upon the subject of the continental bishopric. I asked him to give me a letter recommending the scheme. This he promised to do. He said he could not head the Darmstadt subscription list, adding, with a smile, "I must not be too English, you know." He talked of the late chaplain, Moore,

my college friend, who had recently died. The Prince said he was very busy that day, but would be present at the confirmation in the afternoon, if he possibly could. He spoke of his motherless children, and I told him that I had seven to bring up without any help. He passed his hand across his forehead, and exclaimed, "Ach, Gott!" holding it there, and covering his face for a few moments as if contemplating his own loss in mine. I confirmed in the chapel of the old Palace, from one of the windows of which the little Prince fell and was killed. The chapel is, after its style, quite a fine building, and was fairly well filled. Prince Louis and two of the Princesses were present, occupying the royal gallery at the west end, which is not his custom, and which much pleased the English. Most of the candidates were young fellows from Colonels Wilkinson and Shaw's army institution.

After the service I drove out to Princess Alice's mausoleum. It is approached by a very simple rural entrance, through a white gate into an enclosure. A homely drive of about a quarter of a mile brings you to a fir wood, in the midst of which stands the mausoleum. It is a Greek building in three portions, connected by columned wings. That to the left contains the beautiful recumbent figure of the Princess by Böehm. She holds at her side the little child from whom she caught diphtheria. The likeness to the Princess, and through her to her mother, the Queen, is very striking. The domed roof is well decorated and gilded, as are the walls.

In the central portion of the mausoleum stands the coffin of the Princess, covered with wreaths, that placed by Queen Victoria when last at Darmstadt being very conspicuous. It is placed upon the floor, as deposited on the day of the funeral, and wrapped at the Princess's own wish in the Union Jack. The Queen is giving a sarcophagus, in which it will finally rest. Darmstadt is not an interesting place, though the neighbouring hills of the Landstrasse are very pretty. From the mausoleum a beautiful view is obtained.

I was present in the evening at a meeting on behalf of the bishopric, which was well attended.

On my way to Dresden I made a short stay at Frankfort and refreshed my memory with the quaint parts of the old city. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, has disappeared to make way for modern streets. My way to Dresden lay through the somewhat desolate but deeply interesting Thuringerwald, with all its associations of our Boniface and his missionaries, who brought Christianity from

Devonshire to the wild tribes inhabiting these vast wastes, rolling hills, and forests. Martyred by Frisians, he lies buried at Fulda, on the banks of the river of that name. Passing Erfurt, Gotha, Weimar, and Leipzig, Dresden was reached after a long day's travelling from Darmstadt. Here I preached and confirmed in the beautiful church built by Mrs. Goschen to the memory of her husband, who was a Saxon. It is well designed, well built, and well appointed, the best representation of the Anglican church I had yet seen on the Continent. On the Sunday afternoon I walked with Mr. Gilderdale, our excellent chaplain, up to the Moreau monument above the city, from which a fine view is obtained of Dresden, with the Elbe flowing through it, and away to the Saxon Switzerland, still touched by the winter's snow. Upon the occasion of this first visit to Dresden I began a long series of study in the picture galleries. The wealth of art far surpassed all that I had conceived. Every school is not only represented, but represented frequently with gems of the highest order—Claudes, Ruysdaels, Holbeins, Raphaels, Murillos, Canalettos, Rembrandts—a list of artists far too long to enumerate, a study for weeks had one the time to devote to it. At a reception I met many English and Americans, amongst them Count Bernstorff's son, whose father represented Germany at our Court. Attended a meeting afterwards for the continental bishopric.

I left Dresden for Berlin on 9 April, and on the 10th went to the Crown Prince's palace for an audience with the Crown Princess, who wished to see me upon the subject of the proposed continental bishopric. I was received at the bottom of the great staircase by Count Seckendorf, who was upon the Crown Prince's staff in the Franco-German War, and whom Dr. Russell, *The Times* correspondent, described as "a good specimen of a young German nobleman," and so he was. He conducted me upstairs till we arrived at a pair of folding doors. These admitted us to a large *salon*, down which the Crown Princess advanced, greeted me most cordially, and immediately began speaking of my mission to Germany and Berlin. She was short, and her profile almost identical with that of her mother. She had not given audience to any one for several days, having suffered much from neuralgia. It was most kind of her, therefore, to see me. She told me that the Emperor had given a site for an English church, and I said I hoped that when built the Berlin church would be as good as that at Dresden. "I am sure," she

said, with some *empressement*, "I hope so; we need something better than we have." The Crown Princess is a warm adherent of our Church, and attends the English service every Sunday evening. Her Imperial Highness, in speaking of the bishopric, said that we must not speak of it in Germany in connexion with Heligoland; that that title must not be given to the see. She spoke much of England, and after about a quarter of an hour I made a movement to take my leave, but she interrupted my intention, and seemed anxious to continue our conversation about the old country. Thinking I had trespassed long enough upon her time, I moved several times towards the door, but each time she continued the conversation, and at last said, "Now you must see the children." She called an attendant, and ordered them to be sent for, but they were out, and I missed the pleasure.

A fairly large congregation at the confirmation in the Mon Bijou Palace chapel, considering the smallness of the English community, which I was told did not number 150. The colony of English and Americans has, however, much increased since those days. The Crown Princess would have been present, but she told me that she had a State engagement, which could not possibly be cancelled.

At lunch I met Marenski, the Berlin missionary from Botsabelo, in the Transvaal, whom I visited when in South Africa. He told me that he had been driven out by the Boers after the retrocession of that country, and was unable to return because of his loyalty to the English Government during our rule. The Boers told him that should any rising take place amongst the natives in his district they would hold him responsible for it with his life. Pretoria, he said, was ruined as a place of commerce by Gladstone's action, and that the country was in a most wretched condition. Turning to me he added, bitterly, "And we have to thank England for all this." I replied that he must not call Mr. Gladstone and his Government "England."

As I was leaving Berlin for Brussels, a telegram was put into my hands from the chaplain of Weimar, stating that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (the Empress Augusta's brother) wished to see me upon English Church matters. He was very friendly to us, and desired to have an English church built at Weimar. It was impossible for me to return then, for I was advertised to be in Brussels for confirmation on the 12th of that month. I communicated this to the Grand Duke a few days later, and was sorry to

find that he had waited in all the afternoon, hoping to see me. I wrote at once regretting this, and offering to make a special journey to Weimar later on, to which he replied that I must not think of doing so.

From Berlin I travelled through the night by Cologne to Brussels, where I confirmed and held a meeting upon the bishopric question. The Holland candidates were asked to come to Brussels for this confirmation, but objected on the plea of distance, and I did not blame them. This was a strong argument in favour of a bishopric. To bring a party of boys and girls from one kingdom to another, a long day's journey by rail, two nights at an hotel, and a long return journey on the third day, who could reasonably expect it of them? I wrote at once and promised to visit Holland specially for the purpose.

Sir Savile Lumley, of the British Legation in Brussels, had written to Berlin asking me to attend a reception, preceded by a dinner-party, on the occasion of my visit. All was exceedingly well done upon a large and most hospitable scale. Sir Savile is a most cultivated man. He paints in oils extremely well. Several large pictures by himself of Russian subjects, painted when attached to the Embassy at Petersburg, hang in one of the drawing-rooms. I had much conversation with him about the bishopric, and found him most anxious to help in Church matters. He sustained the honour and dignity of our Court and country exceedingly well at Brussels, and was much missed when he left for Rome.

I was to have had an interview with the King of the Belgians about the bishopric, but at the last moment came a letter to say that he was ill in bed, and could see no one for some days. I was sorry to miss this audience, as the king is much interested in Africa, and is always glad to see and talk with one who knows that country.

From Brussels I went to Bruges and confirmed, holding there also a meeting about the bishopric. A large reception of Bruges English closed, as usual, the day. From Bruges, which is too well known to describe, I crossed to England via Ostend.

I crossed again on 17 April to Holland, according to promise, and confirmed at the Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, holding a bishopric meeting at the latter place.

CHAPTER III

Chantilly—Louis Philippe's coachman—Confirmation of stable-lads and jockeys —Audience with Empress Augusta of Germany at Baden—English girl travels from Warsaw to Stuttgart to obtain her confirmation—Growing need of continental bishopric.

MY third, fourth, and fifth journeys were so short, and contain so little of interest, that I put them together for what they may be worth.

I crossed to Boulogne 26 May, 1883, by night-boat, arriving 3 a.m. A little sleep, and then up for day's work. The church (Holy Trinity) in which I confirmed and preached was built as a church of the Capuchins and consecrated by Claude Dormy, twenty-second Bishop of Boulogne, in 1620. The next day I spoke at a well-attended bishopric meeting, and went on in the afternoon to Chantilly. I walked to the Duc d'Aumale's beautiful château across the racecourse, and saw the great carp under the bridge which the French netted out at the approach of the Germans, and concealed in a pond in the forest lest they should be eaten. The Duc d'Aumale had abandoned his château for political reasons, and gone to live upon his Sicilian property. The Comte de Paris and Duc D'Orléans had houses on the estate. As I sat with the chaplain at the entrance to the forest, the Duc d'Aumale's chief of the stables passed us with his son. The former was a man of some sixty-five years. He was a boy when his old master, Louis Philippe, fled from Paris, and accompanied him, his father being then in the position which he has since occupied as head of the stables. The office had been in the family for several generations, and seemed likely to remain there. All the English community here is in one way or other connected with the racing-stables, perhaps a thousand in all, with their families, trainers, stablemen, boys, and jockeys. With Paris within an hour, and the high rate of wages, the young fellows here are very difficult to control. The confirmation consisted mostly of these stable-lads. The church here is well

constructed and church-like, built through the efforts of Lord Cowley, who hired the Duke's château when Ambassador at Paris. From Chantilly I went to Calais and confirmed, crossing afterwards to England.

On 23 June of this year I crossed to Dieppe for confirmation work there, preaching on the following Sunday in All Saints', the church Lord Salisbury and his family attend when at Châlet Cécil. Lord Salisbury was not at Dieppe, but Lady Maud and Lord Hugh were staying at one of the hotels. I went on the Monday to call, and spent some time with them. In the afternoon I attended a meeting on behalf of the bishopric. Lord Salisbury wrote afterwards, promising conditionally £500. On the Tuesday I left Dieppe, crossing to Newhaven with Lord Hugh and Lady Maud—now Lady Selborne—who was on her way to her marriage with Lord Wolmer.

On 18 October of this year I visited Baden-Baden. The Germanic monument, opposite Bingen, had just been unveiled by the German Emperor in the presence of all the German Princes at a great national gathering, which closed the German autumn manœuvres. It was a great historical event, which I was sorry to miss. I have fully described this Denkmal in another part of these records. The following Sunday I preached at Baden for the continental bishopric, the Empress Augusta of Germany being present. After service a letter was handed to me from the Countess of Brandenberg to say that the Empress had been much interested in what I had said, and wished to see me on the Tuesday following. She could not say Monday, because the Emperor was leaving on that day for Berlin, and was to take leave of the Grand Duchy of Baden officials. I replied that I was leaving for Stuttgart on that day for a confirmation already fixed. A reply came that the Empress would arrange an audience for Monday evening. I visited our Queen's pretty little house which was left to her by her half-sister, Princess Hohenlohe, and where from time to time she stayed. During the revolution of 1848 the Queen was very kind to her, and in token of gratitude she left her this house and garden. It is prettily situated, and very retired. The Queen's favourite walk, trellised and covered with roses, commands a fine view of the Rhine on towards Strasburg.

About 6.30 p.m. on Monday, 22 October, I went to the audience, and was introduced into the presence of the Empress by the

Hofmarschal. Her Majesty was sitting in a wheel-chair dressed for dinner, at the end of a small but pretty room, full of flowers, palms, and ferns. She received me most kindly, and began to talk of the bishopric scheme, expressing herself as much interested in it. "I consider myself of your Church," she said, "being first drawn to it by Queen Adelaide, my dear friend. We used to attend the English church together at Hanover when staying at Herrenhausen. I always felt that the Church of so good a woman might well be my Church also." She spoke with sorrow of the freethinking (*freisinnig*) rationalism of the German Church. Then of our Queen and her family, "our good Queen," as she called her, that she never came to see her, while she was not able to go to England, though often asked to do so. We then talked of the Franco-German War. I said that the first European news I received in Africa was that the French Emperor was a prisoner. She spoke with terrible earnestness of it as "that dreadful war," and hoped she might never see its like again. I spoke of my visit to Berlin, and of my interview with the Crown Princess in April. She said she had heard of it, and wished I had come to see her also. We then talked of the church at Weimar. I said that her brother the Grand Duke had telegraphed to me when I was leaving Berlin asking me to see him upon the subject of an English church at Weimar. She replied that she should soon see her brother, and would tell him what I had said, and that she knew he would be glad to see me whenever I could go there. Having stayed about twenty minutes I moved to go, saying that I must not tire Her Majesty. I thought the Empress looking very aged and feeble, and it was evidently a great effort to her, for she talked very slowly, and in a very low soft voice. The evening was close, and she seemed to feel the heat. Later in the evening came a letter from one of the Grand Duchess of Baden's ladies asking me if I could see her the next morning; but as I was leaving early I could not do so. After the audience I attended and spoke at a bishopric meeting in the kursaal. From Baden I went to Stuttgart, and confirmed in our very pretty, well-built, and well-arranged church. Among the candidates was a very interesting case—a girl who had come with her mother the previous winter from Warsaw to Stuttgart, in very severe weather, hearing that there was to be a confirmation there. They waited at Stuttgart about three weeks, were disappointed, no bishop coming for the purpose, and returned to Warsaw. Hearing that I was coming this autumn, they left

Warsaw again, and travelling to Stuttgart, were present upon this occasion. The daughter would not rest satisfied until she had been confirmed. This is further evidence of the need of a continental bishop. This Warsaw family has been well known to me since. The members of it whom I have confirmed have, with their good mother, grown into my many continental friends. From Stuttgart I returned to England.

CHAPTER IV

Libramont—After Sedan—The fallen Emperor—Triers—Ems—The Kaiser's Stein—"13 Jüli, 1870; 9 Uhr, 10 min; morgen"—Denkmal on the Niederwald—Night spent by a lady on Mont Blanc—Rapid increase of chaplaincies in Switzerland.

IN June and July, 1886, Bishop Titcomb being too ill to travel, I did his work for him along the Rhine and in Switzerland, travelling by way of Brussels and Luxemburg. This route passes the wayside station of Libramont, the highest point of the Chemin de fer de l'État Belge. Few travellers as they sweep past this station, to and from Ostend and Basle, know its interesting history. I never pass it without recalling that interest. It was the objective of Dr. Russell's—the *Times* correspondent—remarkable ride so graphically described by him in his *Last Great War.* He left Sedan on 3 September, 1870, with his account of the battle of the previous days, in order to take train at Libramont for Ostend and London, no way then existing to England via Boulogne or Calais. All is recounted to the life. The ride through the victorious German lines, past the masses and miles of festering bodies, infecting the air that hot September, and frightening his horse. How he evaded the challenging of sentinels, how he pressed on mile after mile up and down the broken forest of the Ardennes to gain the Belgian frontier, then on through Bouillon, and past the Hôtel de la Poste—the shelter of the fallen Emperor after the battle—in order to reach Libramont in time to catch the 4 p.m. express to Brussels. How he never would have reached it in time had not the train been late owing to the war, being delayed by the crowds of wounded picked up from station to station. His joy in seeing in the distance the telegraph posts announcing the line at hand. How the little roadside station was gorged with military—French soldiers, who had laid down their arms, having fled to Belgian territory. How every tongue was absorbed in the one great topic, the capitulation of McMahon's army, numbering 86,000 men and officers, besides 14,000

wounded, 550 guns, and 10,000 horses, to the King of Prussia, and above all—news almost incredible—the capture of the Emperor Napoleon. How he was told by hurrying, downcast Frenchmen of the Emperor, under a German guard, having been hastily brought along that same road by which he had come from Sedan to be entrained at Libramont on his way to Wilhelmshöhe, broken down, unkempt, his moustaches no longer pointed and stiff, but limp and downcast as himself. What a fall, what a scene, what a story to tell next morning to London, to England, to the world through the dispatches he was carrying!

Truly Libramont is a station worth taking stock of by the traveller. From here it is but a short run to Luxemburg. The state of Luxemburg has local self-government under the King of Holland, who is reigning Grand Duke, and forms part of the German Zollverein. These relations to Holland and Germany date from 1866, when the fortifications were dismantled, and as a military position it ceased to be a menace to either Belgium, France, or Germany.

At Igel, near Trier, is a Roman pillar some seventy feet high, an outpost of the wealth of Roman remains in that most interesting city. Trier is not visited and studied as it deserves; the multitude of Swiss-going English and Americans either leave it to the east as they rush from Brussels to Basle, or to the west as they plunge up and down the Rhine by rail or boat. The cathedral is unique. It was a Roman basilica, much of the Roman brickwork remaining. The apsidal tribune at the west end seems left in nearly its original condition; the choir is later. Much of the north wall has been rebuilt or refaced. All is much mixed outside. Coming out of the cathedral, a German boy of some fourteen years offered his services as a guide, and knew manifold more of the history of Treves and its antiquities than a Bury St. Edmund's man of twice his age would know of the shrine of King Edmund the Martyr and its surroundings, if he knew anything about such things at all. Close to the cathedral is St. Laurence's Church, Early English, cruciform, and well worth a visit on account of its interior. Then to the Roman basilica, now used as a Lutheran church, a wonderful study again of Roman brickwork, of which it is entirely built. The Roman Kaiser's palace is a mere fragment of a fine Roman domestic structure. The interior of the amphitheatre is much overgrown with shrubs and bushes. The beast dens still plain and open in front, though

blocked with earth inside. The approaches to the arena and galleries are still very perfect. It is not so large as that at Verona, and seemed to me about the size of that at Pozzuoli, near Naples. The baths by the Mosel are very extensive, the communications for conveying hot air between the furnaces and the hypocausts unusually large. This may be because most Roman baths are supplied with hot spring water. Here there are no hot springs, the water supply being conveyed from the Mosel. Adjoining the baths are remains of a large Roman palace. The foundations of the alcoves in the walls are supposed to have carried niches for statues, and may explain the similar semicircular stonework at Brading, Isle of Wight, which was taken for a semicircular footbath. Large portions of these baths and Roman buildings are still unexplored, and being built over, as at Bath, are likely to remain so. The piers of the Mosel bridge, hard by, are Roman, and composed of very large stones. The last, but by no means least, object of interest is the Roman Porta Nigra. This is a grandly gigantic gateway, built of very large uncemented stones, fastened with iron clamps. There is nothing like it elsewhere, not even at Rome. Four stories high, with originally a tower at either end, only one now remaining perfect. A most savage old gateway this, which one can look upon by the hour with veneration, and almost with awe. What scenes this grim old Porta Nigra must have witnessed in the history of Gallia Belgica; what wars and commotions; what marchings and counter-marchings; what throbs and throes of nations, ancient and modern; what comings and goings of generations of men; what upheavals and turning-points of history; what triumphs and defeats; the last when Germany sent her thousands and tens of thousands through this same Porta Nigra to Metz, Sedan, and Paris, followed in the contrary direction by thousands and tens of thousands of French prisoners and wounded to the land of their exile. And the old Porta Nigra looks down blackly and silently still, and will look on all other such scenes till time shall be no more.

As I turned from looking at Porta Nigra, a detachment of hussars passed. How well these Germans march, how strong, how regular, how Teutonic! What account could we give of them in England? Many were mere lads, but such straight, honest, good faces. What a nation of soldiers it is! Every man, young and old, and middle-aged, carries himself as a soldier, for he either has been, or is, or must one day be a soldier. Would it were so in this England of

ours! The army, its system and discipline, has made Germany what it is, and would make England what she ought to be also, if we did not ride our hobby, which we call "the liberty of the subject," to death. The divisions or army corps of the German Army are thus numbered. They begin upon the Russian frontier and count westwards. The Rhine has three army corps. The regiment is first named, and then the division of the army corps to which it belongs.

From Trier I went to Ems, where we have a fairly good little church. What most interested me at this water-drinking place was the stone marking the spot where the old Kaiser Wilhelm gave his decisive answer to, and then turned his back upon, the French Ambassador Benedetti on 13 July, 1870. The stone is a foot square or thereabouts. It stands at the end of a gravel walk; the inscription upon it is brief, but very significant, recording merely the date and hour of the conversation, which resulted in the most awful war Europe has ever witnessed: "13 Juli, 1870; 9 Uhr, 10 min: morgen." That is all—the rest is left to the history of Modern Europe. In about six weeks from that date the Emperor Napoleon was a prisoner, his army broken, Paris in revolution, and the Empress a fugitive in England. Was ever such a story?

I took the opportunity of visiting and looking more closely at the National War Monument opposite Bingen, to which reference was made in the last chapter. It stands crowning the Niederwald, above Rüdesheim. In front of the stone base is a large bronze relief of the German crowned heads and generals engaged in the war, the old Kaiser William in the centre. On each side of this great bronze relief stands a figure upon the corner of the stone basement. On the left hand "War" blowing a trumpet, and on the right "Victory" holding a palm. Beneath the four stanzas of "Die Wacht am Rhein" stand the words: "Lieb Vaterland magst ruhe sein Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!" Long may the words hold good!

On the sides of the stone plinth which carries the bronze relief are two very touching smaller bronzes in high relief, carrying life-sized figures. One represents the departure for the war: wives, children, and sweethearts wishing good-bye; the other, the return from war. They exhibit a strikingly beautiful contrast between the grief of parting and the joy of meeting again, the perils and the dangers past. The figure of the German mother giving her boy his

sword and buckling it upon his waist is most pathetic; the joyousness of the children rushing out of the cottage and clinging round the knees of fathers and brothers upon their return is equally so. It is the affectionate, good home-life of these Germans that makes them such a great, brave, and strong people. It tells its own tale of unity, purity, and love in the family life, bringing down heaven's blessing upon family, people, and country. Above all, stands an enormous figure of Germania upon a lofty stone pediment, around the sides of which are inscribed the various battles from Saarbrück to Paris. A truly grand national Denkmal, overlooking the Rhine for miles and miles, and away to the early battlefields of Alsace and Lorraine, the countries wrested from France by Germany. Here it stands to-day, where the statue of Drusus once stood, overlooking the very spot on the grand old river where all the invasions of Gaul, or rather to and from Gaul, have taken place. Below lie the Roman remains at Rüdesheim, still standing to mark Roman power and invasion, now dominated by this splendid monument to modern victories, memorializing a more terrible struggle than old Rome ever dreamt of in her most warlike days, overlooking that borderland lying down by Maintz and Worms, swept and reswept for hundreds of years by border warfare.

At Wiesbaden I confirmed in the church, for which Mr. Christopher Benson, the Archbishop's brother, had done so much to improve and beautify. The Duke of Nassau's palace at Biebrich shows marks of the war of 1866, when Nassau resisted annexation to Prussia. Going on to Heidelberg, where we have a college for English boys—since that date broken into two colleges, Neuenheim and Heidelberg—I confirmed; the musical part of the service being sung by a choir of German boys, who are well conducted and sing very creditably. In the evening I met at the chaplain's house Countess Jennisen, who lives in Carinthia, and speaks of it as a very beautiful country, the people still most primitive, refusing to take money from travellers for accommodation and food, and where living is still very cheap.

From Heidelberg I crossed the Rhine to Basle, passing Weissenburg and the district in which the Franco-German War began. Monuments are seen right and left of the line in all directions, marking the burial places of French and Germans. Arriving at Berne, I did what ordinary tourists rarely do. All down the old arcaded street are burgher hotels at intervals, the former guild-

houses of the city. The rooms are quaint, the ceilings and cornices decorated with coats-of-arms and other insignia, reached by old stone stairways. These hotels have large and curious signs over their entrances: the Moor, the lion, the eagle, etc. I put up at one of these, a charming old house kept by most civil people—cool, clean, and simple, but, better than all, free entirely of English and American tourists.

Tuesday is the day to see Berne. It is then that the country people flock to market with their endless procession of dog-drawn carts, bringing every conceivable country product and manufacture. The bears in the pit at the end of the street are said to be the barometer of Berne. When they climb their pole mountaineers may climb the mountains, when they stay below it is better for Alpine climbers to do the same. The Old Catholic church in Berne is a fine modern building of plainly decorated style. It was built by the Roman Catholics, but given by the Government to the Old Catholics. This has made the Romans very bitter, and not without reason. Our Legation used to attend the English service here, the church being lent to us by Bishop Hertzog. But so strong a feeling existed on the part of the Roman Legations that the British Minister withdrew with his staff, and for the past year had been without any place in which to hold service. An English church is now (1906) in course of construction through the efforts of Sir Cunningham Greene. In the Old Catholic church holy-water stoups are placed at the entrance; stations of the cross hang upon the walls; a red light burns before the pyx; figures in stone of SS. Peter and Paul stand on either side of the altar; and a figure of the Good Shepherd in stone over the pulpit.

From Berne I travelled to Lausanne. The chaplain, Mr. Singer, and his wife were great Alpine climbers. He and Mrs. Singer walked over Mont Blanc from the Italian side. Unable to leave the huts on that side at 2 a.m. in consequence of fog, they did not gain the summit till 6 p.m. Upon reaching the Grand Plateau, in coming down, a snowstorm came on, and with it darkness, being early in September. Their lights were seen from Chamonix, and it was well for them that they were, for their position now became exceedingly perilous, no alternative remaining but to pass the night upon the mountain. It was an awful night of snowstorm and intense cold. The guides behaved admirably; one was a married man; Mr. Singer told him that he had made provision for his family

before starting should anything happen to him. The guide repudiated indignantly all thought of himself when he and Madame were in such peril. As night came on they never expected to get down alive. One guide lay down: Madame was to lie upon him and then be covered up with all the wraps they had. "I shall die," he said, "and you," turning to Mr. Singer, "will die also, but Madame will be saved." This Mr. Singer would not allow. They eventually determined not to lie down at all, but to beat one another all night in order to keep awake. Mr. Singer still carried the marks of the guide's boots upon his legs. At 6 a.m. the snowstorm abated, and they got down to the Grands Mulets, where the old woman of the Alpine Club hut got them some breakfast. Fifteen guides had started at 5 a.m. from Chamonix carrying sacks, in which to bring down their dead bodies, it being thought impossible that they should have survived such a night. The party reached Chamonix about midday, having been tied with ropes for twenty-nine hours. The rope was so stiffly frozen that it could only be thawed at the kitchen fire, and Mr. Singer did not lose the icicles off his beard till nearing Chamonix. His right hand was frost-bitten and still bore traces of the effects. It was a wonderful escape. No man had ever passed the night upon Mont Blanc before, much less a woman.

At Lausanne I confirmed in the beautiful church built by Mr. Street, the altar furniture of which was given by the King, when Prince of Wales, who studied here when young. In the vestry afterwards an encouraging incident occurred, by no means the only one of the kind in my continental work. A young fellow whom I had confirmed at Bruges asked me for a few words of advice. He is reading here for the army, and told me he had been a regular communicant since his confirmation. With the many temptations of continental life, this was a great satisfaction to me. At Vevey, further up the lake, I confirmed in another of Mr. Street's churches. On Sunday, 27 June, I preached at Geneva, confirming in the afternoon. In the evening I preached again. A young Mr. Ripley was present, whom I knew. He listened most attentively to what proved to be his last sermon, on the text, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment." He was drowned next morning while bathing in the lake.

I went to see an excellent circular panorama, partly artistic, partly realistic, of the entry of Bourbaki's army of the East into

Switzerland. A most graphic and terrible representation. Pursued by the Germans, 84,000 men laid down their arms at Verrières, the frontier, and crossed into Switzerland. This was in January, 1871, a terrible winter. Bourbaki's troops were driven to every extremity, starving and naked, frost-bitten and in despair. The Swiss received and cared for them most kindly.

From Geneva I went to Thun, Interlachen, and Grindelwald, at each of which places we have season chaplaincies; in fact, all Switzerland is studded—mountains, lake-sides, and valleys—with what I call my "button mushroom churches," for they spring up all over that country, and sometimes almost in a night! On my way I ascended the Schynige Platte, from which a fine view of the Oberland is obtained. A farmer's son at Grindelwald told me that corn and apple trees will grow now in that district, whereas in his father's day, when the glaciers came much further down into the valley, neither could be cultivated. His father, who died this spring at the age of seventy-six, told him that this would take place again when the glaciers come down, as they are sure to do, in course of time. Sleeping at the Mänlichen, then a rough hut far above the Wengern Alp Hotel, a grand panorama of the Jungfrau and the Oberland giants was obtained. The whole range, from the Titlis to Diablerets, lay in view. When in that neighbourhood I saw several rare birds, ring-ousels, snow-buntings, and, much to my delight, several Cornish choughs.

On my way back from Switzerland I slept at Metz. All around were traces of the siege, especially on the heights to the left of the Thionville (Diedenhofen) road, along which Bazaine endeavoured to escape several times from the fortress. The grand old cathedral is a splendid pile of highest decorated style. The side tower and spire most graceful and beautifully proportioned. The south transept window lofty and of exquisite proportion. A grand apse, supported by flying buttresses, at each end. A new porch at north-west side highly filled with richly sculptured figures. It was market-day, and the streets and market-place were packed with carts of vegetables, flowers, and fruit, notably strawberries, thousands of baskets —of red and white fruit—in wagon-loads.

From Metz I travelled direct to Antwerp, and crossed to England.

CHAPTER V

First journey as bishop for Northern and Central Europe—New English church in Berlin — American thanksgiving dinner — Confirmation at St. George's Church — Crown Princess present — Audience with Crown Prince and Princess—"The more English churches you build in Germany the better I shall like it"—Requested to confirm one thousand old Catholics in Vienna—Incidents at the Tuileries after Sedan—Touching stories of the Franco-German War—Princess Salm-Salm and the Emperor Maximilian.

UPON the death of Bishop Titcomb in 1886, Bishop Temple, of London, asked me to take the continental work, and I left England as Anglican bishop of Northern and Central Europe on 22 November of that year for the North German chaplaincies. My first halt for work was Hanover, where I found a telegram from the Consul-General for America at Berlin inviting me to attend the American annual thanksgiving dinner to be held on the 25th. At Hanover we have an interesting church, one of the oldest buildings in Hanover, dating back to the twelfth century. The exterior is not striking, the interior very bright, newly frescoed and decorated. An old reredos of painted wood panelling, representing Bible scenes, surmounted by a large old crucifix, gives the east end a dignified appearance. This formed part of the church fittings when used by the Lutherans. Here I confirmed, leaving Hanover afterwards for Berlin by a special train, that by which I should have travelled having met with an accident. Upon arrival at Friedrichstrasse station a telegram was handed to me from Sir Edward Malet, the English Ambassador, stating that the Crown Princess desired to see me.

The new English church at Berlin, erected since my visit in 1883, was built to commemorate the Crown Princess's silver wedding. It stands in the Mon Bijou Palace gardens, and is an exceedingly handsome specimen of Gothic architecture, with a slender spire rising from the midst of the roof. It is constructed of red Finland split granite, and covered with English slate.. It

has three entrances, one at the west end for the general congregation, another at the centre of the north wall which serves as a private entrance for the Crown Princess and family to the royal pews, and another at the north-east leading to the vestry. The church has one aisle; it would have been better had another been added, for the building is not too large for the congregation. The oak and ironwork throughout are very good. The font is the gift of the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Ermyntrude Malet's mother. The altar cloths are very rich, the work of the Crown Princess, Princess Louise, and Princess Christian. The altar furniture is the gift of the Empress Augusta. Round the walls, beneath the roof, run texts chosen by the Crown Princess as follows: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and He will abundantly pardon." "The mercy of the Lord is everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children." "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And the last, significant of the exile from her beloved England, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Close to the royal pews, which are recessed in a small transept, is a little sculpture in marble, given to the Crown Princess by a Köln sculptor, a friend of her father, the Prince Consort. The upper part represents the infant Saviour upon His mother's knee, feeding birds which alight upon the ground, and beneath are the words, in Latin, "Behold the fowls of the air, which sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

The Crown Princess sent the State architect, Herr Raschdorf, to England for two months to study English church architecture before drawing the plans. It is a truly royal chapel, of which our community in Berlin may well be proud. It is dedicated to St. George. Upon this occasion a large gathering assembled at the chaplain's house to meet me, Sir Edward Malet, our Ambassador, and some of the Crown Princess's household being present. Immediately after this reception I drove to the Imperial Hôtel, where a large party of some two hundred Americans sat down to dinner, which lasted, accompanied by a band and endless speeches, no less

than four hours! I had to speak upon "Success to the American thanksgiving day," and spoke warmly, as I felt, about our many bonds of union, both in Church and State, with America. I referred finally to the grievous policy which alienated and divided us into two nations, expressing an earnest hope that we should take warning by the error, and not repeat it in our colonial empire of to-day. The Americans were evidently greatly delighted with what I said, several leaving their seats at the far end of the room, coming up to the cross-table at which I was sitting, by the chairman's side, and shaking hands with me over their thanks. We had, of course, the indispensable turkey and cranberries, which is never omitted upon this occasion. The festival is a thanksgiving to God for the prosperity of the nation from its foundation by the Pilgrim Fathers, and dating from their day. In America it is a domestic feast, kept by each family as piously as the Feast of the Passover was observed as an annual thanksgiving for deliverance from Egyptian bondage. Here abroad it assumes a national aspect as on this day. Gneist, professor of jurisprudence, of world-wide repute, sat by me, and made a speech in English.

On Friday, 26 November, I confirmed in St. George's Church. The Crown Princess and Princess Victoria were present. The Princess's voice was very distinct, the royal seat being not far from the chancel steps, where my chair was placed. One of the candidates was a great-niece of John Wesley. I had some conversation with her afterwards in the vestry. Two gentlemen from Grünberg, in Silesia, called to see me upon the needs of the English in the factory of that place, numbering about 150. They were by no means all Church people. One of the gentlemen told me *he* was not, "but," he added, "we have had a meeting, and have agreed to sink our differences and seek a minister of the Church of England." This is frequently the case on the Continent, where dissenters are freer than in England to act as they please. I then went to the palace for an audience with the Crown Prince and Princess. I was shown into a prettily-furnished drawing-room, in which hung a large picture of a Franco-German battlefield. The Crown Prince was in uniform. He and the Princess received me most kindly. We talked much of the new church, which I told them was the best English church upon the Continent, from east to west, a thoroughly good, honest piece of work, a right royal chapel. The Crown Princess asked me if the church at the Hague was not better, to

which I gave a decided "No." "It is surrounded by such beautiful trees," said the Crown Prince; "they wanted to take them down for the building of the church, but I begged for them." I then spoke of our wish to build a church at Köln. "For my part," said the Crown Prince, putting both his hands upon his breast in German fashion to express heartiness of intention, "the more English churches you build in Germany the better I shall like it. This Berlin church has been the wish of twenty-five years of my life." I spoke of the beautiful altar cloths. The Crown Princess said that she had made the red one, her sister Princess Christian the green, and that Her Majesty's consul gave the white one, which had been on the altar that day. I also spoke of the monument near the royal seats. She said it was the work of a very dear friend of her father, for whom he had a great regard. She asked if I thought it appropriate. I said very much so. I then mentioned their visit to the little watering-place in Italy of which I had read, and their kindness to the poor fisher-folk, which had pleased the inhabitants so much. The Crown Prince said it was a charming little place, quiet and out of the way, no visitors, and where they were all to themselves. The Crown Prince had an engagement, and had to leave, the Crown Princess begging me to stay, as she had several matters to talk over. First about Holy Communion. At the confirmation I had advised the candidates to attend early service, and with reference evidently to what I had urged she said it was very difficult for her to attend early service. She wished she could attend the English church more frequently, but was obliged to go to the German church. She spoke of her wish for a full choral service, and choir-boys too. "I love to see those dear English boys in surplices when I go to England, but how can I manage it here?" I told her of the Heidelberg church choir of German boys, in which she seemed interested. We also discussed the proposed institution for English and American governesses in Berlin, which Her Royal Highness was anxious to found. They wanted £7000; how could it be raised? I said that if Her Royal Highness would write her wishes to me I would endeavour to get London churches to help, and I would preach on behalf of the work. Talking of my London work, she told me how much she would like to visit the poor of Berlin, but could not do so—that in London she could walk from Buckingham Palace anywhere, but not at Berlin. After discussing several other matters, the Princess rose to go, and after some last

words said suddenly that she wished I would stay over Sunday. I replied that I was due in Dresden on Sunday, and could not possibly do so. Reminding her of something Her Royal Highness had promised to do, she took out her pocket-handkerchief and, tying a knot in it, said, "Now I shall not forget." And so we parted. The Crown Prince was already beginning to speak somewhat huskily, the beginning of that long and terrible failure of speech that ended in cancer and death.

In the evening of this day I dined at the British Embassy, meeting the American Ambassador, Mr. Phelps, and his daughter, together with the members of the English diplomatic corps. Sir Edward Malet was a most delightful host, full of cultivated, intelligent conversation. His experience in the diplomatic service was extensive. He had served at Constantinople, Athens, Egypt, Brussels, Paris, Vienna, and now Berlin. He showed me many pictures of the countries and places in which he has served. Upon this occasion I made the acquaintance of Mr. Arthur Leveson-Gower, one of the secretaries of Legation, whom I was to know again at several diplomatic points of my episcopal sphere of action. He had served at Rio, of which place and its magnificent scenery his accomplished wife had made a number of good water-colour drawings. He collected when at Constantinople a large number of curious English-made chiming clocks from the bazaars, made especially for the Turks—some being two hundred years old. The enamelled miniature timepieces of all shapes and sizes have curious figures upon their faces, some of which pass across the dials at the hours and half-hours. He has also many curious silver ornaments brought into Constantinople for sale by the Bulgarian exiles during the war.

A Mr. Binns from Rummelsburg came to see me to talk over the possibility of a chaplain for Schönwieder, Rummelsburg, and Hoppergarten, the two former manufacturing centres containing English workmen; the latter a racing centre, containing trainers, stablemen, and jockey boys. Mr. Earèe, the chaplain, told me a most incredible story of Jewish avarice. A Jew came to him lately offering to be baptized for £100. Fifty pounds down, and the balance when the transaction was completed. Did ever the Christian world hear of such a piece of Judas Iscariotism?

From Berlin I went to Dresden, where I preached and confirmed in our beautiful church, Mr. Gilderdale being then the excellent

and accomplished chaplain. Professor Hechler, Embassy chaplain of Vienna, came up to Dresden, bearing a letter from the old Catholics in Austria, requesting me to visit Vienna and confirm one thousand of their body. I replied that if they obtained the sanction of the Austrian Government through the English Ambassador, I would make a special journey to Vienna for the purpose, but not otherwise. I inclined to helping the old Catholics in their legitimate *locus standi* to secure episcopal supervision of their own, and the functions of a native bishop rather than to action basing itself upon what the Romans have done in England. Reformation from within was the principle of our own amended ways in the sixteenth century.

From Dresden I went to Leipzig, where I confirmed in the new church, a not very satisfactory building in German Lutheran style. Thence I travelled through the night to Baden-Baden to settle a dispute in that chaplaincy. Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Maynard, an ex-navy chaplain. He was tutor to the Prince Imperial of France, and told me several very interesting incidents of his life when at the French Court. He saw much of the Franco-German battlefields. He told me that the Prince Imperial was an excellent boy, but, of course, liable to be spoilt by those around him. Mr. Maynard was very strict with him in his work; he had not been with him long before he had to find fault with his lessons, which were not well prepared. The Prince made excuse that he was much distracted by parties and engagements. Mr. Maynard told him that he must not make excuses, that excuses were not honest. The boy came, and throwing his arms round his neck, asked his forgiveness. The Emperor heard of this, and thanked Mr. Maynard for his plain speaking. When the news of Sedan and the Emperor's capture became known in Paris, the scene, he said, was very terrible. The tidings arrived late in the evening, and were not generally known that night at all. He knew and dreaded the consequences. Opening his window early next morning, and seeing it was a fine day, he knew that the worst might be expected; that the streets would soon be a scene of revolution and anarchy, whereas a wet day would have kept the populace within doors. He made his way from his house to the Tuileries, but could hear nothing of the Empress. When Mr. Maynard found her she was in the greatest alarm. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "had I but known you were looking for me, how thankful I should have been for your help." It was too late to

take any measures except for the flight of the Empress, which has been already described in a former chapter. The rabble were howling like wild beasts round the palace, pulling down the railings on the clock front, by which they got into the archway. The Empress retreated, like poor Marie Antoinette at Versailles, from room to room until she reached the Louvre, escaping by the side which lies towards St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Connected with the Franco-German War, he told me some touching incidents. Hospitals were established at Heidelberg for wounded Germans and French prisoners. An old Frenchwoman living in Normandy, hearing that her son was wounded and in hospital there, made her way through France on foot that bitter winter amidst many hardships and dangers. On her arrival she requested to see the *curé*. He could not see her just then—he was going to bury a French prisoner. The old woman asked to be allowed to attend the funeral of her dead countryman, which was permitted. It was observed that she was much moved during the service, into which she seemed to enter with all her heart. Before returning to the hospital the *curé* said to the warder, "Now, then, let us go to this poor woman's son." "What number?" he inquired. It was given. "Monsieur le *Curé*," he said, "you forget you have just buried him." The grief of the poor old woman was terrible. She returned to the grave, and knelt there weeping bitterly that she had come too late. Many of the French prisoners when dying in the German hospitals asked, as their end approached, to have their faces turned towards France. The Emperor in his captivity at Wilhelmshöhe showed much sympathy with the wounded and imprisoned soldiers. Upon one occasion he sent Mr. Maynard 1000 marks for those at Heidelberg with this message: "Avec mille amitiés."

From Baden I visited Bonn, confirming in the University church, which was lent to us for the English service. The Princess Salm-Salm lives in Bonn. She shared the Emperor Maximilian's imprisonment in Mexico, and stood at his side when he was shot. She pleaded very earnestly for his life, and for that of her husband. The latter's was granted, but not Maximilian's. She was made much of upon her return to Germany, the Emperor William taking much notice of her.

From Bonn I visited Köln, dining with the American Consul, and consulting about the building of a church, which came to nothing. Köln is not a place of English residence; many tourists pass through, but they do not stay. From Köln I returned to England via Rotterdam and Harwich.

CHAPTER VI

History of the English church at Rotterdam—Visit to Crown Princess of Germany in Berlin—A bow from Bismarck—The Russian frontier; its guard-houses from the Baltic to the Black Sea—"Est-ce que vous avez des dépêches, monsieur?"—"A sadder and a hungrier man"—Gatchina, the Windsor of Russia — The frozen Neva — Peter the Great's cottage — The ice hills —Conspiracy against the life of Alexander II—Interesting confirmation candidates at Petersburg—Great service at the Isaac Cathedral—Prince Kantekuzin — The murdered Czar — "Bishop of Northern and Central Europe, and Central and Eastern Asia!"—The ice-crushers on the Dwina at Riga.

ON 7 March, 1887, I was bound for Russia, and took some of the North German work upon my way. I halted at Rotterdam, and inspected more closely our church in that town than I had time to do upon my former visit in 1883. It was built chiefly through the exertions of the great Duke of Marlborough for the English soldiers quartered here during the wars of the eighteenth century, and must have cost a large sum of money. It is severely ugly, Hanoverian of the most secular order, a mere parallelogram, but by no means niggardly constructed. It is vaulted with an extraordinary amount of timber above the false ceiling, and stands at the head of the Häreng Vley Canal. One side has sunk, owing, it is supposed, to the large stores of cannon-shot which were piled in it; and since all Rotterdam is built on piles, the lurch is explained. About thirty to sixty feet of soft, peaty matter exists below both Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and I suppose below all Holland; under this gravel is struck, and upon that stratum a foundation is secure. Builders in Holland no longer drive piles through this peat into the gravel, since they are sure in time to rot, and bring the building down. The new system is to dig out the peat and fill with concrete upon the gravel, which forms an indestructible foundation. The church has its history. It was not only a shot-store, but served as a granary, during which period the fine organ in the west gallery was covered up, lest it should be

injured. The picture gallery at Rotterdam is but small. A few pictures are worth a visit. Van Trigt's "Death of Erasmus," and Ary Scheffer's pair of paintings, the father disinheriting his son, and its companion, the son's dead body, killed in war, are perhaps the best in the modern gallery. In the old gallery are some good Gelders, Piet Glaeszs, Piet Neefs, Rembrandts, etc.

Upon reaching Berlin I received an intimation that the Crown Princess, hearing I was passing through to Russia, wished to see me. Upon arriving at the palace I was shown into a room hung with tapestries and furnished with quaint old German furniture. After a short while the Crown Princess entered hurriedly, saying in her eager, impulsive way, "A thousand apologies for keeping you waiting. I hear your time in Berlin is very short," she added, "but I wanted to see you." There were several things about the chaplaincy she wanted to talk over, the proposed chaplaincy for the Schönwieder and Rummelsburg people, which she would gladly help, but that she had so many calls. I said I thought we could get on so far as stipend was concerned, but I would see. Then about the chaplaincy of Berlin. If the chaplain left, could I get the right man for the place, as foreigners judged of our church mainly by the chaplain. Also about Köln, she hoped to be able to do as I wished, and to lay the first stone of a proposed English church, but she must ask the Crown Prince. Perhaps when he went to Ems, or when she went to England for the Jubilee in June, she might be able to manage it. We then further discussed some matters relating to the chaplaincy, and the audience, which was somewhat short, owing to being pressed for time, ended. On my way from the palace I waited awhile to watch the members going into the German Parliament. A crowd was round the entrance. I asked who was expected—Bismarck. Presently a brougham drove up. I stepped into the street, and stood close to the carriage as it turned into the archway. Fortunately Bismarck sat on the near side. He saw, doubtless, that I was English, and probably recognized the bishop's dress, for he most courteously leaned forward to the window and, with a very gracious smile on his grim old face, made a deep military salute as I took off my hat and bowed to the great German Chancellor.

I left Berlin by the courier Zug on 10 March at 11 p.m. The country through which we were passing when day broke was like that around Thetford, in Norfolk—miles upon miles of Scotch fir

and birch, and without a habitation. Before reaching Königsberg I saw in the far distance an inlet of the Baltic, the waters of which I had not seen since 1859. Not a green blade was on the landscape, all being frosted down to the sandy earth, dykes and streams being still ice-bound; not a bird of any kind save grey crows, which abound.

I reached Eydkuhnen 4 p.m., the German and Russian flagstaffs and sentry-boxes marking the boundary between the two great empires on either side of the frontier, which is formed here by a quite insignificant stream. These sentry-boxes extend from the Baltic to the Black Sea, within rifle-shot of one another, and it is very difficult to evade the sentries except upon dark or foggy nights. It was twenty-eight years since I had been in Russia, then little more than a boy. From Eydkuhnen, which is the last German station, to Wirballen, the first on Russian soil, is only a very few yards, but those yards make all the difference. I had scarcely put my foot upon the platform at Wirballen when a Russian in uniform—one of several walking up and down guarding the train on both sides to prevent any one alighting on the wrong side—stepped up to me, and with a courteous military salute asked for my passport. It was in my luggage, and I was passing on, intending to give it up in the hall where luggage is searched, when he respectfully but firmly demanded it there and then, and there and then on the snowy platform I had to unpack and deliver. In the great hall most searching examinations were going on all round, but my bags were passed graciously and easily, a fine-looking official, of some six-feet-four, in a huge fur coat, motioning to the white-aproned, sheep-skinned, top-booted porters not to unfasten them. It did not seem to occur to him that I might have any contraband goods, for he did not ask about cigars and such things, but looking fixedly at me, he said, "Est-ce que vous avez des dépêches, monsieur?" "None," I replied. Our names were called out, our passports returned, and then to get something to eat. The buffets are well supplied in Russia, though few and far between. A snowstorm was swirling around the huge station, so we entered the Russian Empire under seasonable conditions. It seemed likely to be a cold, snowy night as I got into a corner of the Russian train.

The railway gauge in Russia is wider than obtains in Western Europe for security in time of war: there are, consequently, no through carriages. Even the Czar in crossing the frontier has to

turn out. There were no rapid expresses in Russia at that date, and comforts were limited. Wilna station was illuminated, being the Czar's birthday. My eyes opened in the early dawn of the third day out of Berlin—having passed two nights in the train—upon a snow-covered world. I could now understand the old stoker's fire. As the night advanced the cold had become so intense that notwithstanding all his efforts I could not sleep. The doors are double and the windows double, and yet thickly coated with frost. In Germany we all turned out at the stopping stations to take a turn on the platform; now nobody turned out. The Russians wrap themselves from head to foot in their beautiful furs, and lie along upon the seats like hairy chrysalises waiting for the spring. The country is dreary in the extreme, verst after verst ever the same interminable birch and fir forest. Rarely a dwelling, and these but a group of miserable log huts. If anybody wonders why the east wind which comes to us in England at this season of the year is so bitterly cold, let him come here and feel it in its own home, and he will wonder no longer.

Upon leaving Wilna the route to Petersburg runs about north-north-west. In those days it took three nights and three days from Berlin to Petersburg. On the third morning I fell asleep from sheer weariness of the way at the very hour we were due at Pskov, a large place on Lake Peipus, and a buffet. I had been looking forward much to a good breakfast at 11 a.m. I woke up suddenly to find the train at a standstill, the carriage empty of all my fellow-travellers, save one old lady who never moved, but had everything brought to her. I rushed out, tumbled upon two officials, addressed them in German to no effect, in French and English with no better results. Shaking their heads they laconically replied, "Russisch." As all notices are in Russian, I was puzzled to find the buffet. At last I opened a door which looked likely, and there spread out upon long tables was a sumptuous table d'hôte breakfast. I had but caught sight of it when the second bell sounded, and up and off the whole company rushed, they well filled, having been some twenty minutes at work, while I had to beat a retreat, a sadder and a hungrier man. I returned to my captain's biscuit and my last orange. I had eaten nothing of the Russian since I crossed his border the day before. In those days restaurant cars were unknown.

Pskov has a fine church, a large coloured dome, white walls and towers. Except in the neighbourhood of Hanover, from which the

Hartz Mountains can be seen, I had not seen a hill since I left England. Acres and acres of firewood were lying all along the line. The children in the miserable log-hut villages were actually sitting outside in the bitter cold and snow with bare feet. I wondered they were not frost-bitten.

Gatchina is the Windsor of Petersburg; here were seen again good houses and villas, signs of wealth and civilization. Scores of sledges were standing in the station yard, all packed closely together, and looking like a horse market, for the sledges being low are hidden by the multitude of horses, which stand with bows over their necks, and powdered with the falling snow. Horse-tails are used by the guards and attendants of the train to brush the snow off the steps and balconies of the railway carriages. Gatchina possesses a fine church, a central tower and dome with four towers and domelettes, one at each angle. Ikons, large and small, are placed on the platforms of the stations, with here and there small roofed tabernacles with glass fronts and offering-boxes. The park at Gatchina is very extensive, the birch trees the largest I have ever seen. Peasants were cutting large oblong blocks of ice out of lakes and driving them away in sledges. All the way from Gatchina to Petersburg long low turf-huts are erected for detachments of soldiers, who since the late Emperor's assassination had been posted at intervals to guard the line, and keep the crossing with fixed bayonets. In England when the sun goes down on a frosty night it has the appearance of a great red copper shield, owing to our dense atmosphere. Here it goes down to the very last blazing and flashing as bright as midday, making all the snowy plain look as if on fire. At last the great city loomed up in the distance, over the snowy expanse, and we rolled into the Baltic railway station at 6.20 p.m. The treasurer of the Russia company, with the two chaplains of Petersburg and Cronstadt, were awaiting me on the platform. They had come provided with ample furs sent by the company, in which I was duly enveloped, and conducted to a sledge drawn by black horses, in which we dashed along the broad streets, past objects and buildings already familiar to me, though not seen for nearly thirty years. The multitude of sledges of all sorts, shapes, and sizes through which the coachman steered us was bewildering, like a gondola making its way along a crowded Venetian canal, the pace only being appallingly different. The whole effect must be seen to be appreciated: it cannot be

adequately described. The brilliantly clear air makes everything look as though under electric light, like fairyland, a city of palaces, brilliant in glittering ice and snow. We drove to the Russia company's premises upon the English quay by the Neva, where I was most hospitably received during my visitation of the chaplaincy. After dinner I was glad to take advantage of the evening Lent service to return thanks for a safe and well-ended journey. The church, which is large, beautifully fitted, appointed, and served, forms part of the company's premises, and shows the careful and skilful hand of Sir Arthur Blomfield. The view from the windows of the company's buildings is most striking. Immediately below, *lies*, not flows, the Neva, bound in an iron grip of ice and covered with snow, multitudes of sledges and pedestrians crossing and recrossing; the steamers and ships frozen in till the spring sets them free.

The day after my arrival I called upon Sir R. Morier, our Ambassador, an affable and pleasant man, with whom I sat and talked for some time. He told me that I was fortunate in seeing Petersburg in such brilliantly bright though severe weather. At a luncheon party afterwards one of the two Russian menservants was a lad in a very picturesque dress—a red tunic, confined round the waist by a belt, and large leather boots coming above his knees with red tops. The house stands on the same quay as the Winter Palace. Two thousand dvorniks were found living up in the roof when it was turned out after the late Emperor's assassination. Cows were also kept up there during his reign, by which the Imperial Family was supplied with milk!

In the afternoon I drove to Peter the Great's little house, to which he was in the habit of retiring when in a quiet mood, and which, it is said, he built himself. It is situated upon one of the islands of the Neva. This little house is visited by thousands of pilgrims. While I was there a religious service was being held in it, and it was crowded. Then to the fortress within which is the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. It was to this cathedral that the very next day after my visit the Emperor and Empress, with their children, went to attend a Requiem Mass upon the anniversary of the late Czar's murder, in going to which he so nearly went the same way. The conspiracy was mercifully discovered just in time, as I will presently relate. This cathedral contains the tombs of the Czars from Peter the Great and his wife Catherine down to the late Emperor. They

are almost exactly the same in shape, marble altar tombs, covered with wreaths, hundreds of candles burning around, and thickly set —as a conservatory—with palms and shrubs.

From the cathedral of the fortress I went to the ice hills, where we found the attachés of the Embassy and other young Englishmen running down the ice at a fearful pace. The sport requires some explanation. Two wooden towers stand at a distance of about half a mile apart. From the top of each of these a steep incline of ice, made of huge blocks from the Neva welded into one smooth mass, leads down to a quarter of a mile of a perfectly level pathway of ice, along which—with the impetus acquired upon the incline—the sledge with its occupant or occupants rushes at the rate of a railway train. The sledges have to be broken strongly as they near the foot of the tower at the other end, to the top of which a mujik carries it, and the same process is repeated in returning to the other tower.

I was taken down three times by Mr. (now Sir) A. Hardinge, one of the attachés, who was considered the most expert sledger upon the ice hills. The pace is terrific; and the rush through the Arctic air fearful. Some of the English boys born in Russia perform marvels. They go down backwards, lying down on their stomachs, or their backs, head first, feet first, standing up, and, as a crowning feat, in the middle of the rush, actually turn head over heels, sledge and all, righting themselves again for a second plunge down the headlong incline. When I first saw this somersault executed I thought that an accident had occurred, and that the boy was smashed up. They look like hares knocked over at full speed by a gun, being literally doubled up—sledge and boy—into a ball. In a moment the apparent ball expands into a boy and his sledge again, which he hangs on to and rights in the most marvellously dexterous manner. Only boys born and reared in Russia can perform these feats. Three young Carrs—boys I have confirmed and seen grow up to young men—were the best at it. An "omnibus" sledge is composed of several sledges laid end on together; then a narrow thin mattress is laid along them. Each boy kneels upon that portion of the mattress beneath which his sledge lies, they clasp one another round the waist, and away they go. Of course the combined weight gives much greater impetus to the descent, and the rush is frightful. If an accident occurs to an "omnibus" sledge, it is generally a bad one. The sides of the ice-run are protected by

banks of ice and snow, and another such bank stands at the end of each run by the side of the tower. In spite of this a sledge occasionally gets out of control, and leaps this terminal barrier, landing the occupant in the frozen canal below. Near the ice hills I got a peep down the Gulf of Finland towards Cronstadt, all bound up in ice as far as the eye could reach. From the ice hills I drove up and down the Nevski Prospect, passing and repassing the Anïtchkoff Palace, about the gates of which those wretched villains were that very afternoon seen by the police to be hanging with their dynamite bombs waiting for the Emperor to come out. Had he left the palace —and nothing was more likely—we should have drawn up, of course, and have been in the middle of it all. Upon this drive the spot was pointed out to me where the late Emperor was killed. Of this tragic event I will give, in its place, full particulars. An enormous and infinitely costly cathedral is being built over the spot, which is a somewhat retired one upon a canal, backed by a wood, into which, as is supposed, the assassins intended to escape.

The weather this day was very cold, zero Réaumur, cold enough for frost-bites. Pretty green and Iceland mosses, studded with small artificial flowers, are laid in the space between the double windows, giving a bright appearance to the rooms. Upon this visit to Petersburg I met a Mr. Clarke, who had lived for more than twenty years at Archangel, and told me much about that place. There is a very good English church there built of stone, as well as a chapel of ease down the river for sailors. Before the Crimean War Archangel was a considerable centre of English trade, a kind of small Hudson's Bay Company. Since then the trade had so greatly fallen off that it was not considered worth while to get a chaplain out even for the summer months. Hitherto a chaplain had come out by the first steamers after the Baltic was free from ice, about May, and returned in October. There is a small capital sum of about £3000 to £4000, the interest of which is used in keeping up and insuring the two buildings and the parsonage. Mr. Clarke's son took Lord William Compton to shoot bears between Petersburg and Archangel. They got about twenty. The bear lies dormant through the winter in holes and caves, and amongst old fallen, rotten trees. He is tracked to his lair in the autumn, and then followed to these retreats in the winter. The peasants stir them up, and then turn them out. Russian peasants are temerous and dexterous enough to walk up to a bear axe in hand and cleave his

skull. Bear-shooting can be got in two days from Petersburg, and wolves had been near the city recently, the winter having been severe. I met a young fellow one day who had just shot one; he showed me the skin.

The Isaac Cathedral at Petersburg is sinking upon one side, the city being built on piles. It is sad to see it; one side is a forest of enormous timbers shoring it up. This had occurred since I was here twenty-eight years ago. Nothing can be done; the weight of the structure with its enormous monoliths of Finland granite, supporting the porticoes, is immense. There can be no under-pinning, it must go until it stops. The Neva closed up very late this winter, not till December had set in; so late a closing had not been known for a hundred years.

On Sunday, 13 March, I confirmed one hundred candidates, several amongst them being interesting cases. I confirmed three generations in one family, a quondam nihilist from Moscow, and a boy who had come for the purpose from near the Sea of Azof. He had been so long in Russia—indeed from his birth—and lived so much amongst Russians that he could speak but little English, and it was difficult to prepare him. He had been here several weeks—nine, I think—in course of preparation, and had recovered somewhat of his own language. A good many of the boys were in the uniform of the Russian military school. The candidates wished to give an offering of money to the chaplain for his care in preparing them. This he, of course, refused, though it is Russian to do so. He told them, however, that they might make a gift to the church. It is to take the form of altar candlesticks, vases, and a cross. The offertory at the confirmation service was in aid of this, and amounted to 170 roubles. I spoke of it in my address, commending the spirit of their wish, and telling them that the Empress Augusta of Germany had recently given the same to the new English church at Berlin. I was pleased, as I came through the choir vestry after service, to see the boys shaking hands—in the Russian style of congratulation upon such an occasion—with their companions in the choir who had been confirmed at the service, and with such serious, reverent little faces. It is strange how very Russian many of the English are here, who have for generations been born and brought up in Petersburg. These are, most of them, in the employ of the Russia Company, which has existed here from the days of Peter the Great, which means that their ancestors came

here at the foundation of the city. The manservant calls me "Episcopos." The Lenten fast in the Russian Church is very severe, no meat or butter; the main fare amongst the poor is mushroom soup, for which truckloads of mushrooms are brought into the town.

We heard on the morning of this day, 14 March, of the horrible plot against the Emperor's life discovered the day before, but the news was suppressed. A considerable number of persons had been arrested. University students were found with dynamite bombs upon them, waiting about the Anitchkoff Palace gates in the Nevski for the Imperial Family upon its return from the requiem service in the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. It was during their absence that the plot was discovered. The Imperial Family left immediately for Gatchina. The Czar took it very quietly: the Empress, it was said, was much upset. These villains had been noticed during the Friday and Saturday hanging about the palace, one with a sham book under his arm, which turned out to be a case containing bombs, others carried parcels and bags, which they were observed to handle very carefully; one woman concealed bombs in her muff.

A member of the Holy Synod came at 12 a.m. on the morning after the discovery of the plot, 14 March, and took me to the Isaac Cathedral, where a most glorious service lasting three hours was held. It was one of thanksgiving for the present Czar's accession which had taken place this day six years, the day after his father was killed. It is usual for the accession to take place on the same day, but it was considered too terrible a day upon which to hold the ceremony. The chaplain of Cronstadt, who had been here seven years, told me that he had never seen anything even at Easter to be compared with this function. I was accompanied to the cathedral of St. Isaac by the chaplains of Petersburg and Cronstadt, acting as my chaplains, and the member of the Holy Synod in his official dress. We were taken within the altar rails, and placed just outside the holy gates for the early part of the service, which was conducted there. Then for the remainder we were taken down under the dome amongst a brilliant assemblage of Grand Dukes, staff, and other officers of all services, Cheval Guard, blue and red Cossacks, Circassian regiments in their quaint dresses, and other troops from all parts of the Empire. Nothing in all the Christian world could be more superbly grand and gorgeous. There were present the Metropolitan Archbishop of Petersburg, the aged Isidore, the Metro-

politan Archbishop of Moscow, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Kieff, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Kasan: these are the four holy cities of Russia. There were also present the Exarch of Iberia, the Exarch of Irkutsk (Siberia), the Bishop of the Ecclesiastical College of Petersburg, and two other bishops-vicar of Petersburg, besides a host of archimandrites, deans, archdeacons, and high dignitaries. The dresses were most gorgeous, gold and yellow satin copes in rows, lining the way for the hierarchy to pass to and fro between the sanctuary and the dome. The mitres of the metropolitans and bishops glittered with gems, the Archbishop of Petersburg's differing only from the others by a small diamond cross upon its top. The pastoral staff of each bishop was carried behind him, and each wore a jewelled pectoral cross. The Greek Church mitre is not the same shape as the Roman and ours. It is round at the top like Aaron's. And such a choir! The Russian voices are exquisite. Sir R. Morier told me that these ecclesiastical singers belong through many generations to the same order; in fact, musical Levites. They intermarry, thereby keeping the gift of voice in the family. The Duchess of Edinburgh, however, told me when I was with her at Coburg that this is not so. The boys alone sang the Hymn of the Cherubim which is the loveliest part of the service; they sang divinely, like angels in heaven. At its close the whole multitude recited the Nicene Creed, and then the service concluded with a Te Deum, which seemed to rend the very dome of the cathedral. One felt overwhelmed with the exceeding majesty of the thunder of praise which went up to heaven through the glorious building. When all was over the Grand Dukes went up, kissed the metropolitans' hands, and retired. One of Archbishop Isidore's principal works has been to translate the complete Bible into Russian. Before it only existed in Sclavonic.

The service to-day was unusually impressive, and felt by all very deeply, in consequence of the plot of the previous day, so happily discovered. It lent great solemnity and reality to the thanksgiving service.

In the evening I dined at the Embassy. Lady Morier was a Peel, old Sir Robert's niece. Her parents lived at Livermere Park, near Bury St. Edmunds, and she was interested to find that I knew her old home.

The next day I went to the Grand Duchess Sergius' palace and wrote my name. She is the daughter of Princess Alice. The

Crown Princess of Germany, when I saw her at Berlin on my way to Russia, said she supposed I should see her, so I thought it well to call. Then to call on Prince Kantekuzin, the Cultus Minister for Russia, which I was told I ought to do. He is the most remarkable man I have seen here. I had a long and interesting conversation with him upon religious and other questions, particularly upon the marriage laws of Russia, as touching English subjects in that country. When I told him that we did not require a certificate of baptism before marrying persons in England, he seemed amazed. He did not appear to understand that the law of England compels us to marry parishioners without such questions. He spoke of all English people as Anglicans, which, of course, is not the case. He appeared, however, impressed when I told him, in answer to his statement that England must be full of bigamists, that it was not so, a very heavy penalty being the consequence. He said that Russia did not feel the action of the Church of Rome in sending bishops to other countries and giving them ecclesiastical titles. "You," he said, "might be Bishop of Odessa, or any other town in Russia, if you pleased, but it must be done in due form. You must be Russianized; you must conform in all things to what Russian law requires of a Russian bishop in the Russian Empire, and then we should admit and acknowledge you as such. You would take your place as a bishop among the bishops of the country, be invited to Court and all State functions, and would be treated with exactly the same distinction as a bishop of the Orthodox Church. But if you came into Russia calling yourself Bishop of Odessa, or any other place in Russia, you would," he added smilingly, "be taken within twenty-four hours to the frontier, and requested to leave the country." He did not seem to think that a bishop so appointed would be allowed to exercise episcopal functions out of Russia.

From Prince Kantekuzin's I went to see a Mr. Hughes, one of the firm of that name which has established large iron and coal works at Hughesoffky, Russianizing thus their own name. It is near the Sea of Azof. He wishes for an English chaplain for his employés. This matter has been arranged within the last two years, and I will presently describe this newly-opened-up and interesting district. When the war scare consequent upon the Afghan frontier affair arose, the people of this colony sent away their wives and children to England, and would themselves have followed had war broken out.

I then visited the royal stables and coach-houses, where I was shown the imperial carriages and harness used at coronations, all marvellously superb, halls full of them, rich in cloth of gold and tissue work, closely set with masses of turquoises. Some sets for eight horses, given to the Czar by the Emir of Bokhara, so closely set with turquoises as almost to cover the brown leather of which they are made, and are consequently in appearance blue. Some of the ancient sledges are very quaint, quite little rooms, which must have been comfortable though cumbrous. In these the royal journeys were made in winter between Petersburg and Moscow upon a narrow road made of wooden sleepers laid close together. We were shown the carriage in which the Emperor Alexander was being driven when killed. The hind panelling is quite shattered away to the lining, the spokes of the wheels cut as though stabbed with thousands of daggers. The bombs must have been thrown with great accuracy. A splinter of the carriage was given to me, which I possess framed as a valued relic. The coachman—himself injured, as were the Cossack outriders—turned round and said, "I can drive on, your Majesty?" "No," replied the Emperor, "I cannot leave my poor wounded Cossacks; I must get out and look after them." The Czar was already severely wounded, but upon stepping out to tend his Cossacks, the villains threw their bombs again right under his feet, shattering his lower extremities to atoms. He only lived to reach his palace. A more detailed account of the tragic story is given by Augustus Hare in his *Studies in Russia.*

"On Saturday, 13 March, 1881, Alexander II communicated with his family in his private chapel. A little after 1 p.m. he drove to the military review, and then paid a visit to his cousin, the Grand Duchess Catharine, and at 2 p.m. set out to return to the palace by the quiet road which is bordered by the high wall of the summer garden. The Czar's carriage was followed by two sledges, the first containing Colonel Dvorjitsky, head of the police; the second, Captain Koch. Almost immediately a loud detonation echoed through the quay of the canal, followed by thick clouds of snow and debris, forced up by a bomb thrown by a man named Ryssakoff under the Imperial carriage, bursting the back and smashing the windows. The coachman tried to drive on at once, but seeing that two persons, one of his Cossack outriders and a boy of fourteen who was passing with a basket on his head, were wounded, the Emperor insisted upon getting out of his carriage and going himself

to look after them. He then turned to reproach the assassin, who had been captured by Captain Koch. A considerable crowd had now collected, and the Cossack, who had occupied the box of the Imperial carriage, following his master implored him to return. Finding that the Emperor persisted in advancing, the faithful fellow then urged Colonel Dvorjitsky to caution him, but without avail. The Emperor inquired carefully into the circumstances of what had taken place, and then with a sad and preoccupied expression was returning to his carriage, when a man who had been standing by during the conversation, and had been remarked for his insolent manner, raised his hands and threw a white object at the feet of the Czar. It was a second bomb, which exploded immediately. A column of snow and dust rose into the air, and as it cleared away, amongst twenty other wounded persons, the Emperor was seen in a seated posture, his uniform torn away, and the lower part of his body a mass of torn flesh and broken bones. The Grand Duke Michael, who had heard the first explosion in a neighbouring palace, arrived just at the terrible moment, and was recognized by his brother. It was proposed to carry the dying Emperor into the nearest house, but in broken accents he cried, 'Quick, home, take me to the palace—there—to die,' and thither he was carried, marking the terrible course in blood. An hour later, 3.35 p.m., he expired, having received the last sacraments, surrounded by his family."

Returning I walked over the frozen Neva just as the sun was setting down the Gulf of Finland, as it had done every night since my arrival, in an exquisite metallic peacock-blue sky, flashing down brilliant to the end.

I referred briefly to the settlement of English and Welsh miners at Hughesoffky, and to my interview with one of the Hughes firm as to sending a chaplain to these people. These difficulties have been overcome, and the chaplain of Cronstadt has now taken up his residence amongst them. He has written to me this interesting description of the place and his work: "The Messrs. Hughes have long had it in view to make some permanent provision for the spiritual oversight of their employés. Of the two or three hundred British at Hughesoffky the majority come from Wales. These are miners and their families. Many of the engineers are Scotch. Hughesoffky is about eighty miles north of Mariöpol, on the Sea of Azof, on the river Kalmeis, which is the boundary of the Don Cossack territory and the Government of Ekaterinslav. . . . It is a

town of 30,000 inhabitants, all of whom are more or less dependent on the works. It is right out on the Steppe, treeless downs stretching away in every direction into infinity, fields of 6000 acres, numberless herds of horses, cattle, and flocks of sheep. Here and there a chimney and wheel and a cluster of white cottages mark the position of a coal mine. An unlovely but interesting country. In the town itself coal mines, coke ovens, blast furnaces, steel works, rail-rolling mills, etc., two banks, hotels, theatre, public park and lakes, club, bicycle track, golf links. There are two large churches for the orthodox, two synagogues, a mosque, and schools for six hundred or eight hundred children. For the British there is a school with a certificated mistress. For the present Church services will be held in the schoolroom, but there will be no difficulty in building a church. Site, material, and abundant labour are ready, and the building would be merely a matter of a few months' work. For the bodily needs of these people the Messrs. Hughes have made excellent provision, with hospital and doctors. I have entered into such a full description of the place, which I hope will be my home for some time, because I think that such a spot as Hughesoffky is interesting in itself, growing as it did in one man's lifetime from two shepherds' huts." Baku on the Caspian is also becoming a very important centre of commerce, consequent upon its oil trade; and an increasing number of our fellow-countrymen are taking up work there of various kinds connected with that industry. The late Bishop Sandford, of Gibraltar, wrote to me not long before his death of both these places. "Neither Hughesoffky nor Baku lies within the area assigned to me. . . . My work, as defined by the Archbishop on my consecration, is limited to the *shores* of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof—as regards, that is, the more eastern portion." I can therefore see no limit to my work eastward. Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, and Vladivostock in Siberia may become chaplaincies, bringing me along the Amoor into contact with the Bishop of Korea, and whatever the Anglican bishops in China may be doing for Manchuria! The present war will doubtless develop extensively all that region, and bring settlers, manufacturers, and commerce from one end of Siberia to the other. My episcopal signature is long enough already. If I have to add Eastern Asia to North and Central Europe, I shall be the Anglican bishop for more than half Europe and Asia. Quite enough to justify my applying for a suffragan!

I took my last look at the glorious old Neva, a yard thick in its winter coat, as we drove to the station. When a hole is cut for the yard-square ice blocks, which are driven away by thousands in little rough sledges by Finlanders, who come to Petersburg for the purpose, the effect in the brilliant sunshine is most beautiful; they glitter along like huge square diamonds, flashing out every colour of the prism. The water as it flows beneath these holes, being of somewhat higher temperature than the air above them, is seen to throw up a slight vapour as from warm water.

The features of the return journey to Western Europe were much the same as upon the eastward. Queer old crippled beggars stand at the end of the platforms, hats in hand, such as they are, bowing incessantly and eagerly to passengers walking up and down. A Russian seldom refuses a beggar. As the almsgiver approaches, the bowing becomes deeper and more incessantly eager, the weird face becoming distorted with anxiety and intense excitement, the teeth showing, the rough hair drooping over the face, and the body writhing about with strange contortions. As soon as the old fellow gets his alms, he crosses himself devoutly, St. Andrew-wise, and falls back again into his normal condition. It is quite an event in the monotony of the day when the attendant comes in to light the dip candles which still "illuminate" even the first-class carriages of a Russian train.

At Dünaborg I branched from the main line to Riga, the route to which lies all along the river Dwina from which the town takes its name; all bound, of course, in ice. The delicious Russian tea, always hot and refreshing, with its slice of lemon floating in the glass, imparts a little warmth from time to time in the bitter cold. The route was as dreary and monotonous as elsewhere in Russia. Scattered farms, however, lie about at intervals in these Baltic provinces, and a few villages, all of log-huts turned grey-brown by the weather. No bird, beast, or reptile, no living creature; the natural history of these regions seems dead and buried. The breaking of the ice on the Dwina, which falls into the Gulf of Riga, is, I am told, very grand. A sandy spit lies in mid-stream of its mouth; upon this the roaring, thundering ice falls, obstructing the river's course, and creating the wildest confusion. This occurs towards the end of April.

Our church at Riga is of red brick: it stands in a good position upon the Dwina, which is a fine river here, some three times as

wide as the Neva at Petersburg. In this church I confirmed. Powerful steamers are always kept moving about slowly near the quays to keep the ice from getting set, and blocked about the shipping. This also prevents the rush and crash of the break-up in the spring doing damage to vessels. Of late years powerful ice-breakers have been built: these are constructed to slide up upon the ice, which is thus broken by their weight. The "Yermack," one of the first, was built in England. The "Baikal," upon the lake of that name, is also, I believe, English-built. The English community at Riga evidently make much of the bishops who visit them. In the vestry are pictures of the various prelates who have confirmed here, each in a gilt frame, surmounted by a mitre. Bishop Trower, of Gibraltar, in 1859, Bishop Eden, the Primus of Scotland, and Bishop of Moray and Ross in 1866, 1869, and 1873, Bishop Suter, of Aberdeen, in 1876 and 1882, Bishop Tozer, of Central Africa, in 1879, Bishop Douglas, of Aberdeen, in 1884. Also Bishop Smith, of Victoria. The church authorities asked for my portrait to add to the collection. In these Baltic provinces much German is spoken, though Russia is doing her best to stamp it out, as with Swedish in Finland.

From Riga the journey back over the frontier was made through deepening snow, which threatened to block the line. Much fall had taken place since I had passed up to Petersburg; a train had lately been blocked for four or five hours, the wind increasing the difficulty by drifting it. The country about Wilna, which I had passed before in the night, is rather pretty, undulating, and densely covered with fir forest. Here the only tunnel from the frontier to Petersburg occurs. There was no occasion for it, but the Emperor Nicholas insisted upon having one because other countries had tunnels, and he was not a man to be gainsaid. At Russian Wirballen, the frontier station, where it seems always snowing, passports are taken, and returned to travellers going westward at Eydkuhnen, the train being closely guarded on both sides till it reaches the small stream which forms the boundary, where the Russian guards drop off the footboard. One is not altogether sorry—interesting as Russia and the Russians are—to get away from the endless surveillance of Russian travel, and even the train seems to feel a relief in speeding away from the closely-guarded frontier, for it always seems to me—and I have crossed and recrossed the Russian border very frequently—to dash merrily off like a bird liberated from a snare. The

drifting snow clogged the wheels, lay deep upon the steps, and covered the balconies. All the way to Berlin nothing but snow, snow, snow. As I waited at Friedrichstrasse station, it was very picturesque to see the trains coming in from the north hanging—as our own train—with a thick cornice of icicles, the carriages white with frozen snow up to their roofs. The Elbe at Stendal was still frozen at the sides. The scenery upon nearing Hanover is quite refreshing after those endless Russian steppes, and the almost as endless plains of East Prussia.

At Hanover I turned aside to confirm the boys at a military institution at Alteburg, near Hameln, a quaint little old town upon the Weser, situated amongst pretty wooded hills, with a picturesque Rathhaus. This is the scene of Browning's "Piper of Hamelin." It was infested by rats. The pied piper said he would pipe them all away. The burghers agreed to give him one thousand florins if he succeeded. He did—but the burghers broke their promise, giving him only one hundred. In revenge he piped away all the children of the place. One of the hotels is still designated "Zum Rattenfanger." Pyrmont is a water-drinking place near by, and Oyenhausen is another. The boys attended all three services, though no pressure is put upon them to do so over fifteen years of age. From Hameln I travelled to Amsterdam, where we have an old-fashioned chapel of very Georgian type, high pews, and enormous royal arms dominating the western gable. The Queen of Sweden, when here for massage, attends our service in this church. The energetic chaplain, Mr. Chambers, looks after our people scattered round Amsterdam, in Arnheim, Gouda, Utrecht, etc., and is otherwise indefatigable. From Holland I crossed in a gale, as in the previous December, to Parkestone Quay, Harwich, concluding thus a long and very winterly visitation of the far northern chaplaincies.

CHAPTER VII

Brussels—First conference of chaplains—The iguanodon—Loss of the episcopal hat—Brittany and its quaintnesses—Henry II and his scourging-pillar at Avranches.

ON 21 April, 1887, I left England by Newhaven and Dieppe. When off Cape d'Ailly we were not far from the ill-fated *Victoria* of the L.B. & S.C. Company, which a few days before struck upon that point beneath the lighthouse in a fog, and with the loss of twenty-five lives went down upon the rocks. The remark of the local French was, "What can you expect when you entrust a vessel to Englishmen!" Most of her cargo was crape, which got adrift, and was twisted in large masses round the spars and fittings, as though mourning her own loss. It was high tide, and she lay with her funnels and masts well above water.

Upon this occasion I confirmed in All Saints' Church, and took steps to extinguish the second chaplaincy here, which was not only needless but mischievous. From Dieppe I went to Rouen, where I confirmed in our pretty little church of Norman style, situated upon an island in the Seine. The carved wood is good, in imitation, as is also the font, of similar work in the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen. In the gable of the west front is a large Tudor rose, carved in stone, to commemorate the holding of the town by the Duke of Bedford.

At a dinner party that evening I sat next a gentleman who was living in Rouen during the German occupation. Three German officers and six privates were billeted upon him for some nine months, and cost him over £200. These Germans, however, were very grateful for his kindness, writing afterwards from Germany to express it.

From Rouen I went on to Paris, where I found an invitation to dinner at the Embassy from Lord Lyons, which had, however, to be cancelled in consequence of the death of his niece, the Duchess of

Norfolk. The American church in Paris is very fine; it cost £100,000 and is by Street. It is said that the choir of English boys from England, who are educated here, costs £2000 a year. It is the finest American church on the Continent, in pointed style, with Norman triforium. The pillars and pulpit are of cream-coloured marble, the rest of the building of Caen stone. I attended a committee meeting for the building of a new church in the Rue des Bassins. The architect is French; I think the building will be a success. It has been cleverly planned to suit the site, which is somewhat difficult to cover. The style is to be Norman, with double aisles—I call it the Mosque of Cordova with its seven hundred pillars. Stone galleries are to traverse the entire building, except the east end: a kind of triforium. Sir Richard Wallace practically builds it for us. I preached and confirmed in both our Paris churches, and then left for Brussels, where I was the guest of Lord and Lady Vivian at the British Legation. We held our conference here in the Salle des Marbres, Lord Vivian being present at its sessions. I had much conversation with him upon the inexpediency of three chaplaincies in this city, which resulted ultimately in the suppression of the third.

The Prince of Wales had been staying with the Vivians on his way to Berlin. One of the little Vivian girls, now one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, told me that the Prince gave her the gardenia out of his buttonhole, and that she gave him a bunch of violets to put in its place. I drove with Lady Vivian through the fine park which lies just outside Brussels towards Waterloo, on the edge of the forest of Soignies. She told me many interesting and amusing stories of their life at the Copenhagen Legation, which was very pleasant and simple compared with the stiff Court life at Brussels. They were at the Legation when Gladstone and Tennyson visited Copenhagen in one of Donald Currie's steamers. Lady Vivian's account of Tennyson reading the "Grandmother" to the Princess of Wales was delightful. In all the touching parts he put his hand on her knee, she looking pathetically at him whilst he looked at her, and when he continued his reading looked around with intense amusement at the rest of the company. I visited the British Institution with Lady Vivian, who takes much interest in it. In two and a half years it has sheltered four hundred and thirty governesses and servants. It is a great comfort that the habit of visitors at embassies is to breakfast in their own room, and not to

appear till lunch; it gives one time to work, write, read, and rest. I have introduced the "embassy breakfast" on the Continent wherever I stay, for I could not get through my work without it.

Our subjects at the Conference were: "Missions to our Sailors," "Church Music," etc. I had a long conversation with Lord Vivian about continental marriage laws. It would be dull to the ordinary reader and I will not reproduce it. In stating that a British Embassy is always considered and respected as English ground, he quoted the case of an old lady who, when an earthquake was foretold in some city, hastened to the British Embassy because she understood that English ground was never shaken by earthquakes. Upon this occasion I confirmed in both our Brussels churches. When the houses and streets, which at present block the new Law Courts, are cleared away, the building will stand out in all its massive and exceeding grandeur. Nothing like this building exists in Europe, "or," as an American added the other day, "on our side either, sir"; and that is no small admission for an American. All visitors to Brussels should go to the Natural History Museum, and see the skeleton of an enormous iguanodon discovered in the coal measures of Charleroi. It is perfect, some forty feet long, the tail being nearly half its length. Two large long bones depend from the rump, and appear by their construction to have worked in a socket to elevate and depress the enormous tail in passing over the rank vegetation of his age. The hind feet are three-toed, like a camel or ostrich. The fore paws, if one may so call them, are digitate, with a spiked thumb, the other four fingers showing great power for tearing up the earth in digging for roots; they were also probably used for prehensile purposes when feeding upon branches. The head is that of a horse, the oral opening very large, and the eye sockets unusually so, as though constructed to hold immense lenses with which to see in the darkness of the age in which the monster lived. And when *did* he live? How many thousands or millions of years before Adam cultivated Eden? Sir Savile Lumley tried to get a duplicate for the British Museum, but failed. It is unique and worth the journey to Brussels to see. The monster is fixed upon irons, and sits up at an angle, like a kangaroo.

Almost all the extinct animals seem to have been creatures of transitional construction, half mammal, half reptile, or half reptile, half bird. Here is a Saurian, to all appearance, yet sitting nearly upright, rending the earth when down upon it on all fours, and

raising itself to pull down with its forearms the huge calamites, palms, ferns, and equiseta amongst which it lived, moved, and had its being. The brute would probably not have hurt man had there been a man to hurt in his day; his adaptations were evidently to graze upon the gigantic vegetation which formed the coal measures. A smaller specimen stands behind the larger one. This creature has lately been removed into the new Natural History Museum in another quarter of Brussels, and several other specimens of the iguanodon, similar in size, added from the coal measures of Belgium.

Ghent was my next point of visitation. Here we have a disused Flemish church, of its order of architecture, interesting, and the proportions good. The windows of the house where I was staying looked out upon a quaint old canal, which turned here almost at right angles. Huge barges like primeval monsters glided by from time to time, and almost looked in upon me as I lay in bed. John of Gaunt (or Ghent), son of Edward III and father of Henry IV, was born here, hence his name. To Bruges was but a short step. Here I confirmed and left for Boulogne. Whether the old monkish lines upon these old towns of Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges still hold good I do not know. Antwerp certainly holds its character:—

> Nobilibus Bruxella viris, Antwerpia nummis,
> Gaudanum laqueïs, formosis Brugæ puellis,
> Lovanium doctis, gaudet Mechlinia stultis.

In crossing the frontier from Bruges to Boulogne, I fell upon one of the few mishaps from which I ought to be very thankful that my constant journeyings have been singularly free. I was under the impression that Poperinghe was the frontier, whereas it is Abeille, the next station. I turned out, leaving luggage—and even my hat—in the train to walk up and down the platform. Without any warning the train moved rapidly out of the station. Thinking it would back in again, as the manner of trains is at frontier stations, I stood awaiting its return, and then inquired. "Oh, no, it had gone for good," and it was the last train that night!

Imagine the situation, stranded for the night at a miserable road-side station, my friends at Boulogne waiting for me. The kindly officials were in almost as great consternation as myself. What was to be done? First to telegraph to the frontier about the luggage, then to Boulogne, stating that I would be there up to time (11 a.m.)

for confirmation, then to wait patiently, the hardest part of all. The people in the village street as well as railway officials were most sympathetic. Had I been there before? Never, and hoped I never should be there again. They thought I had come to buy hops, Poperinghe being a great hop centre. No, I had nothing whatever to do with hops. Had they ever seen an Englishman here before? Yes, some came to buy hops. Hops were evidently the topic and the product of the place. By the last train the luggage came back from the frontier, but not my hat. How could I enter Boulogne as I was? Telegraph office again! What kind of hat was it? *Un grand chapeau.* Then to find a bed at the small *auberge.* There I told my sorrows to the dirty old man and dirtier old woman who kept it. The old woman preceded me to my room up a rickety staircase, muttering Flemish. At 4 a.m. I was awoke by something being dragged to my door, and placed there. I thought the pair were barricading my room with the view of cutting my throat; so getting up I looked out. There upon a big chair, dragged for the purpose from the end of the passage, sat my hat, deemed too splendid to be put on the floor. It had come back by a goods train, and was in admirable order. The agony I suffered from that strayed hat made me abandon from that date the episcopal headpiece as worn in England. I have never taken one abroad since. It is misunderstood by continental nations—ridiculous in the eyes of the foreigner—besides being eminently uncomfortable and doomed to damage. Had there been any one to meet me at the Boulogne station I should have been in ample time for the confirmation, having telegraphed my arrival at 10.40 a.m. However, those concerned thought they knew their continental Bradshaw better than I did, and judging my arrival in time to be impossible, the congregation was dismissed just as I arrived. However, it was but a postponement, and I confirmed in both the Boulogne churches that afternoon.

From Boulogne I crossed to England, returning again on 9 May to visit the Brittany chaplaincies, travelling to Dinan via Southampton and St. Malo. The whole of Brittany was white with apple-blossom through the endless orchards abounding in this region—apples-trees and magpies, the latter the sacred bird of Brittany. The ruins of La Garaye, with its picturesque dovecot, the scene of Mrs. Norton's poem, are worth a visit. A dovecot in France is a mark of nobility, the nobles being allowed to keep pigeons to feed

upon their dependents' crops—part of the old tyrannies that bred the Revolution. In the beech woods hereabouts are huts occupied by sabot-makers. A fine instance of a Druidical stone stands on this route; it is situated in a fir plantation, is twenty feet out of the ground, and probably nearly as much below. The idea of treasure being hid under these monoliths has caused them to be dug about and upset. This one has fallen nearly over in consequence, the earth having been removed. It is of granite, of the Dartmoor composition, coarse with large seams of feldspar. The granite formation upon which this part of Brittany stands runs presumably under the sea, and formed at some age of the world one country.

On the way back to Dinan I stopped to look at the new railway bridge over the rocky gorge of the Rance. It was put together on the high rocky bank; to it was lashed a smaller bridge, which now stands two miles away over a dry gorge. By balancing these carefully and rolling them upon rollers, the smaller one was lodged on the other side upon the massive piers which carried the structure, and then the heavier bridge was drawn over behind the smaller one till placed in situ. The fine viaduct which spans the river at Dinan was begun by Louis Philippe and finished by Napoleon III. Lieutenant Bessomond, a young French cavalry officer quartered here, came and spent the evening with my host and hostess. He told us that he had been commissioned to buy a large number of horses. My hostess said she hoped that it didn't mean war, as they didn't want German soldiers quartered on them again! Here at Dinan we have a beautiful little stone church, with good glass by Clayton and Bell. Lahon Abbey is a pleasant walk from Dinan. The abbey church is being restored to take the place of the little old parish church. The architect is one of the abbey priests. We disputed the faithfulness of the restoration as not following the original Norman. "Il faut créer," he said; to which I replied, aside, to the chaplain, "Il faut re-créer." He put what we call Norman two centuries later than our Norman date, calling our Norman "Romanesque." What we call Norman is in French called "plain centre" and "ogivale." A fabric of coarse canvas exists in the village, no doubt introduced and taught by the monks, a large extinct factory being built into the cloisters of the abbey. Just as at Buckfastleigh, in Devonshire, the serge factory lives while the abbey which introduced the fabric is dead. The Jerzual is the most picturesque street in Dinan; it was the only entrance to the place

before the viaduct was built. It crosses the old bridge and climbs up through a beautiful archway to the town. One or more artists are almost always at work in this old quarter. The church of St. Sauveur is well worth a visit. A Norman nave, a flamboyant aisle, and pillars without capitals. In the north transept is an upright stone recording in old Breton French that the heart of Du Guesclin, constable of France, is buried here, but that the rest of his body lies at "S. Dénis en France," in contradistinction to Brittany, which at that time did not form part of France. The fourteenth-century apse and flying buttresses overlooking the Jardin Anglais and the river valley forms quite a picture. The other church is almost a counterpart of St. Sauveur. They are twins. It was market-day, and all very quaint; hundreds of calves lying as if dead, their feet tied together. Old Breton women down on their knees shearing their sheep, an operation serving two purposes—to make the sheep carry it to market, and to sell the wool apart from the sheep. The Breton cap differs from the high cap of Normandy, standing up over the forehead like the barge-board of a gable, and is always perfectly clean and highly starched.

From Dinan I went to Avranches for confirmation work. The view down upon Mont St. Michel from the public gardens is extremely fine. It lies in the glittering sea, itself glittering like a big jewel. The old cathedral of Avranches was destroyed in the revolution of 1789. A poor thing fills its place. Near the west end stands a stone surrounded by posts and chains upon which Henry II of England received absolution from the Papal Legate for the murder of Thomas à Becket. A pillar stands within the same enclosure, possibly that to which he was bound when scourged. A copper plate bears this inscription: "Sur cette pierre, ici, à la porte de la Cathédrale d'Avranches après le meurtre de Thomas Becket, Archévêque de Cantorbéry, Henri II roi d'Angleterre, et Duc de Normandie reçut à genoux des légats du pape l'absolution Apostolique, le Dimanche xxi Mai. MCLXXII."

Returning to St. Malo I confirmed and preached there, and at St. Servan. The view down over the bay and islands from the old houses on the St. Malo walls is very beautiful, the island of Sesambres and that on which Chateaubriand is buried are—in this archipelago of islands—marked features of the St. Malo Bay.

Crossing to Southampton, I returned to England as I came.

CHAPTER VIII

Palace at Coblenz—Interview with Prince Louis of Hesse at Darmstadt—Visit to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria at Jugenheim Palace—Confirmation in Palace chapel at Darmstadt: Grand Duke and Princess Irene present—Bishop Hertzog and the Old Catholics—Visit to Dr. Döllinger at Munich and to Professor Friedrich—Consecration of Embassy chapel in Vienna—St. Stephen's Cathedral—The Western Gate of the East—The Danube—A "langsam" journey.

ON 26 May, 1887, I left for Belgium via Antwerp, making my first halt at Spa for confirmation work. Here we have a large and beautiful church, built in the days when Spa was a place of considerable English resort, and containing many good English families. It stands high, and is very healthy. The baths are extensive, and the environs well wooded. In Köln Cathedral, on my way to Coblenz between two trains, I listened to the first part of a sermon upon the text, "Siehe da, ich lege einen ausverwählten, Kostlichen Eckstein." A very old stone, a very honourable stone —Ehrenstein—the preacher told us, the only stone upon which sin could be laid for pardon. It was Whitsun-Eve, and a large congregation was listening attentively. At Coblenz we held our service at that time under the kindly wing of the good Empress Augusta, in a room of her palace, fitted for the purpose. After service on Whit-Sunday I called upon Countess Häcke in the palace, the Empress's favourite lady. She was preparing for her royal mistress, who, she said, would be sorry to miss seeing me. Coblenz is the paradise of nightingales; at this season the Anlagen by the Rhine swarms with them. Here, in these gardens, the Empress Augusta used to hold levees, sitting in her Bath-chair listening to the band. In the palace grounds are four very fine polonias, the Germans call them "kaiser's baumen," at this season a mass of splendid blue flowers like gigantic wisteria blossoms. The palace was built by a Prince-Archbishop of Trier, as the archiepiscopal residence. The Empress's private apartments were very

snug and pretty, hung with several pictures of our Royal Family given to the Empress by our Queen. In the Emperor's little room stood the desk at which he wrote, and his old knotted walking-stick, not unlike himself, stood in a corner. A large chart of Europe upon an easel which he used daily during the Crimean War, the movements of the troops marked by himself with coloured papers stuck on with pins. Also a large bird's-eye view of London. The smoke made it look as if under a bombardment, and I turned to the Germans about me and asked if it represented London under a German bombardment! In another room I was shown the clock and candelabra of Sèvres china given by the Emperor to the Empress on her last birthday. The views from the front windows upon the Rhine and toward Stolzenfels and downwards to Ehrenbreitstein are beautiful. Old Countess Häcke, faithful to the end as our guide, and only able to speak the one English word "charming," repeated it alternately with its German equivalent, "charming, charming—schön, schön."

At a large reception at the chaplain's after the confirmation I met amongst others old Heinrich Espenschied, the owner of the famous Rudesheim vineyards situated round the Germania Monument. He asked me to come and see the fine new house he had built in the Clements Platz, but I said I had no time. However, as I walked later in the Anlagen Gardens I met him near the Clements Platz. "Now," he said, "you must come and see my house, and taste my Rudesheim." It is certainly a grand mansion, built by Rudesheim wine of Trier and Andernach stone. As I stood looking at it from outside, I said, "What a height it is!" "Yes," he replied, "and as much below as above, and full of Rudesheim!" He left me in the dining-room, and after an absence of about ten minutes, returned, balancing tenderly a bottle of Rudesheim and a huge old-fashioned green German wineglass nearly a foot high. "There," said the old gentleman, "that is the best in Europe, date 1868, and will keep for a hundred years, and you must drink it all, every drop." The Coblenz people vie with each other in endeavouring to please the Empress Augusta with some little new additions to her beloved Anlagen Gardens. Old Countess Häcke has just added, as a birthday gift to Her Majesty, a small swan and duck island with little houses for the birds upon it. I made an entry in the Coblenz record-book, expressing my regret that Her Majesty was not here during my visit, that I might have thanked

her in person for all her goodness to our Church, asking that this might be read to the Empress.

Upon my arrival at Darmstadt from Coblenz, finding that the Grand Duke wished to see me, I went to the palace at half-past ten a.m. The Duke did not seem to have anything of a business nature connected with the chaplaincy, of which he is patron, to talk over. It was his kindly wish to receive me. He spoke only of current events, of the Russian plots against the Emperor's life, and of the Bulgarian difficulties. I told him that I hoped to go to Bulgaria, perhaps that autumn, and said I should be glad of any information as to English communities in that region, which touches the Bishop of Gibraltar's sphere of work. He told me that Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was out at Jugenheim Palace, and would be glad to see me and give me any information.

We talked also of the Queen's Jubilee, to which he was going. As I was leaving the palace a message came from Princess Elizabeth (Grand Duchess Serge of Russia) that she would like to see me. I went back and was shown into another room, where I found the Grand Duke again with his three daughters, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, Princess Irene, now Princess Heinrich of Prussia, and Princess Alice, now Empress of Russia. The Grand Duchess Serge spoke of my having called at her palace in Petersburg, of Sir R. Morier, the British Ambassador there, of the Jubilee in England to which they were all going, and of the confirmation to-morrow.

When I left the palace I drove to the station and took the train for Bickenbach, from whence I drove up to Jugenheim, beautifully situated amongst the fir-clad hills of the Landstrasse, and looking over the Rhinegau. Upon arrival I found that Prince Alexander had driven into Darmstadt. I thereupon sent in my card to his father, old Prince Alexander, uncle of the present Emperor of Russia and brother of the late Empress. I was requested to go in and see him. The old soldier received me most cordially and we had a long talk. He had the command of all the troops in 1860 against Prussia, a sad time for our Princess Alice, carrying war into her own Grand Duchy, and necessitating bringing her husband into conflict with his brother-in-law's troops. Prince Alexander was an exceedingly handsome old man; still a perfect military figure, with a fine expression of countenance, and a most

genial, delightful manner. He talked much about Russian and Bulgarian affairs, then of the current topics in Europe, about my continental work and its extent. When I rose to go he said that his son would be back about two o'clock; and that if I would stay till then he would be very glad to see me, adding that he took the greatest interest in everything relating to Bulgaria, and would tell me all I wanted to know. I said I would walk and look at the grounds till the Prince returned. I then took my leave and went and sat about in the gardens of this very pretty little palace, where our Queen once stayed, and to which she refers with such delight in Princess Alice's Memoirs. It is situated in the forest amongst wooded hills, commanding lovely views of immense extent, the Rhine being just visible in the far distance; and beyond, the hills of Alsace.

At about 2 p.m. an open Stanhope and pair came through the grounds driven by Prince Alexander. I returned to the palace, and in a few moments the hero of Plevna entered and received me most warmly. He was very handsome, with a fine military figure and very bronzed face. I was given to understand in Darmstadt that he had never altogether recovered from the ill-treatment he received at the time of his capture by the Russians, and now lately an attack of smallpox had pulled him back again. His hand, I noticed, shook, as one weak and recovering from an illness. I asked him if there were any English in Bulgaria. He thought not. At Varna there were perhaps sailors and merchants. On this side of the Balkans, he said, the country was bare and treeless, but that Bulgaria was a fine country, and Eastern Roumelia a garden, exceedingly beautiful and fertile. I told him that the English took a great interest in him and his affairs, and that none amongst the royal personages at the forthcoming Jubilee would be more heartily welcomed. "Yes," he said, "the English have always been very good to me." In taking my leave, I said I had every hope that His Royal Highness would come to his right again in Bulgaria. He thanked me warmly and said, "If at any time you want me to do anything for you in Bulgaria, let me know and I will telegraph your wishes to my people there, who will do anything for me."

He was born in Verona in 1859, when his father was in command of the Austrian troops against France. Lately his old nurse, a Veronese, made a pilgrimage to see him. She travelled all alone, knowing no German, bringing her provisions with her, and using

only the word "Darmstadt." She got through the entire journey with that one word. When she reached him she fell at his feet, and bursting into tears, told him how her heart had ached for him in all his troubles. She was kindly cared for at the palace for several days, till sufficiently rested for her return journey. Her Italian dress excited much interest in the quiet streets of Darmstadt.

I always look out for storks' nests at this season of the year between Darmstadt and Basle. They build upon house chimneys and saddleback church towers. They do not winter in Germany, but in Africa, returning in the spring with the other migrants. The male comes first and returns for his mate. If the weather is very rough they depart, and do not come back till the next year.

I confirmed, as upon the former occasion at Darmstadt, in the Grand Duke's royal chapel candidates from here, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Frankfürt, and Homburg. The Grand Duke and Princess Irene were present, occupying again the royal gallery at the west end. From Darmstadt I went on to Freiburg for confirmation and other work. Over the Red Lion Gasthaus at Altgläshutte on the Tittesee, above Freiburg, is this quaint polyglot verse :—

In diesem Gasthaus trovarete
Alles gut was man souhaité
Bonum vinum, multum carnis
Schönes pferd und gutes harness.

Going on to Zurich I stayed with Dr. Heidenheim at his fine old-fashioned Swiss house out at Zollekofen—panelled walls and ceilings filled with portraits, pictures, china, rare old works of art, and a good library. The house stands high above the lake with wide prospects. My room looked out upon three aspects, one towards Zurich, one upon the vine-clad slopes to the lake, the third to the snow mountains, towards Coire and the Grisons. Here I confirmed in the most hideous building on the Continent which calls itself the English church. I spoke of this as a disgrace to our Church and nation. It proved the turning-point to better things, and to the church we now possess in that important place. Upon entering Berne I had a glorious view—not by any means always vouchsafed to the traveller—of the Bernese Oberland; when it is vouchsafed it is very grand. The burst of view down upon the lake of Geneva on emerging from the tunnel at Chexbres is always a compensation for the somewhat monotonous run from Berne.

At Lausanne I stayed with Mr. Langton, of Barrow House, on Derwentwater. Upon this occasion I consecrated the very excellent church built by Mr. Street, the chaplains of Lausanne, Geneva, Territet, Aigle, Aix-les-Bains, and others taking part in the service. The church is well decorated and adorned with valuable gifts, including several good windows by Clayton and Bell. The Sunday-school here is one of the best I have found on the Continent. After confirming I left for Berne, and visited Dr. Hertzog, the Old Catholic bishop for Switzerland. I had a long talk with him upon the subject of our Legation having withdrawn from attending our services in his church, and the consequent withdrawal of our chaplain. In expressing my regret, I told him that the step was taken before I came into office. We discussed the difficulties of the Old Catholics at Lucerne, in which he asked my help. I promised to write to the Hausers, who are the large hotel proprietors there, asking their influence in removing the Old Catholic disabilities existing in that place. He also asked my help in England in aid of his Student Fund. A student can be trained for 1000 francs a year. Bishop Hertzog is a noteworthy man, evidently doing well, and is a born leader of men, as his name indicates.

I was now bound for Munich, having arranged to stay *en route* with Dr. Heidenheim and his friend Mr. Howell at a castle upon vineyard property they had bought at Weinfelden. I arrived via Zurich late in the evening. The castle is entered by a fine hall, hung with old portraits. A double gallery to the roof runs round two sides of the hall, under which there are dungeons and a torture chamber. I looked out at midnight. An owl was hooting; the little mountain stream watering the castle grounds was the only other sound, except a few Swiss returning home from a wirthschaft and singing on their way.

At 5.30 a.m. Dr. Heidenheim opened a window somewhere above and wound his horn to call the vignerons to their work in the vineyards. After breakfast I ascended the castle tower with the vine-dresser, who with his wife lives in and desecrates the beautiful little old chapel in the grounds. The old man informed me that the view commands not only a large part of Switzerland, the Grisons to the beginning of the Oberland, and the heavy mass of the Sentis, but extends also into Austria and Germany. "Over yonder," he said, "is Italy, and away to the west is France." I asked him if we

could not see England. He thought not! Feldkirch, in Austria, lies away at the end of the Lake of Constance. A pretty story is told of that place. It was besieged by the French. It was Easter Eve. The inhabitants thought it better not to hold their Easter services, the situation being desperate. One of the besieged came forward, however, and said, "Why should we abandon our Easter services, let us hold them, and trust in God." The people assented, and they set the bells ringing. The French, thinking the besieged were rejoicing at having descried reinforcements on their way from Bregenz, raised the siege, and Feldkirch was saved.

From Weinfelden I crossed the Lake of Constance by Romanshorn to Lindau in Bavaria, a one and a half hour passage. The head of the lake is very beautiful, closed by the snow mountains behind Bregenz. I found Munich *en fête*, being Corpus Christi. The processions enormous, extending through the streets for three hours, with visitations to temporary altars erected in the squares and chief places and ending at the cathedral. Lines of soldiers on horseback keeping back the crowd to allow the thousands of choristers, bishops, priests, deacons, Church dignitaries, monks of all orders and habits, personages civil and ecclesiastical, to pass, the principal being the Archbishop of Munich and the Regent walking beneath a sumptuous canopy of silver and satin, surrounded by officers of state, bodyguard with their halberds, trumpeters, etc. The Regent is uncle of the late King, who had drowned himself in the Lake of Starnberg the previous year. He is a fine, handsome man, with a grizzly moustache and beard, looking in his red uniform like an English general.

I lunched with Mr. (now Sir Victor) Drummond, our chargé d'affaires, who was present at the confirmation. I told him that his nephew, young Drummond, son of Lord Strathallan, who was killed at Ulundi, often came to my house in Zululand. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were staying on the Starnberger see, near the late King's palace at the time of his death. They were the first to see the bodies of the King and Dr. Gudden. The expression upon the King's face was calm, a blow, as though dealt by a stone, was visible upon his forehead. After the struggle between him and his doctor, traces of which were plainly visible, they seemed to have walked quietly together along the shore; and then it is supposed that the King rushed into the lake, followed by Dr. Gudden, that they struggled together in the water—both being very powerful men—till they were

drowned. Two girls of good birth but reduced means not long after did the same at the same spot. They left a letter in their room stating that they could no longer bear the trials and sorrows of life.

The Pinakotek Gallery of ancient masters is the art centre of Munich. Murillo's four celebrated pictures of Spanish boys are in this collection. One cabinet room is given entirely to Van der Werf's pictures, and is the gem room of the gallery. One is the "Crucifixion." It represents St. John as about twenty: he stands by the Cross in an olive-green robe, covering his face; the figure is touchingly beautiful. An "Assumption"—angels bearing the clouds on steel-blue wings—is fine. There are some fine Rembrandts and Raphaels in the collection, but the Munich galleries are by no means equal to those at Amsterdam and Dresden.

From the galleries I went and called upon Dr. Döllinger. As I sat waiting for him, I noticed that books lay about everywhere, and a few portraits hung upon the walls. He soon came in, a quiet, placid, dignified old student, somewhat tall, and slightly stooping, with a soft, sweet, cultivated voice. I told him what I had done about the Old Catholics in Austria. He took great pains to explain his views upon the Old Catholic movement generally, adding that he was not altogether conversant with it in Austria, but believed that a political element was somewhat sharply shaping its course in that country. That the Czechs, among whom Huss's name was a great power, took a line in opposition to the German nationality. In reply to a request for his counsel as to the attitude which it would be wise that I should assume towards the Old Catholics in Vienna, he recommended caution, saying that to an English prelate the Austrian Government would be personally polite, with whom they would be anxious to go as far as possible, but pointing out at the same time what I already knew, that the Austrian Government is exceedingly sensitive upon the Old Catholic question. He referred to what Bishop Hertzog had told me at Berne, that Bishop Reinkens, of Bonn, had lately been forbidden to cross the Austrian frontier with a view to carry episcopal offices to the Old Catholic body in that country. Dr. Döllinger, old and feeble, spoke very slowly in English, choosing his words with much deliberation and care. He did almost all the talking, and I was glad that it should be so. In conclusion, he said, "The Austrian Government will, of course, be ready to listen to anything you may advance through

Sir Augustus Paget, your Ambassador, because they will wish to stand well with England, but I doubt if they would give leave even to an English prelate to confirm Old Catholics. However," he added, "I should be glad if you would call upon your return through Munich and let me know the result of your visit to Vienna." I told him that I should not be in Munich again, but would let him know if I had anything to communicate.

I then took my leave, and went to call upon Dr. Friedrich. He is a much younger man, with a very courteous and eager manner, altogether different from Döllinger's quiet, old-fashioned, didactic style. He was most warm in his thanks for my sympathy with the Old Catholic body; told me that the Austrian Old Catholics wished him to be their bishop; said that the Austrian Government desired a *persona grata* to be chosen whenever the time came for the appointment, but that the Government was "sehr eisenherzisch" about it all. He spoke entirely in German, knowing no English. I therefore lost much, for he speaks with the rapidity of an eager man, and is not easy to follow. Dr. Friedrich is Professor of History in the University of Munich. He is probably, next to Döllinger and Delitzsch, of Leipzig, the most learned theologian in Germany. His hair is long and red, and flows over his coat collar; his face is large, smooth, and round—a modern Martin Luther.

I visited the cathedral, which I had only seen hurriedly on Corpus Christi day. It is of red brick, brown with age, dating from about the fourteenth century, of immense length, lancet windows from roof to ground seventy feet high. Two curious towers of brick, surmounted by small domes, stand at the west end like minarets. The whole building has a smack of Turkey about it. The tomb of the Emperor Maximilian is a fine bronze structure at the intersection of the transepts. A canopy, richly chased, covers it, and four life-sized figures, in armour, guard the corners. The cathedral still wore its Corpus Christi decorations: the entire nave was set with young birch trees twenty feet high, and being placed against the pillars which stand close together, formed one continuous avenue.

Leaving Munich by the evening train via Salzburg, I opened my eyes upon the grand old Danube rolling along close to the railway amongst wooded hills, such as those in the Black Forest, among which he takes his birth. I had travelled to Vienna to consecrate the Embassy church, and did so in the presence of the British

Ambassador, Sir Augustus Paget, the President of the Old Catholic body, Herr Sinnek, Pfarrer Czech, the Old Catholic priest, etc., etc. These Austrian Old Catholics speak no English. I expressed my sympathy with their cause, and told them what we were doing, and hoped to do, for them in England. They said that the Austrian Government favoured all other bodies but theirs, that it was *sehr schwer*, for there was a party in the Government who wanted to take everything from them. Here, however, in Vienna, the Government had given them the curious little chapel in the old town hall; they had another church at Ried, and in one other place.

After the consecration I drove to Schönbrunn Palace, very beautiful in design and proportion, overlooking extensive gardens with walks of clipped hedges twenty to thirty feet high. The Gloriette on the opposite hill is a graceful building in Italian style, a gateway colonnaded and winged, carrying bronze statues and chariots. It was here that Napoleon I, having conquered Austria and married Maria Theresa, perpetuated the Austrian alliance in the person of his son, Napoleon II. It was here also, by a grim piece of historical irony, that Metternich destroyed the wretched boy's health before he was twenty by every kind of debauchery and vice.

On returning to Vienna we passed the Emperor, who had become iron grey and much aged. The English Consul showed me the beautifully designed cover for the Jubilee Address to our Queen, signed by the English of Vienna. The leather work, for which Vienna is celebrated, chased all over with blue and green enamel work, richly overlaid with silver gilt, and bearing in the centre the royal arms of England. Above and below the royal arms, in two small medallions in enamel, are the dates 1837–1887. The address inside is beautifully illuminated, the wording is much the same as others from all parts of the world.

I had a long talk with Sir Augustus Paget about politics and chaplaincy matters. He told me that the Votive Kirche here was built in 1852, on the spot where the Emperor's life was attempted when he was but twenty years of age. The would-be assassin was a Hungarian, who stabbed him in the neck while reviewing his troops; the bullion of his military collar prevented the wound being a fatal one. At the Embassy I met Mr. Maud and Mr. (now Sir) Constantine Phipps, both attached to the Embassy. Later on in the day Sir Augustus asked if I would again talk over our chaplaincy matters with him. I did so, and endeavoured to settle some

difficulties. At the confirmation several of the Old Catholic body were present, with whom I visited their little chapel in the old town hall.

The cathedral of St. Stephen is a beautiful piece of decorated Gothic. The best view of the spire, which is particularly graceful, is gained from a side street, from whence one looks directly up to the cross; it is a miracle of gorgeously fashioned stonework. On the Emperor's last birthday a young fellow climbed the lightning conductor and planted the Austrian flag upon the cross. The Emperor sent for him and gave him a watch. A boy tried the same feat shortly afterwards, hoping also for a watch; he could not manage it, and upon descending was put in prison. The interior of the cathedral is most disappointing. The stone which is affirmed to have killed St. Stephen is shown in a frame, worn by pilgrims and devotees touching and kissing it. The miracle-working picture of the Virgin is always crowded about with sick folk seeking cures. It was so marred that a wire grating had to be placed in front of it.

In the Belvedere Picture Gallery are some good pictures, crowded, however, with uninteresting Rubens and poor specimens of the Italian school. The Dutch school is fairly represented. Murillo's "St. John with the Lamb" is very disappointing.

An interesting luncheon-party at the Belle Vue Hôtel followed, consisting of English newspaper correspondents: Brindley Richards of the *Times*, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, and the Constantinople correspondent of the *Standard*, Greek chargé d'affaires, etc. etc.

A short passage by steamer up the Danube and Zahn rad Bahn to Kahlenberg, from whence a fine view of Vienna below, with the Danube winding in its two channels on the edge of the city, is worth taking. A rapidly flowing canal is led off from the Danube through the city, for Vienna is not upon the river, the entrance to which is protected by ponderous iron gates of enormous strength to resist the pressure of the ice, which comes down in great force during the winter months.

Vienna may be called the "Western Gate of the East," and has a decided Oriental flavour about it. It was held at one time, as all the world knows, or ought to know, by the Turks. The Rathhaus Platz is grand, magnificent buildings on all sides, and gardens with shady walks. In the midst of this Platz is the Parliament House, a fine building in Grecian style, surmounted at each corner by bronze

chariots, charioteers, and horses. Opposite the Parliament House is the State Opera House. Standing rather back is the new Rathhaus, a Gothic building of enormous size, with lofty spire, said to be the most perfect modern Gothic structure in Europe. Then follow the palace and the university, till the eye wearies with gigantic buildings. All is new, white, glaring, and almost oppressive. A city of gardens and huge buildings, lofty houses of highly decorated continental architecture, as if the place had woke up in the nineteenth century to find itself behind the rest of European capitals—which was probably the case—and had given a titanic building order to redeem its reputation.

By an unfortunate error I took the wrong night train from Vienna to Köln, whither I was bound. Got into a stopping instead of an express train, and did not discover my mistake till the night was far spent. Thirty-two hours in consequence between Vienna and Köln instead of twenty-four. When I awoke next morning at 4 a.m., expecting to be at Salzburg, I found myself only at Linz, on the Danube. At Passau, over the frontier in Bavaria, I telegraphed my mistake to my host at Köln, stating that I should be unable to arrive till early the next morning—two nights and a day of intense heat, dust, fatigue, and weariness.

From Passau to Regensburg (Ratisbon) the Danube is very fine. Grand old church towers, like stout minarets, surmounted by little coloured onion-shaped cupolas, give a very Eastern tone to the landscape. The Valhalla, a copy of the Parthenon and of identical proportions, stands up over the Danube near Ratisbon. The cathedral of Ratisbon carries two lofty heavy spires of open stonework like that at Freiburg mightily magnified. These spires are surrounded by four spirelettes. Quaint old towered houses are the feature of the city, with the superb cathedral rising out of and dominating all. Clusters of picturesque villages indicate the neighbourhood of the Black Forest. Nüremburg, with its old towered walls and wealth of antique architecture; Wartzburg, upon the Maine, with its grand cathedral and black domes surrounded by graceful spires, looking up at the large inhabited castle, forms a fine picture. In those days there was no grand Hauptbahnhof at Frankfürt. Some half-dozen lines had some half-dozen shabby termini, anchored side by side in a great dreary station-yard, to which the traveller had to transfer himself according as his destination might require. From the Bayrische to the Maine-Neckar

Bahnhof accordingly I had to wearily transfer myself, and down the old Rhine we rumbled that hottest of all hot nights I almost ever experienced, till in the morning light Köln was at last reached after thirty-two hours of continual travel in heat, dust, and famine. Under the circumstances I was not very ready for the confirmation which shortly followed.

From Köln I travelled to Antwerp *en route* for England, an old German railway official having informed the Great Eastern Railway continental agent that he had reserved a compartment for the Herr Englische Bischof. A compensation for the Vienna-Köln journey, and an unusual attention for a German official to bestow.

CHAPTER IX

Copenhagen—Consecration of St. Alban's Church—Luncheon on board the *Osborne*—A banquet at Fredensborg—The King and Queen of Denmark, Emperor and Empress of Russia, King and Queen of Greece, Prince and Princess of Wales "At Home"—An historical autumn gathering—Göteborg and the Göteborg licensing system—The Venice of the North—Hamburg.

THIS was an unusually interesting journey and full of incident of what may well be called historical character.

I left England on 13 September by way of Harwich and Rotterdam—there was no Hook of Holland in those days—and opened my eyes upon the first white frost of the winter near Bremen, just six months since I left it behind me coming down from Russia. Then on through Hamburg and up Schleswig-Holstein to the Danish frontier at Vamdrup, and into the narrow, flat, windswept peninsula of Jutland, lying between the Baltic and the North Sea. The cows of this region wear an A-shaped yoke to prevent them from breaking through the fences, for the lands of our ancestors here in Angleland are fenced after the fashion of the lands of their descendants in the new Angleland, or England as we call it, across the sea. When the Danish custom officers catch sight of the red convocation robes in my baggage, they think that I am an English officer going up to Copenhagen with his scarlet uniform, and hurriedly shutting up bag and baggage bow me politely by. At Fredericia passengers for Copenhagen are transferred from the train, unless they choose to sit in their carriage, to a large ferry which takes over part of the train and the mails. The passage across this part of the Little Belt to Middlefärt takes a quarter of an hour. Pretty cottages are dotted about, nestling upon islands in little fiords. Endless bathing places are built out into the water at the end of narrow wooden jetties.

At Middlefärt the train resumes the track over Funen, a well-cultivated island, the hedges of Canadian poplar valuable as a protection from sweeping winds when the crops are on the ground.

Half-way across Funen is the town of Odensee (Odin's Lake), to which it is said Canute brought relics of St. Alban of England, and deposited them in the church of that place. I believe the church is dedicated to St. Alban, but am not sure. Over the major part of his bones we must hope that the ancient and stately abbey church of St. Alban watches, where certainly the "remains of his remains" have been provided with a goodly shrine. Thence to Nyborg, where the train is again left, and the same process repeated as at Fredericia, only upon a larger ferry by reason of the half-hour and more open crossing of the Great Belt. This is the deepest channel into the Baltic, and that by which our fleet passed to the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland during the Crimean War. At Corsöe the steam ferry is left again, and the passengers who have come direct by sea from Kiel meet those via Fredericia, and complete the journey by rail of some four or five hours to the capital.

At Copenhagen I was the guest of Sir Edmund and Lady Monson at the British Legation, commencing a friendship and a series of kindest hospitalities that have extended over eighteen years, at Brussels, Vienna, and closing, much to my regret, at Paris in 1904. I had been three nights out of bed, and was not sorry to be at my journey's end. However, we talked over the arrangements for the consecration of St. Alban's Church, built by the exertions of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

At noon on 17 September I drove with Sir Edmund Monson to the new church, which is beautifully situated amongst trees and well-kept grass, close to the waters of the harbour and upon the edge of a little inlet of the Sound. It is a perfect model of an English church; the architect Sir A. Blomfield. An enormous crowd had gathered to see the royalties and the pageant; quite a second jubilee from which, in Westminster Abbey, I had recently come. Bluejackets in their pretty summer dress from the *Osborne* in the harbour lining the nave on either side.

I stood with Sir Edmund and the Legation staff in the church entry, where we received the carriages filled with royal personages as they drove up. The Danish National Anthem was played as the royal and imperial party entered the church. When all were seated, the processional hymn, followed by the service, began. The following is a full account by a special correspondent at Copenhagen.

"Among the English chaplaincies in Europe many date back for

two or three hundred years, and some even further, possessing special interest from their historical associations. Commerce, pleasure, climate, and other causes have brought together a considerable number of substantial English communities, scattered throughout the Continent. By an inherited religious instinct our people take their National Church with them, and so we find dotted here and there in these foreign lands, English churches, wherein these little colonies can meet together for worship in their own tongue, and after the manner of their forefathers.

"In Scandinavia English Christianity had in the early ages a potent influence. At the present time there are four communities, wherein churches have sprung up representing the Catholicism of the National Church of England, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania and Copenhagen, round which traditions of the past cluster. . . . In the year 1853 a committee was formed for gathering funds to build an English church. In 1883 the building of the Russian church gave a stimulus to the movement, inasmuch as their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were prompted to co-operate and lend their powerful assistance. The British Minister, the Hon. H. Vivian, now Lord Vivian, accepted the chairmanship of the Committee in Copenhagen, while the Prince of Wales formed a committee in London, with Sir P. Cunliffe Owen as treasurer. The Danish Government granted a picturesque site at the entrance of the harbour, alongside the citadel and moat. . . . On 19 September, 1885, the foundation-stone was laid by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the presence of a very distinguished company, consisting of their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark, their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, etc. Early in this year (1887) the top stone of the spire was placed, and the event commemorated by an ecclesiastical function. The design of the church is thoroughly English in all its details, the style being Early English. The walls are faced externally with flint, a use unknown apparently till now in Denmark. The external dressings are of Faxe limestone quarried in Zeeland. The spire is of a harder limestone from Sweden. The Campbell Tile Company has generously floored the church, and Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth, have given the reredos, font, and pulpit. . . . A stained glass window in the chancel has been given by Sir Francis Cooke, Bart.,

and the west window by the Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, Her Majesty's Minister; Sir K. Adderly has given the oak chancel seats and fittings. . . .

"The consecration took place on Saturday, 17 September, beginning with an early celebration at 8.30 a.m. At noon the consecration service was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Wilkinson, of Northern and Central Europe, when the following distinguished company was present: their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, Princess Marie of Denmark, Prince Albert Victor, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, their Highnesses Prince William and John of Glücksburg, and other members of the Royal and Imperial Families of Denmark, Greece, and Russia. The Danish Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, the naval, military, municipal, and ecclesiastical representatives were also invited to attend, as were also the Russian, Greek, and Romish priests in Copenhagen. The Venerable Bishop of Zeeland, in his black velvet robes and white, wide, starched ruff, a beautiful old man, was conspicuous among the ecclesiastics. The church was packed from end to end, and the scene brilliant and striking with the many diverse and gorgeous uniforms. The choir in cassocks and surplices were ranged on each side of the sacrarium; while the royal party occupied the choir stalls. The Bishop preached a most appropriate and thoughtful sermon, which was thoroughly appreciated and attentively listened to by the distinguished congregation. After the recessional hymn, 'God save the Queen' was played, and the royal party left the church. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a luncheon on board the *Osborne* to a distinguished company, consisting of the Royal and Imperial visitors who were present in the church, the members of the Legation, the Bishop and chaplain, the consul, the architect, Mr. Blomfield, etc.

"In the afternoon the Bishop confirmed, and preached on Sunday. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud being present. The Bishop preached upon the subject of Abraham going forth into Canaan, and building an altar there. His discourse was most appropriate and the remarks

most suitable to the circumstances of our English communities abroad. The music and singing were particularly good at all the services, and would have done credit to a well-trained choir in England. After the service their Royal Highnesses lunched at the British Legation, the Bishop and chaplain, the Consul and others being included in the party. At the conclusion of the luncheon the British residents assembled at the Legation, where an address was presented to their Royal Highnesses as a mark of gratitude for their sympathy and help in bringing the undertaking to a successful issue. . . .

"In the evening a grand banquet was given in the hall of Fredensborg Castle, at which the whole Court with the royal and imperial visitors were present. The members of the British Legation, together with the Bishop, chaplain, and Consul had the honour of being invited."

Such is the account given by the correspondent.

I will now take up my own narrative, and briefly give my own description of what was a most interesting and historical event, cast with other details into another form. At the close of the consecration service salutes were fired by the royal yachts and warships in the harbour. I went with the Ambassador and Lady Monson, the Legation staff, the chaplain, etc., to the landing stage, which was packed with royal steam and rowing launches. In these we were taken off to the *Osborne* through the gaily decorated ships in the harbour, and were received at the top of the gangway by the Prince of Wales, who most heartily welcomed us on board. He began to speak immediately with great delight of the service, and was evidently much pleased and in high spirits. He had told Sir E. Monson that all was admirably done. Turning to me, the Prince said that the service had gone exceedingly well, and was kind enough to add that my sermon was "just to the point, and full of the history touching upon the occasion." I told him that I was glad all had gone off to his satisfaction, adding that we had kept to the form—as he had desired—used at the consecration of the Duke of Albany's memorial church at Cannes. I asked after the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and of his health. He told me that he was unable to shake off the trouble in the throat, that it continued to reappear, and that he was going to Toblach, in the Tyrol, for change of air. He then took me up to the King and Queen of Denmark, and presented me to them. They spoke

warmly of the beauty of the English Church service, and said how much they liked it. The Queen told me she was no stranger to our service. In her youth she was in the habit of attending it at Hanover, and had never forgotten it. She then spoke of the improved health of her daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, from whom she had heard that morning. As we stood talking the Empress of Russia came up. She was much interested to find that I knew Russia. We talked of their recent visit to Novo Cherkask, in the Don Cossack country, and of Hughesoffky and its population of English. We also talked of Petersburg and of the sinking of the Isaac Cathedral.

Whilst we were talking the Prince of Wales came back, bringing the Princess. We spoke of the church architecture. I said that I liked the flint because it reminded me of our Suffolk churches. The Princess thought a flint church was unique upon the Continent. The Prince of Wales now called us to lunch from one of the saloon windows, and we went in; the Czar with the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales with the Queen of Denmark. They sat at the centre of the table, opposite one another, the King and Queen of Greece, and the other royalties, Crown Princes and Princesses, on either side. All were in uniform and very resplendent with orders. The younger Princes and Princesses lunched in the other saloon. The Prince of Wales said he had never had so large a party as that assembled in our saloon. He certainly could never have had one more distinguished.

Whilst we were at lunch the band played on deck. Towards the close of the luncheon the health of the Queen of England was proposed by the King of Denmark, in English. We all stood up and drank it loyally, while the band played a few bars of "God Save the Queen." Then the health of the King and Queen of Denmark was proposed by the Czar, in French. We all stood up and bowed towards them, the band playing a few bars of the Danish National Anthem. Then the health of the Czar and Czarina was proposed in French by the Prince of Wales. We all stood up and bowed to them whilst the band played a few bars of the Russian National Anthem. Then the health of the King and Queen of Greece was proposed in French by the Prince of Wales. We all stood up and bowed to them whilst the band played a few bars of the Greek National Anthem. Then the Czar proposed the health of the Prince and Princesse de Galle, and again all rose and

bowed to them while the band played a few bars of "God bless the Prince of Wales." Meanwhile many languages had been buzzing about the saloon—French, German, Danish, Swedish, English.

At the conclusion of the lunch we all went out on deck, stood about, and talked. The Prince of Wales came up almost immediately, and talked about Norfolk. He told me that he had just restored his churches at Sandringham, Wolferton, and Hillingdon, and that in each case he had employed Blomfield, whom he considered the best architect we had. Referring again to the service, he spoke of it as having been entirely as he had wished, and that upon such occasions as the present we ought to do things well. I said I thought it was right to show foreign nations what our services were in their full dignity and beauty. In this he quite agreed, expressing his satisfaction at my having worn the scarlet convocation robes, it being right to make an exception upon a special occasion such as this. He asked if I had been at Weimar lately, because the Grand Duke would like an English church there. I said I was aware of it, and hoped to be there this autumn, and would then arrange something with him. We spoke of continental churches and chaplains generally, of the Berlin and Lausanne churches, and of the new church then being built in Paris, which I said seemed somewhat peculiar in design. The Prince told me that he was asked to go to the stone-laying, but was unable to do so; that the present plan was better than the first, which was circular, and like the Pantheon at Rome! I told the Prince that we wanted to get a better stamp of chaplains, churches, and services throughout the Continent, and that we should do it in time. He asked how far my continental work extended, and when he found that it embraced Russia, which I had lately visited, he expressed his astonishment, and said he must present me to the Czar, who was standing near. The Emperor shook hands very genially. "Here is our bishop," said the Prince; "he goes to Russia, and has been telling me of a confirmation at Petersburg where he confirmed more than a hundred English candidates." The Czar asked how many English there were in Petersburg. I told him 2500, including Cronstadt. He said he had no idea there were so many. I spoke to him of the glorious service which I had attended in the Isaac Cathedral. Inquiring what service I referred to, I replied it was the thanksgiving service for His Majesty's accession. Upon this, he turned the subject, for it was the occasion of the discovered plot upon his life already

referred to. I told the Prince of Wales that a member of the Holy Synod, hearing that an English bishop was in Petersburg, had arranged for my being present at this great service, and had placed me within the altar rails. He seemed very pleased, and said, "I am very glad to hear that; it is well to be in such relations with other churches. When Dean Stanley went up to Petersburg to marry my brother, he concluded the service by raising both his hands, as the orthodox priests, and pronouncing the Benediction, and," he added, laughing, "he gave great satisfaction, too, by kissing them all round."

The Princess of Wales then came across and introduced me to the Queen of Greece. The Queen of Greece is a most intellectual woman, and very full of inquiry. She catechized me very closely upon our Church, her doctrines, formularies, etc. She did not ask superficial and complimentary questions as many such persons do, but evidently took a real interest in the subject. She said it was so gratifying to hear the "Te Deum," not knowing that it formed part of our services. I said that we used it at every morning service. She asked me if I were High or Low Church, adding, "And you have another school of thought in your Church, have you not?" She inquired very closely as to my views upon Transubstantiation, and if all English clergy held that view. The Princess of Wales, who had gone to speak with some one else during this conversation with the Queen of Greece, now returned, bringing her sister, the Empress of Russia. We talked of Russia, and of my having confirmed at Petersburg three generations in one family, and an English boy who had come all the way from near the Sea of Azof. I told the Queen of Greece, who was standing by, that great traveller as I had been, I had never visited her kingdom. She said that I ought to see Greece; it was a country so full of interest. The Crown Princess of Denmark coming up, the Princess of Wales introduced me to her. She is the only child of the late King Charles XV of Sweden. I told her that I remembered seeing her at the coronation of the late King, her father, at Stockholm, in 1859. She said she must have been a very little girl then, and I told her that she was, but that I remembered her sitting between the late King and Queen upon a dais in the park at a review. We talked of Sweden and of Stockholm, and all its beautiful neighbourhood.

The young and handsome Grand Duke George in naval dress was looking so strong and well upon this occasion, showing no sign of

the fatal consumption into which he soon after fell. The party began to break up. The Czar was collecting his boys and girls and came up with the Empress to say good-bye; and so the Russians passed down the gangway to their launch, everybody uncovering as they went, the ships in the harbour thundering a salute as the Imperial party returned to the *Dirjava*, their large and beautiful yacht moored at a little distance from their smaller yacht the *Czarevna*. Then others began to move, and I went to the Prince of Wales and told him that I had a confirmation at half-past four, and the time was getting near. He kindly called a launch, saying, as I left the yacht, that we should meet next day at dinner at Fredensborg. So ended a delightful and remarkable day, what I have called an historic day, for the great Copenhagen autumn gatherings, so famous in European history, have, like all other things, come to an end, and Copenhagen knows them no more, or only upon a very reduced scale.

The Sunday morning service was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the two Princesses. I preached from the first special lesson, Abraham going forth from his own country to Canaan, building his altars wherever he stayed, carrying—that is—his church and worship with him, as the English do in all lands and regions wherever they settle. After service a State luncheon party at the Embassy, Prince and Princess and family. I sat next Princess Victoria, opposite sat Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales nearly opposite. Princess Victoria told me that the Sound was frozen over a few years ago, adding, that her mother walked over to Sweden upon the ice, but that it was "a terribly rough walk." We talked of many parts of Europe which she knew. Upon going into the drawing-room, the Prince and Princess asked about the confirmation of the previous day, hoping I had been in good time, and referring again with evident pleasure and satisfaction to the consecration service. The Prince asked where I was going upon leaving Copenhagen. I told him to Gothenburg and Christiania, and upon asking if he knew the best route, he called and consulted General Teesdale to whom he referred as his "Bradshaw, knowing every route in Europe." The address of the English residents was then presented, and shortly after the Prince and Princess left, saying as they wished good-bye: "We meet again to-night at Fredensborg."

In the afternoon I went out with Sir Edmund and Lady Monson

to Fredensborg; the Royal and Imperial Families going round in their yachts to a little private landing-place near Elsinore, whence they drove to Fredensborg. We found the royal carriages waiting for us at Fredensborg station, and drove to the castle. In about a quarter of an hour a carriage and four drove up containing the Czar, Czarina, and their family. Then two breaks and four, containing our Royal Family, and all the young Princes and Princesses, English and foreign. Fredensborg is a dear old place, very Danish, quiet and restful among its peaceful woods, through which peeps of the water are seen in all directions. The main building is flanked by two long semicircular wings, giving endless passages and corridors. It was a quiet beautiful autumn evening, such as can only be experienced in the far north of Europe. Some of our party wandered about the grounds; but it soon grew dark. Then the old building began to glow till it was all ablaze with lights in every room. We had each a little sitting and bedroom to ourselves, where we dressed and rested till dinner was announced. Mine were on the ground floor, looking out into the old courtyard, in which the only sound was the pacing of the sentries up and down, for when the Czar was at Copenhagen unusual care was taken; boats of detectives passing round guarded the Imperial yacht all night.

At seven o'clock we assembled in the great drawing-room, where a brilliant gathering in uniforms and orders were awaiting the royalties. Presently from the upper end of the room the handsome old King and Queen of Denmark, pictures of old royalty of the best type, entered, bowing to right and left as they came along between the lines of guests. They were followed by the Czar and Czarina, she glittering from head to foot with diamonds and looking her best. Then came the King and Queen of Greece, Prince and Princess of Wales, and then, bringing up the rear, a bevy of young princes and princesses, some twenty-five or more in number. The King and Queen came over to me, and said, "Welcome to Fredensborg. You find Copenhagen much changed since you saw it last," and making a few other little kindly remarks, we all passed into the great dining-hall. Then followed a long but very pleasant dinner. Wine of 1625 vintage! This wine is of extraordinary value. It needs sugar, being somewhat overdue!

After dinner we returned to the great drawing-room in which we had assembled. The Crown Prince of Denmark, whom I had not

seen since the luncheon party on board the *Osborne*, came and thanked me for speaking in my sermon so kindly of the Danes and Denmark. He told me that he had been at Christ Church, Oxford, and introduced me to his son, a nice honest-looking boy of nineteen, and very tall, "taller than I am," as his father said. I told him that he would make a fine guardsman one day, at which he drew himself up to make himself look still taller. Then came the Princess of Wales with her ever pleasant, cheerful smile. "And what do you think of Fredensborg?" she asked. I said it was a dear old place—a place quite after my own heart. She asked if I had seen the gardens; adding that she was sorry they had been so late from Copenhagen by the yacht; that I must manage to see it all, and the fiord, as it was so beautiful. She spoke eagerly, evidently loving it with all her heart as the home of her childhood. I said that in crossing the Danish islands I had been struck with the quaint little bathing-places built out on to the water. She spoke of the quiet beauty of the little farms and villages by the waterside as being so very Danish. The Queen of Denmark joined us and began to speak also of the beauties of Fredensborg, which is evidently the favourite of all the royal residences. The King and Queen of Greece now joined the group. They referred to my having told them that I had never seen Greece because it lay out of the sphere of my work. They both said with *empressement*, "You *must* come to Greece; you ought to see it." To complete my group of royalties, the Empress of Russia now joined us with her kindly but sad smile, and I had enough to do to keep conversation going with a King, an Empress, two Queens, and a Princess of Wales around me. The Czar was now passing down the room, and seeing me came across, asking when I was leaving Copenhagen, and where I was going. I told him to Stockholm; that I had been there before, and knew Finland also. We talked of Helsingfors and the Aland Islands, of Viborg and Abo. About all these places he spoke with interest, being in his own dominions. Beneath the stern frown of the Romanoff there was, one could see, a great and kindly heart.

The evening was now drawing on, and Sir Edmund Monson came and said that we had not a moment to lose if we wished to catch the train back to Copenhagen. So wishing good-bye all round, with many kindly expressions from each, this delightful and really remarkable evening came to an end.

I have gone so fully into all the details, particulars, and conversations of these two remarkable days because that particular party, I believe, never assembled again at Copenhagen in its entirety. One by one they have passed away, and circumstances have so altered that those historical "family gatherings at Copenhagen" have now practically, with the good King and Queen of Denmark's death, ceased to exist. I am thankful to have been permitted to see and take part in one of the most numerously attended and brilliant of all those gatherings.

The next day I left Copenhagen by sea, touching at Landscrona in Sweden, a very dreary little place. A good many ships were passing through the Sound, and made a very picturesque appearance. We touched at Helsingborg, situated at the narrowest point of the Sound, opposite Elsinore, with the castle of Kronberg in the foreground, the scene of the opening of *Hamlet*. After leaving Helsingborg a storm—upon this ever-stormy sea—broke upon us with some violence, and we had a bad time of it till, at dark, we made and ran into Halmstadt, on one of the best salmon rivers in Sweden. From Halmstadt we steamed to Warberg, with its old disused fort, a lonely spot, but characteristic of the dreariness of the Cattegat, which is always more or less "the unquiet sea that cannot rest." The coast now becomes very bleak and bare, wild rounded granite rocks and barren islands in all directions, dotted here and there with red-stained wooden huts, the granite ground down through endless ages of glacial action. At about midday we entered the line of rocks which forms the mouth of the Gotha River. At the entrance stands the castle of Elfborg in mid-channel, then shortly Göteborg, or Gothenburg as we call it, breaks into view, the rounded rocks closing in, and more and more thickly studded with red houses opening up and looking out at every turn. After thirty-two hours in the Cattegat I was taken out to dine in the neighbourhood of Göteborg. The next day I had a confirmation, the community consisting mostly of Scotch merchants, some of whom have married Swedish wives. In 1859, with my old friend H. A. Morgan, now Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, I had visited Sweden, and made the acquaintance of the delightful old ladies, the Miss Nonnens, his aunts, at their pretty place Lïseberg, then quite *outside* the town and surrounded by primeval forest, now quite inside Göteborg. It was very pleasant to renew my acquaintance.

The hospital at Göteborg is built in semicircular form in order

that as much sun as possible may be obtained for the wards, Sweden being for many dark months a very sunless region. Göteborg had much changed since I was there in 1859. The small wooden houses had given place to fine, large, stone structures. The surname Wijk is not uncommon in Scandinavia. It means, of course, a haven, our wick or harbour. Wijk king was the king or head man of the harbour, and Wijkingson, the son of the head of the harbour, hence Wilkinson, which is spelt in Scandinavia, Wijkingson.

What is known as the Gothenburg licensing system, adopted now very generally throughout Sweden, and introduced in a measure in other countries, is as follows. A corporate body under Government has bought up all the public-houses and manages them. Six per cent is taken by the corporate body; half the remaining dividends go to the reduction of taxes in the town, half to the same purpose in the country. This system only regulates the sale of spirits, not wine or beer; this will follow. The system extends for thirty miles round Göteborg, but all Sweden is mapped out into districts under the same system. Since it came into operation drunkenness, the curse of Scandinavia, has much diminished. The first profits of the corporation were used in laying out the beautiful new park at Göteborg. The key of the Gothenburg system is that the company is bound by law to a 6 per cent dividend. It appoints managers of its various public-houses, who are paid by salary, and have *no interest whatever*, direct or indirect, in the sales they effect. Serving an intoxicated man would mean dismissal. The managers all have restaurants in connexion with their business as part of the plan. From these *they* derive all the profits, the company none. It is thus to a manager's advantage to press his restaurant, not his drink traffic. These restaurants are of all classes; in some a dinner of fish and potatoes can be had for 2d. Spirits to be consumed off the premises are sold in separate establishments in quantities—not less than three half-pints can be bought. This prevents "nipping." Wine merchants, hotels, theatres, etc., all have to buy licences from the company, and are under the company's control. The Göteborg district extends about twenty miles seawards and landwards. Outside the town no spirits can be bought until the next large town is met with. The profits above 6 per cent are divided thus: (*a*) A certain *pro rata* share to the imperial revenue; (*b*) the balance divided between (i) local town exchequers; (ii) rural authorities for the district covered by the system. Thus the district pays directly to prisons, workhouses, etc.

Mr. Sauers, a Scotch merchant, with whom I dined when in Göteborg, has the finest amateur collection of china probably in Europe. Each course was served up on a different and costly set. When the late King and Queen of Sweden died, their only daughter, whom I met as stated at Fredensborg, sold their china, and Mr. Sauers bought much of it. He has specimens of almost all the royal collections in Europe. He gave me a piece of Vienna china, which is rare now, the Royal Fabrik at which it was made being closed after the Austria-Prussia War.

On 23 September, upon a lovely autumn morning—and there are no lovelier autumn days in all the round world than Scandinavia can give: so mellow, soft, silent, peaceful—I left by train for Stockholm. There is no more comfortable travelling in Europe than that in Scandinavia. The corridor express trains are excellent, roomy, clean, and well upholstered. Time-tables are hung in each compartment, buffet stations being marked with a knife and fork. At a station so marked you are sure of a good breakfast, midday dinner, and supper, but only twenty-five minutes to eat them. The buffets are supplied most generously with endless schnapps to begin with, then soups, meats, stews, game, hot and cold vegetables, sweets, stewed fruits and cream, cheese and biscuits, concluding with coffee—all this for one kroner, fifty öre, about 1s. 7½d, and it is left to the honesty of each traveller to go to the bureau in the buffet and make this payment, as well as for any cakes he may have had. Twenty-five minutes is given in which to consume the largest meal that human nature can possibly accomplish.

A succession of pretty lakes, with trees rich in autumnal foliage and endless stretches of granite rock and fir forest, form the unvarying features of a journey in Sweden. It is monotonous. Flood, forest, felz—these three f's, and nothing else! Little red and yellow wooden cottages and farms, just now surrounded with hay-making—not hay-makers, but hay-drying—upon long wooden racks, without which it would in this wet, sunless region never dry at all. About midday we were between the two largest lakes in Europe—the Wenern and the Wettern—and the air blew cold. We crossed the Gotha Canal at Törreboda, catching further on a far glimpse of Lake Wenern, its waters of deepest and most lustrous indigo. The Wenern is about ninety miles long, the largest inland European water. Passing through fifty miles of forest at a stretch, coming close up to the carriage window, is not only monotonous but

makes the traveller giddy to look upon; he consequently tries to go to sleep till the view opens out again. When it does the little peeps are sometimes very pretty. The roofs of the many small wooden houses are covered with earth, upon which a brilliantly green moss springs up: the contrast of the bright red and emerald green in the slanting autumn sunlight is most exquisite. The sunsets at this season are superb. I have referred to the excellent meals these Swedes provide for their travellers. Here is one supplied upon this journey: salmon, hot veal and cranberries, sponge cake and jam, milk and prunes, stewed pears and coffee. What a contrast to our wretchedly supplied "refreshment-rooms" so called! Upon entering the buffet passengers rush at dishes upon tables in the middle of the room, help themselves, and carry their plates to side tables, there to consume their contents like vultures. Few birds are to be seen except grey crows, as in Russia. Unlike our own, the crows are white and the sheep black. The Great Bear as the night comes down upon us is nearly over our heads. About 10 p.m. we passed the tunnel which, as a boy, I saw making in 1859, and gliding under lofty Mosenbacke entered the Venice of the North, over a succession of islands compassed with water—unlike the southern Venice—clear as liquid ice, and glittering beneath electric lights which flash above, below, around, everywhere.

The weather turned cold and wet, and I could not go out to Drotningholm, as I had intended, to pay my respects at the palace. Mr. Corbet, of the British Legation, was away, but I called and sat some time with his secretary, the master of Napier. A totally different stamp of houses has within the last quarter of a century taken the place of the small, coloured, wooden houses of former days. The island quarter of the city is now built over with fine stone houses, public gardens well laid out and kept, interspersed with statues and fountains. The rough woodland scrub, where I saw the late King review his troops, is now a trim park, with a library and museum in its centre. Where the old wooden quays stood, opposite the palace, stands now the Grand Hotel, the Picture Gallery, and other buildings. The city has grown out to the edge of the primeval woods, and it is strange to see fine rows of houses, equal to those in Berlin, running up to, and suddenly terminating at, the uncleared forest; this latter will be gradually eaten into as required for building purposes. In two minutes you may pass from the doors of these mansions to the depths of solitary rocks and pine woods

carpeted with cranberries, bilberries, and moss; the progress is quite colonial.

Sleet began to fall, and the northern winter was not far off. Our Consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, informed me that the best route from Stockholm to Trondhjem was by steamer to Hernösand, thence by river as far up as the Hernösand River goes, and from that point by rail through wild scenery to Trondhjem, thirty hours altogether.

At Stockholm we have a good Gothic church, in which I preached and confirmed. The sittings are carpeted with reindeer skins, which look warm and snug this winterly weather. The church was crowded, many standing at the west end for two hours. These Swedes have strange notions of Church matters. The chaplain told me that on Monday morning a man came to him and asked if I would preach to an audience through an interpreter. If so, he would hire a hall for the purpose, and we could divide the profits! Swedes and Danes when they get tired of sitting in church stand up. This has the appearance when preaching of an opposition speaker desirous of being heard. I have no doubt it is a great relief in some cases, for the Swedish clergy preach not infrequently for two hours. It is usual amongst the Swedes to have an address at a funeral. Our chaplain had recently buried a Swede. The brother of the deceased at the end of the service stepped to the graveside and made a touching oration, concluding with the words: "Ferdinand, my brother, farewell, but only for a time, till we meet again." Quite Japanese.

The current from the Mälar Lake runs through Stockholm to the Baltic. One day we observed it flowing from the Baltic into the Mälar, a very rare sight indeed, for the Baltic, of course, is tideless. This occurs during a prevalence of east winds, which press the waters of the Baltic through the islands upon which Stockholm is built into the Mälar. This phenomenon rarely lasts more than a few hours. Scandinavia is said to be rising two feet per century; as it rises these endless lakes and morasses will drain away from its surface.

From Stockholm I returned south to Malmö on the Sound, whence I crossed again into the kingdom of a thousand islands to Hamburg. Sir Gilbert Scott's great church here, which I saw building twenty-eight years ago, is very fine. It was the first, and he considered it the best, of all his works. The height inside is very striking, as are also the lancet windows, reaching from the top to

almost the bottom of the building. Madame Titiens has filled one with glass of beautiful quality, and a Hamburg merchant has spent £1000 upon a mother-of-pearl door, leading into the chapter house. The Alster Basin is the great feature of Hamburg, an expanse of many acres of water in the midst of the city with houses, villas, and gardens around it.

In Schleswig-Holstein the people do not measure distance by miles as we do, or by hours as in Germany; they say such a place is two pipes off, that is, they can smoke two pipes on the way; or if a short distance, "Zwei oder drei hunds blaef." Anskar's statue stands upon the bridge in Hamburg. He was the Apostle of the Danes. This city, with other Hans towns, was to enter the German Zollverein the following year. Neither Hamburg nor Altona at all approved the change, as their free importations would, of course, then be taxed as in other towns. What was called the "Franco-German frontier incident" was then creating much interest in Hamburg, and war preparations on both sides were the forward topic. But as the *Edinburgh Review* well put it, "France is not doing all that she is talking about, and Germany is not talking about all that she is doing." At Hamburg we have a well-intentioned church, like the old cathedral at Capetown in miniature. It must have cost much, but is hopelessly ugly. The gallery of modern paintings, given by Herr Schwabe, a Hamburg merchant, who made his fortune in London, and bought up year by year many Royal Academy pictures, is well worth a visit.

The Germans upon the railway are much exercised about sections of my pastoral staff. They evidently think it is a new kind of needle-gun; no less than four congregated around it at one station, discussing its properties with much gesticulation. When the Danes saw it in Denmark the more peaceful spirit of the nation asserted itself. I heard them say, "He is a fisherman."

From Hamburg I travelled direct to Rotterdam, crossing to Parkeston quay by the Harwich boat. I reached England on a Saturday, having only had my clothes off once since Sunday night.

CHAPTER X

Berlin mourns the Crown Prince's illness—The old Kaiser waves his last farewell to his beloved soldiers—High and dry on the banks of the Maes—The North Sea fishing fleet leaving Dunkirk—"Je ne le comprend pas, mais c'est très gentil"—Lord Lytton at the Paris Embassy—Sir Richard Wallace—St. George's English church at Paris—A rough crossing—Charlemagne's tomb at Aachen—Consecration of church at Cassel—"The English Bishop knows more about the history of our country than we do"—The beautiful prison of the Emperor Napoleon—Third annual conference of chaplains at Montreux—Père Hyacinthe—A Sunday in Nature's temple.

TOWARDS the end of this much-travelled and eventful year I left England again, on 21 November, for work in Holland and North Germany. At Amsterdam we have a chaplain and a chapel for converted Jews, in which I confirmed, Amsterdam being one of the largest and most important Jewish centres in Europe. The service was in Dutch. Mr. Adler, the chaplain, interpreted my charge, and in the laying on of hands I used the Dutch language. This I was afterwards told greatly pleased the large congregation. They sit to sing, but all was very hearty and reverent, a remarkable service. My next point on this journey was Hanover, where I confirmed. After service I walked up to the Palace of Herrenhausen and looked at the pictures, many portraits of our English kings and princes. The Duke of Cumberland has not been allowed to live here since the kingdom of Hanover was absorbed in the German Empire.

Upon arrival in Berlin no kindly messages as formerly from the Crown Princess to greet me and invite me to the palace, she and the Crown Prince being at San Remo. A great gloom overhung the city on account of the Crown Prince's critical state of health. After a confirmation and large reception I called at the Empress Augusta's palace, but Her Majesty had not yet returned from Coblenz. On Advent Sunday I preached at St. George's Church, both the English and American ambassadors being present with their

staff. A son of Count Bernstorff in uniform and many Germans amongst the congregation, also a daughter of Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador. She always attends the English church. I preached upon the Crown Prince's illness, taking for my subject the sick son of the Capernaum nobleman. I was asked upon this occasion to go and see the old Kaiser William, but I declined upon the plea that he was in sorrow on account of his son's illness, and I would not intrude upon it. I contented myself with strolling up the Unter den Linden as far as his palace, and seeing him at the historic window wave his salute to the guard as it marched past. The crowd assembled to see him was unusually large, to express their sympathy with him in his trouble. He waved his hand several times, and then retired. In less than three months he was gone. In the evening I went out to Schönweide to attend a meeting upon the subject of providing the English there, and at Rummelsburg, with a chaplain, but they appeared to me to be dissenters, and not to want me. Little came of the effort I made for them. The Crown Princess kindly wrote to me on 25 November reporting well of the Crown Prince, and expressing herself as very grateful for offering to use prayers for him in our churches in Germany, but thinking it better not to do so, as it might alarm the public. She wrote from Villa Zirio, San Remo, thanking me for my sympathy with her in her "great trouble."

I had suggested the use of a prayer in our churches in Germany on behalf of the Crown Prince. She thought the draft of it which I sent "most fit and appropriate," and earnestly trusted I should not think she did not duly appreciate the feeling which prompted its composition, but asked that no *special* prayer might be used, fearing that if it were known she had authorized the use of a special prayer in the English churches it would give rise to the idea that "immediate danger was to be apprehended."

She asked that the prayers of the congregation for the Crown Prince as for other sick people in that "for all sorts and conditions of men" and in the Litany might be used, and "prays with all her heart that it may please God to answer favourably the supplications that are raised to Him on behalf of her beloved husband." Dined with Colonel Swayne, our military attaché, whose daughter I had confirmed the previous Saturday. He attended Prince Wilhelm (now Emperor of Germany) at the Queen's Jubilee, and is evidently in favour here at Court. He showed me a massive gold snuff-

box with Prince and Princess Wilhelm's monogram, "W.A.," in diamonds and rubies. This was the Prince's Jubilee present to Colonel Swayne. The Prince sent him this telegram from Potsdam after the confirmation, "We congratulate you on the confirmation of your daughter."

From Berlin I went to Dresden for confirmation and other work, going on from there through the Thuringen chaplaincies for similar work at Leipzig and Gotha, where the Grand Duke Ernest kindly lent the chapel in his palace for the service, several Romans and Lutherans being present. From Gotha I went to Cassel to meet the Church Building Committee. We had a large gathering at the Hôtel du Nord to meet the English colony, and others interested in the new church.

Travelling via Hanover I reached Rotterdam, and left for Harwich by the *Peterboro'*. I had hardly turned in when I heard a commotion on deck, and going up found we had broken some portion of our engines, and were returning to Rotterdam, where we transhipped to the *Lady Tyler*, delaying us six hours. We left at midnight. Waking at daylight when we ought to have been at Parkeston, and feeling no motion, I called the steward, and inquired where we were. On the river bank and in Holland! The ship people pleaded a fog, but I knew it had been a perfectly clear though dark night. The truth was that what is called "the lane" had been confounded with the bank, and that to avoid collision with a stranded Swedish vessel supposed to be lying at anchor they had run the *Lady Tyler* upon low meadows, leaving nearly two-thirds of her high and dry. It was now low tide. All the morning we were getting out the cargo, then waited till high tide. At midday we put on all steam, aided by tugs sent down to us from Rotterdam, but to no effect. In ten minutes the tide turned and we were once more high and dry. At 2 p.m. a passing small river steamer took us off and back to Rotterdam. By this time the *Peterboro'* was repaired and we started for the third time, reaching Harwich at last in safety after our double mishap.

On 1 March, 1888, I crossed from Dover to Calais and travelled by Dunkirk, when I stayed at Roosendal, outside the fortifications, which are extensive, and have been raised since the war of 1870. The country, I was told, could be flooded in the event of invasion for twenty miles round, being reclaimed from the sea. This was an interesting time at Dunkirk. Two hundred vessels were sailing

for the Iceland cod fishing, fine large ships, strongly built to resist the ice. The codfish is salted, brought back to Dunkirk, resalted, and sent to all parts of the world. The whole place was in excitement, the streets and harbour crowded with women in red petticoats; flags flying by hundreds from the ships. They remain away in the far north until the ice sets in in October. As the fleet passed out of the harbour the men knelt down upon the decks, the women and children kneeling upon the quays, and asking Heaven's blessing upon one another. It was a touching scene; and, for France, noteworthy. The Sailors' Institute here is well managed. I addressed the sailors at an evening entertainment after a service in the church. Between Dunkirk and Lille the line passes Cassel, situated upon a remarkable isolated hill, rising out of the absolutely flat plain, surmounted by nine round windmills. Here was a Roman camp, Castrum, hence its name. Also La Trappe, the Monastery of Silence, lies upon this route. Lille is the fifth city of France. Here we have a very good church, in which I confirmed and afterwards met the English colony, who are all engaged in the manufactures of this the busiest commercial region of France, the Département du Nord paying one-twelfth of the revenue of the nation. In those days the non-Government schools of Lille were opened daily with the Lord's Prayer, the catechism being taught after school hours. The crucifix (life-size) hung upon the schoolroom walls. Whether Mons. Combes stopped all this I do not know. The neighbouring chaplaincy of Croix is an interesting one. Here one finds a bit of Yorkshire transplanted into Flanders, being a colony of Yorkshire manufacturers who have been established here for many years. One-seventh of the Australian wool is combed here, and made up at the neighbouring mills of Roubaix. The head of the factory is a Mr. Crothers, whose father-in-law, Mr. Faulkner, acts as chaplain and is the spiritual, as Mr. Crothers is the temporal, father of the colony. I am told that an Australian flora has sprung up in the factory yards, the result of seeds shaken out of the wool.

From Croix I went to Boulogne and laid the first stone of the church of St. John, confirming in the old temporary church. The French seemed much interested in our function at the stone-laying, and were very respectful and attentive during the service, all uncovering when at the close I pronounced the Benediction, holding my pastoral staff in my left hand while I raised my right over them

as they crowded the street in front of the site. An English lady told me that she heard one Frenchman say to another, "Je ne le comprends pas, mais c'est très gentil." Upon arriving at Paris, I received an invitation from our Ambassador, Lord Lytton, which I was unable to accept, being engaged at Versailles for confirmation and other work; but upon my return from Chantilly, where I went from Paris to confirm the stable lads and jockey boys, I found a letter to say that Lord and Lady Lytton hoped I would come to the Embassy. He was painfully interested in agricultural depression, and spoke much of the condition of his Hertfordshire property of Knebworth. He spoke also of our mutual friend Sir A. Lyall, and of his governorship of the North-West Provinces. Lord Lytton was somewhat short, with a profusion of long, dark, curly hair; slow in his movements, and slow also in his speech. The French are much pleased and honoured by his appointment, and look upon it as England's peace-offering to France.

Upon this visit to Paris I confirmed in the Embassy Church, and presided at a meeting of the Building Committee for the new church to be built by Sir Richard Wallace. The site alone cost £15,000. Preaching on the Sunday in the Embassy Church upon the death of the Kaiser William, I paid my tribute to his honoured memory in somewhat strong terms. Some—presumably French, or with French proclivities—left the church, so strong was still the anti-German feeling. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* came into the vestry afterwards and asked for my sermon. It was published next day in the Paris edition, and cabled to New York for the issue in that city.

In travelling back to Calais *en route* for England, the equinox did its best to prevent my return. It blew a furious gale, which the windows of the railway carriage were quite unable to withstand. But they were French windows! About midnight, between Boulogne and Calais, we were turned out in a tunnel, and had to make our way as best we could with our luggage, lighted only by flambeaux, to the tunnel's mouth, where a great fall of rock had completely blocked both it and the deep cutting outside, the rails only appearing here and there. Thus we made our way, stumbling and tumbling over debris, to another train waiting for us beyond the rock slip. A black night, a fierce gale, a bitter wind! "Quelle expérience," as an exasperated Frenchman said, as we were nearly crushed against the wheels of the engine that had been run up

against the fallen rocks at the tunnel's mouth, and were only saved from falling amongst them by the glare of the engine's fire. Then on again, arriving at Calais, of course, quite out of date. It was strange to see successive trains arriving in darkness, their lamps, like ours, blown out by the fierceness of the wind. But they were French lamps! Nothing had crossed during the previous day, so fierce was the fury of the gale. The Folkestone boat, in crossing from Boulogne with three hundred passengers on board, was nearly lost. I have known the Channel at all points of crossing, but never crossed on such a night as this—"carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep." I thought we must have struck the bottom of the Channel. Perhaps we did, for the throes of that boat from stem to stern spoke well for her build, the seas making a clean sweep of her decks and finding their way into the overcrowded saloon, strewn thickly with miserable humanity.

After a few days' stay in England I left again on 21 April for Belgium, by way of Antwerp, confirming at Bruges, and on to Brussels, preaching and confirming in both churches, and thence to Aachen for confirmation. The cathedral is a circular Norman church—like the Templars' churches—grim and very interesting. The triforium of dark marble, old and age-worn. Thirty-seven emperors were crowned here. What a history! From Aachen via Köln I visited Wiesbaden, where I consecrated a new aisle of the church and confirmed. Mr. Christopher Benson, the Archbishop's brother, did much for this church. He resided here for some years and took pupils.

From Wiesbaden I went to Cassel, confirming *en route* at Frankfort. At Cassel I consecrated the new English church in the presence of a large congregation, the Governor of the province, the Burgomeister of Cassel, and leading Germans of the town and neighbourhood being present. The Hessians expressed themselves as much delighted with my sermon upon the work of Boniface, Sturmi, and their fellow-labourers in Upper Hesse and Thuringen. They were heard to say, "The English Bishop knows more about the history of our country than we do." It was a great day in Cassel; the English and German flags intertwined, and all very friendly and cordial. The Emperor and Empress Frederick telegraphed their good wishes from Berlin, sending their contribution of £30 to the Building Fund. This was very kind and thoughtful, for he was at that time sinking from the fatal disease of which he

died about six weeks later. Queen Victoria was with them, and it was all the more kind of them to remember me and my work at such a time. In the afternoon I confirmed in the new church, and then drove out to Wilhelmshöhe, the beautiful prison, in 1870, of the Emperor Napoleon III. The gardens, lakes, fountains, and waterfalls supplied from the Hercules cascade above them are quite magnificent. The day concluded with a dinner given by the Building Committee, and a large reception, at which an American lady came up to me and expressed her thankfulness at finding such a church ready for her upon her arrival from America. Colonel Lambert, who stands 6 feet 6 inches high, and was much with the Emperor Frederick during the war, came and talked to me about it. He was wounded at Mars le Tour. When at Aldershot, upon the occasion of the Jubilee review, the late Duke of Cambridge took special notice of him, of which he seemed very proud.

Upon leaving Cassel I went to Heidelberg to settle Church difficulties in that chaplaincy, and confirm, one of the candidates being a son of Ellen Terry. Then on to Stuttgart, where I preached and confirmed in our beautiful church of St. Catharine. Prince Adolphus of Teck and Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar were present. I went afterwards to lunch with our Secretary of Legation, Mr. (now Sir) Cunningham Greene, who was to become ten years later our envoy at Pretoria, in the days of the fruitless conferences between Lord Milner and Kruger which preceded the war. At a reception afterwards met Sir Henry Baron, our chargé d'affaires; also Prince Adolphus of Teck, a good-looking young fellow of twenty-two years. He is staying with his relations, the King and Queen of Würtemberg, learning German. I told him that I remembered his mother when Princess Mary of Cambridge, at a ball at Shrubland Park, in Suffolk, as far back as the year 1857. My sermon on the Emperor Frederick's health, I was told, pleased the royal Germans who were present.

Leaving Stuttgart, I went to Montreux in Switzerland for confirmation work and our annual Conference of chaplains, confirming at Baden-Baden *en route*. Père Hyacinthe spoke at one of our Conference sessions. His French is beautiful, and he is most eloquent in the use of it. He repeated in part what I had read in his Jersey sermons, referring to the Anglican Church as the medium of uniting Christendom. At dinner afterwards I sat between Père Hyacinthe and Madame Loyson, his wife, and wondered what he

thought of my bad French. I hope the good dinner in some measure compensated for it. The narcissus at Les Avants was coming into blossom, and all looking very beautiful in its May dress.

At the close of the Conference I went to Lausanne and Geneva for confirmations, and then to Berne and Thun for a few days in the Oberland. Grindelwald was in a very snowy, wintry state; the Swiss scarcely remember so late a season. The monuments in the churchyard to the memory of those killed in the Alps are well worth inspection. There is a spot near Grindelwald which I greatly love; the ubiquitous Baedeker even does not draw attention to it, nor will I by mentioning its name and revealing its whereabouts. It is a walk of about an hour to a little grassy plateau between two waterfalls, with the grandest view to be obtained of Wetterhorn, Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau. I should like to build a chalet there. It was still so winterly that the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen had at its foot a dome of ice some thirty feet high, the accumulated freezings of the spray through the winter months. I spent Sunday up at the Isenfluhe, whence a glorious view of the Jungfrau, and read the Sunday service in the pine woods, amid the roar of constant avalanches. Nature's grand temple filled with Nature's grandest music. A Sunday much to be remembered. All too short a break in the midst of my work, for which—in far Holland—I had to travel through the night, confirming next day at Bonn, and so to the Hague. In those days passenger trains were taken over the Rhine near Cleves on this wise. The river there is about one-third of a mile wide, and flows through a dead level. A bridge without an enormous embankment would be impossible, impeding the river traffic. About half a mile, therefore, from the river the engine left the front of the train and went to the rear, putting some trucks between itself and the train to prevent its fires being extinguished when the Rhine is in flood. The train was then pushed down an incline through the flood-water, until it ran into a mighty steam-ferry. Arrived at the opposite bank, down came another engine with more trucks, and hooking on, pulled the train off the steam-ferry, through the flood-water, up an incline, and away. The number of trucks required depended, of course, upon the amount of flood-water. At the Hague I confirmed in the well-built church, which I have already described. From thence I made my way to Rotterdam, and so back to England.

CHAPTER XI

The Baltic provinces of Russia—"Heaven protects the Czar: how can we compass his destruction?"—Napoleon's retreat from Moscow—Audience with the Emperor William II—"Now what will you say of our Kaiser in England?"—Yesterday a living, to-day a dead Kaiser—Visit to the Emperor Frederick's tomb at Potsdam—Frederick the Great's elm tree—A silent prayer by the Emperor Frederick's tomb—"Lerne zu leiden, ohne zu Klagen"—Baron Münchausen's castle.

JUST before leaving England on 14 November, 1888, for North Germany and Russia, Count Seckendorf, who was about to accompany the Empress Frederick to England, was instructed by Her Majesty to write and say how sorry she was that she would not be in Berlin at the time of my visit. Her Majesty was about to start for England, after her great sorrow, to stay with the Queen. On my way I made a brief halt at Utrecht in Holland. The cathedral is a splendid fragment of a grand church. The nave fell in a storm two hundred years ago, and was removed; thus the tower stands some fifty yards from the transept and choir. This tower is a wonderful piece of architecture, 350 feet high, of red brick; the first two stages are almost Moorish, then a lantern of decorated work. The base is pierced by a very beautiful archway, and must be nearly fifteen yards through. The interior, as with all Dutch churches, is desecrated by divers kinds of hideous meeting-house fixtures. There had been a sharp snap of winter here already, grass mowing and skating going on side by side! I was told that the great bridge near Arnheim, which crosses the Isel, a branch of the Rhine, was mined during the Franco-German War. The Dutch stationed a sentry upon it with orders to blow it up if a German train attempted to cross into Holland; or if the French landed on the Dutch coast, and attempted to get through Holland by it into Germany, it was to be sent up into the air.

Upon my way up to Berlin I stayed at Hanover for confirmation and other work, and passing through Berlin on my way to Russia,

I was met at the station by the chaplain, who handed me a letter from Count Seckendorf, to say how glad the Empress would be if I would be so kind as to visit the Emperor Frederick's tomb in the Friedens-Kirche at Potsdam, and say a silent prayer beside it. I had but twenty minutes in Berlin before going on in the Russian train about midnight. As we crossed the Vistula next day, it was full of floe ice, indicating an early winter, and the railway guards and officials here already wrapped in their winter sheepskins. Upon this occasion I did not go further into Russia than the Baltic provinces, having a special church trouble to settle at Riga. I was told that in the recent accident to the Czar's train at Borki, a servant who was handing him coffee was killed, and that a dog on the Empress's lap was also killed. The roof of the carriage was torn off, and fell slanting over them, forming a protecting shield, from under which they crept. Little Princess Xenia, whom I remember at Copenhagen, had the narrowest escape of all. The effect upon the ignorant country people, and even upon the Nihilists, of the escape of the Imperial Family was said to be good. They said, "Heaven protects the Czar: how can we compass his destruction?" This was the last of the Nihilists' attempts upon the life of Alexander III. When my train stopped at Kovno upon the journey back from Riga, the Archbishop of Wilna, who had joined the train at his own city that morning, got out. His travelling garb was a purple silk overdress lined with fur; upon his head a high black caftan, with veil behind; a jewelled and enamelled pectoral cross on his breast. There was much bowing as he passed in the snow to the station, Russian officers taking off their caps, and holding them in their hand, he kissing them on both cheeks, or on the top of their heads. The ladies made great and demonstrative obeisances, kissing his hands, etc. He bowed profusely and graciously to all with his hands crossed St. Andrews-wise upon his breast. The whole train stood looking on, and in great solemnity. What would the travellers by an English express think of such a detention and such a function at Swindon or Rugby? Kovno lies upon the line of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow by way of Smolensk. At Mohila are thousands of mounds where resistance was made, and the slaughtered buried. Near Mohila is a house in which Napoleon was secreted by a Russian, and driven away disguised in a sledge. This man was observed to have become suddenly rich, and confessed after the war was over what he had done. Napoleon gave him some valuables

which he had upon his person. He was probably aiming at reaching the nearest German territory, avoiding the garrison of Warsaw, and the Russian troops in that region.

Upon arrival back in Berlin I consecrated a mausoleum, which had been erected by wealthy parents as the resting-place of an only child, a little girl. It is a costly little building of yellow stone; there is room for several more coffins, the crypt having two small wings, one on either side of the entrance. I held a short service, but it was impressive, and the parents—she English—were very grateful. Mr. Grove, of Berlin, had the orders for alterations at Kronberg, the Empress Frederick's house near Homburg. He told me it would be very fine when completed. The present Emperor bought it for £20,000, and gave it to his mother. Mr. Grove saw a good deal of Mackenzie when in Berlin. About a fortnight before the Emperor's death he asked him what hope there was. He replied that he might live for some time to come. It was the Empress Frederick's intention to fill the east window of St. George's Church with glass to the memory of her husband, and Queen Victoria would place one in the nave, the English of Berlin wishing to fill the rose window in the royal pew to his memory.

I confirmed and preached in St. George's Church on the Sunday, and preached twice to the factory people out at Schönweide and Rummelsburg, on either side of the Sprey. I was shown our Queen's signature in the vestry book of St. George's: "Victoria, R.I., April 25, 1888." Under it "Victoria," no R.I., though she was both. Then a space, and then "Beatrice"; above hers, "Henry Battenburg." A joke went round at his writing his name above hers, when some one remarked, "Ah! here in Germany gentlemen come before ladies." Then follow the signatures: "Victoria of Prussia," "Sophia of Prussia," and "Margarita of Prussia." Our Queen was much pleased with the church. "Es ist eine Schöne Kirche," she said to the chaplain, forgetting that he was English.

Upon returning to my quarters I found a request to attend an audience of the Emperor William the next day at 12.45. I had much talk with Lady Ermyntrude Malet at dinner about the Emperor Frederick's illness. She told me that she should never forget the day upon which she heard that he was a doomed man; that was before he went to Ems. Lady Ermyntrude thought it very good for the Empress that she had gone to England, so completely overwhelmed was she with all she had passed through, so much

changed by the constant grief and anguish of that terrible time. The interest she took in the church was about her only comfort; she visited it frequently, and superintended little alterations and improvements, which distracted her mind in a measure from the one thought. Lady Ermyntrude thinks she will be happy at Kronberg altering and managing as she pleases; interest and occupation being what she needs. The Empress Augusta wrote regretting her absence from Berlin at the time of my visit; she was always kind and ever thoughtful.

Sir Edward Malet informed me that the Emperor had communicated with him about the audience with me, and he had replied to the effect that he should be very glad if he would see me. He expressed himself as much gratified at the Emperor wishing to do so, and said he felt sure it would do good. I told him that I thought it very kind of the Emperor wishing to see me, since he could not, of course, take the same interest in me and our Church that his father and mother had done. "No," he said, "that is true; but I am sure it is well you should see him; indeed, when I was consulted about it, I replied that I thought it would be right that he should see you."

So on Tuesday, 27 November, I went to the Kaiser's Palace at 12.45 for the audience. The Emperor was receiving a large number of military men of various regiments, all, of course, in full uniform and decorations. These passed out in considerable numbers as I entered. I was ushered into a large audience room at the top of the great staircase, and requested to wait for a few moments. In about five minutes, consumed by much going to and fro of officers and court servants, the doors at the end of the large saloon were opened, and I was conducted by the Hofmarschal to an inner room, and thence through a short approach into a third room, small but richly furnished. After a short pause the Emperor entered, bowing rapidly two or three times, and advancing quickly to where I was standing, grasped me heartily and warmly by the hand. He was in uniform, wearing the Order of the Black Eagle. He spoke of the church, its beauty, and quiet situation. I said in reply that it was all that could be desired, and that the English community of Berlin had much for which to thank His Majesty's royal house, the site having been given by his grandfather, and the church built practically by his parents. Having thus cleared the way by the recognition of past benefactions, I ventured further to ask His Majesty to complete the good work already done, by granting a site

near the church for a chaplain's house. He replied that he would see what could be done, as he knew the chaplain had at present to live a long way off. Knowing that Church matters could not possibly have any great interest with him, I turned the subject, and said that I was watching with much hope the result of the joint blockade by England and Germany of the East African coast, for I knew South Africa. At this he became animated at once, and evidently much interested, saying with *empressement* that he thought it would be a very good thing for civilization and Christianity, but at present the commercial company seems likely to be "a mere fiasco." I said that I felt sure the Arab slave-dealers would resent the blockade by committing cruelties in the interior. He replied that was just the point: all these troubles in Egypt had come through the Arabs, and so it would be now again in East Africa; that Gordon's troubles arose through the Arabs. I told the Emperor that I possessed a letter written by Gordon the day after one of his slave-trade battles, in which he describes the engagement. He said, "I think Mr. Gladstone has been the cause of all your African and Egyptian troubles." I replied that he had certainly dragged our flag everywhere through the mud in Africa. To this he readily assented. He added, "I have read Mr. Froude's book, and it seems that he does not like Gladstone." I told the Emperor that I remembered the time after the lamentable affair of Majuba Hill, which resulted in giving back the Transvaal to the Boers, after solemnly pledging ourselves to settlers and natives that we would never do so—when Englishmen were glad to pass themselves off as Americans or Germans, to profess themselves, in fact, anything but Englishmen. Could we have been brought lower than that? I then told His Majesty that I had lived in Zululand and the Transvaal, upon which he begged me to tell him about my life there. I recounted my visit to Cetywayo at Ulundi, describing the great annual review when I sat at old King Panda's side in the great military kraal, while Cetywayo, who was then Crown Prince, came up in the centre of his regiment, composed entirely of chiefs, and performed a war dance before us. I told him that Cetywayo questioned me closely as to the strength of the English army, asking if we could show such an army as his, and how I replied that we could not show perhaps as many black men in England—at which the Emperor laughed—but that his army was as nothing compared to ours, at which Cetywayo shook his head incredulously, and said, "Why

my soldiers rise up in number like the blades of grass upon the veldt." Seeing that the Emperor was really interested in all these Zulu military details, I went on to describe the Zulu mode of attack, the deploying upon the veldt, in their regiments of various-coloured shields, the gradual formation from a line to a crescent, then the closing in to a circle, and then the final rush with the assegai upon the enclosed enemy. He was completely absorbed, clicking in the peculiar German way when excited and pleased. He said, "I have seen one of those Zulu assegais, Uncle Edward (the Prince of Wales) brought one to Berlin to show me." He repeated again and again, as I described the strong beautiful figures of the young Zulu warriors, their dress, courage, and endurance, "What a pity, what a pity to destroy such an army." The Emperor has a very decided way of shaking his forefinger when making a statement, which shows character and decision of purpose. He asked if the Zulus were not great hunters, and had a mode of hunting by which they surrounded the game, and drove them into pits. This I fully described, and the vast herds so captured. I told him about Marenski, the East Prussian, whose missionary work at Botsabelo in the Transvaal I had seen when staying with him. He was evidently pleased at Marenski calling the fort protecting his native settlement from hostile attack "Fort Wilhelm." I promised to send His Majesty my African book, in which the details of my African life were fully described. He talked of Rider Haggard's books, and asked if he really knew the country and described it correctly, laughing much over some of the stories in *King Solomon's Mines*. I reminded him of the man whose trousers were taken away, at which he laughed immensely, and said, "Yes, yes, the man, too, who shaved off half his beard and moustache." He thinks the best of Haggard's books is *She*. We then talked of the Franco-German War. I told him that the first European news I received upon landing in Natal in 1870 was that Napoleon was a prisoner. "And what did you think of it?" "We did not believe it, Your Majesty." "No," he said, "I don't suppose you did." Although the Emperor had had a long morning with his military work, and was confined to the palace by a cold caught when shooting in the Hartz Mountains, and although his luncheon hour was past some time, and the Duke and Duchess of Aosta were his guests, he kept me talking more than half an hour, a quite unusually long audience, I was told. About ten minutes is the extent of an ordinary inter-

view. At last I made a move, to which he responded. Holding my hand in a good hearty grasp, he said, "Now I hope you will not forget to send me the book," then bowing twice, went out at the same door as that by which he had entered.

I met at lunch that day Countess Bernstorff, widow of the German Ambassador in London, who spoke most affectionately of "dear old England." Also at dinner I met Marenski, of Botsabelo in the Transvaal, who was delighted when I told him that I had been speaking of him and his work to the Emperor. The English and Germans were all surprised and delighted at my interview with the Kaiser. It was quite unlooked for, and they felt that it would do much good in the then somewhat strained relations consequent upon the feeling in Germany against Dr. Mackenzie concerning the Emperor Frederick's illness. No English appeared to know the Emperor yet, and I was given to understand that no Englishman had seen him, except our Ambassador, since he became Emperor. The Germans asked, "*Now* what will you say of our Kaiser in England?" Mr. Lowe, of the *Times,* expressed his surprise to the chaplain at the Emperor having received me. "How could the Bishop have seen the Kaiser when he was ill, and seeing no one?" He telegraphed at once to the *Times* a report of the interview, and German papers copied it all over Germany.

Yesterday a living, to-day a dead Kaiser, for on the following day, 28 November, I went to Potsdam. It was a lovely day for November, quite spring-like, and one almost expected to hear birds singing in the woods. New Babelsberg, which is passed on the way, is beautifully situated in lake and forest of Scotch firs, interspersed with islands. This was left to the Empress Augusta for her life. From the Potsdam station I drove past the Marmor Palace, the Potsdam residence of the reigning Kaiser. Under this palace at the end of the new bridge stands an old gnarled elm tree, under which petitioners stood and held up their petitions to Frederick the Great when he appeared at the window. If he was willing to receive the petitioners he called them up to hear their requests. The tree is low, small, decayed, sheathed in iron up to the branches, and surrounded by iron railings.

Potsdam is full of palaces, a fine, clean, handsome town, not too new, dating back to the time of Frederick the Great. Fine old trees and water everywhere. After driving for about one and a half miles we reached the outskirts, and the carriage stopped at a lodge

near the Friedens-Kirche. Here I presented Count Seckendorf's letter containing the Empress Frederick's kind wish that I should visit the Emperor's tomb. Without the presentation of this letter there would have been no chance of admission. The letter had to be left in the hands of those who had charge of the church, in order that the visit might be verified as one authorized by the Empress Frederick herself. I was conducted through walks and approaches planted with fir and evergreen shrubs, to the Friedens-Kirche. It is Byzantine, of simple but beautifully finished style, in yellow free-stone. A lofty campanile with open stone galleries stands at the west end. The interior consists of a lofty nave and two aisles. Much marble is used throughout—black, white, and red. At the west end stands an organ in a gallery, built round a rose window. The nave and its pillars are simple, severe Byzantine. At the chancel steps are two graves covered with handsome marble slabs and curbs. These are the graves of the late old Kaiser William's brother and his wife Louise. An angel of full size, in white marble, with wings slightly expanded, sits at the head of the graves, looking with placid grave face up to heaven, holding a trumpet in the right hand, which rests on the knee, ready for sounding, and a closed book under the left ready to open for the judgment. This is a sculpture of rare interest and merit, and is alone worthy of a visit to Potsdam. The quiet, restful silence of the church and its situation lend a mysterious power and solemnity to the figure. Behind this sculpture is an apse cased in marble, and around it in German these words, "Den Frieden lasse ich euch, meinen Frieden gebe ich euch, Nicht gebe ich euch wie die Welt giebt." A tribune of seats in red velvet runs round the apse. The pulpit is of white marble. Upon the right of the apse is a small baptistery with a font in its midst. Upon the left wall hangs a good picture of the Saviour's portrait upon St. Veronica's handkerchief. On the left of the apse, exactly corresponding to the baptistery and now made into a small mortuary chapel for the purpose, rest the remains of Friederich der Edler, pending the completion of the mausoleum. Until a fortnight before my visit the coffin had rested in the nave of the church, near the tomb of Friederich Wilhelm and Louise. Thence, the mortuary chapel having been redecorated, frescoed, gilded, and otherwise prepared, the coffin was moved. The chapel is entered by folding doors of white and gold. These were unlocked, and I was allowed to stand close to the coffin. The little chapel

had probably not been opened for any but members of the Royal Family, and I felt it a great kindness on the part of the Empress to allow me the honour of visiting so sacred a spot. The interior was lighted by a window, looking out upon the small lake by which the new mausoleum was being built. It presented a mass of colour consequent upon the almost endless number of wreaths and costly ribbons overset with gilt and silvered ornaments, which literally choked the walls. At the east end are these words, "Lasset die Kindlein zu mir Kommen," and under them stands the small grey sarcophagus of young Prince Sigismund, the son of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, who died at about five years of age. A parting visit to this chapel is thus entered in the Crown Prince's diary before he left for the Franco-German War: "July 25, 1870. Quietly with my wife to visit the grave of Sigismund, our departed little boy, and to take the Sacrament. Learn that I must leave to-morrow. Here we knelt, etc." Next to Sigismund's sarcophagus and westward stood Prince Waldemar's coffin. He died at the age of thirteen of diphtheria. It stood crosswise, and was covered with a white, flowered silk pall. Then longwise—that is head to the east and filling up the rest of the space in the tiny chapel—stood Kaiser Friederich's coffin. It was slightly raised from the floor, and sloped from the head towards the feet. It is very large, and was covered with an ample, white, flowered silk pall, large gold-lace cross in the centre, with gold-lace trimmings running round. The pall fell around and covered the floor to the wreaths and ribbons before mentioned which hung upon the walls. At the immediate foot in the centre, upon a bank of other ribbons, richly ornamented with gilt and silvered devices, was a wreath placed by the present Emperor and Empress, with the monogram "W.A." in gold. Two gilt and three silvered wreaths lie upon the coffin itself; no more. All was, of course, altered when the coffin was removed to the mausoleum on its completion.

> He has outsoared the shadows of our night,
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain;
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not, nor torture him again.—SHELLEY.

Here at the foot of the coffin I knelt, and prayed that good might come to Germany and the world out of this sad death, and that wisdom might be granted to the new Emperor to reign and rule with wisdom and with judgment. I prayed also for the widowed

Empress; that she might be supported and comforted through all her sad sorrow and troubles. Hither, till she left for England, she had come twice daily when at her palace hard by, where he died, to visit and pray beside the coffin in its peaceful resting-place. I could hardly realize as I knelt there how close I was to the earthly remains of one so great, so good, so brave; true hero on the battle-field; true hero also on the bed of mortal sickness and suffering. "Lerne zu leiden, ohne zu Klagen," he said to the present Emperor, the Crown Prince, not long before his death, though the photographs which bear these words represent him saying them with his sweet smile to the Empress Frederick as he lies in bed, she kneeling beside him and holding his hand.

I then went out and looked at the progress which the new mausoleum was making, the first stone of which had been laid by the Empress Frederick about a fortnight before. To this mausoleum the coffin was to be removed when the building was completed, in about two years from the time of my visit. The design was that of a circular building upon the plan, the Empress told me, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. No quieter or more beautiful spot in Potsdam could have been chosen than this. A peaceful resting-place beside the Church of Peace. A small light cloister wall runs from the north side of the Friedens-Kirche, in the centre of which is an opening formed by a Byzantine colonnade. Close up to this colonnade runs a pretty piece of water—a lakelette. Through this colonnade the water is seen from the mausoleum. Close at hand is a wood, and all around and overshadowing stand fine old elms. Just the spot he would have chosen: he was so fond of trees. The workmen had left work, and all was silent. It was a lovely day, and the soft November sun came quite warm through the bare branches of the old elms. This is to be the final resting-place of the hero of many a hard-fought fight: of Koenigsgratz, of Wörth, Mars-le-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan. And here with him now sleeps the widowed wife who built their resting-place.

I left Berlin that night for Dresden, acting as Queen's messenger for Sir Edward Malet by carrying his dispatch-bag to our chargé d'affaires for Saxony—an office I never held before or since! The English *Times* and Dresden *Anzeiger* had the following notice of my interview with the Kaiser, which I read upon my arrival in Dresden: "Knowing that Bishop Wilkinson had lived in Zululand for some years, His Majesty, during his interview with the Bishop,

questioned him very closely as to the military organization of that country, and listened with profound interest while the Bishop detailed and described the Zulu system of regiments with a vividness that suggested a page out of *King Solomon's Mines*. The Emperor said he would like very much to have a trophy of Zulu assegais and shields, and the Bishop promised he would try to gratify His Majesty's desire."

I was able in about a year and a half to collect, with some difficulty, a considerable trophy of Zulu weapons and shields, and presented them to the Emperor, who expressed great gratification at my having obtained such a stand of native arms for him. They may be seen in the Emperor's armoury at Berlin.

At Dresden I had the usual amount of work in the shape of confirmation, sermons, and receptions of the English and American colonies in that city.

On my way back to England I stayed at the Weser Hill School, near Hameln, for English lads reading for the army, dining one evening at Baron Münchausen's picturesque old castle. It is prettily situated amongst the outlying wooded hills of the Hartz Mountains. The Baron is a descendant of the writer of the Münchausen tales, and inherits a strong vein of his ancestor's humour. Peter the Great was here once, and left a small silver cup, which is a great treasure. The castle is full of family portraits. The Baron's grandfather fought with us in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, being a Hanoverian. His weapons and shako hang in the hall among much old family armour. Many rare trees grow in the grounds, amongst others the American hemlock tree, and a nut tree of great age and enormous growth, with a stem nearly, with outstretched arms, ten spans round. From Hameln I travelled to Düsseldorf and confirmed, and so to England.

CHAPTER XII

The Landes and its stilt-walkers—Arcachon and its pine forests—Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz—Pau and the Pyrenees—Tours—Consecration of St. George's Church, Paris—Interview with Sir Richard Wallace.

CROSSING from Southampton to Havre on Thursday, 21 February, 1889, I began my work and travel of this year at Rouen. Our chaplain at that time, Mr. Smythe, was chaplain at St. Germains during the siege of Paris. He was thrown much with Sir R. Wallace through that time, and in recognition of his services Sir Richard gave him a silver gilt service of plate, which cost £2000.

Passing through Paris, I travelled to Bordeaux. The Gironde is a fine river, Bordeaux being situated seventy miles from its mouth. When it is high tide at its entrance to the sea, it is still flowing at Bordeaux, and is yet three hours to high tide. The tide flows thirty miles beyond Bordeaux, making altogether a tideway of one hundred miles, an index of the flatness of the region through which it flows. The Germans in 1870 came as far as Poictiers, and their scouts were seen on the low hills on the other side of the river, but they did not enter Bordeaux. This was the seat of government during the siege of Paris, and here Lord Lyons lived during that time. The public gardens contain magnificent standard white magnolias, sixty feet and more in height, also fine groups of the *Chamæops excelsa* palm. We English owned all this region as far as Pau for three hundred years. Moorish remains exist in this region, as might be expected, seeing that the Moors invaded it as far as Tours, where Charles Martel overthrew and drove them back. A vast fair was in preparation at the time of my visit, acres of booths and wooden houses were being erected. It is held in March and October, merchants coming from Spain and Italy—a southern Nishni Novgorod.

After confirming and preaching I left for Arcachon. This is a

peculiar place and a strange region. The route lies through forests of the *Pinus maritima;* the sands of this district were left by the sea a hundred years ago, and have been somewhat fertilized. This region of the Landes, as it is called, extends from the mouth of the Gironde to Bayonne, a distance of one hundred miles; it is a belt of country about twenty miles deep inland from the sea. It is the land of the Basques, a people supposed to have come from the East through Hungary to the Lower Pyrenees, Gascony, etc., and there are no finer workmen in Europe, as emigrants always are all the world over. Emigration is an index of grit, of "go," of enterprise, and such components make good emigrants. The Basque country is about equal in size to Scotland. On nearing Arcachon, which lies a few miles off the main line from Paris to Spain, the "Basin d'Arcachon" comes in view, with its distant shore upon the further side.

At Arcachon I confirmed an English girl, who had arrived here in September and was dying of consumption. Her one remaining wish had been to live till I came for her confirmation. It was a touching scene as the family gathered around her bed, with the young man to whom she was engaged, and who had come all the way from Bradford, in Yorkshire, to take leave. I shall not forget her look as we parted. In forty-eight hours after she passed happily and quietly away, and yet her friends had repeatedly told her through the winter that she could not possibly live till the time appointed for the confirmation.

I rode fifteen miles into the forest, which has many interesting features, thousands upon thousands of acres of pines growing upon high wildly-thrown sand-hills blown up from the shore by the wind. The process of tapping the pines—which are much used as railway sleepers—in order to extract the turpentine, is very interesting. At this season, when the sap is rising and the turpentine begins to flow, the operations for catching it are commencing. A curved piece of tin is inserted into the bark to form a lip upon which to catch the turpentine, and drip it into little metal vessels. These hold a litre each, they are cleared once in three weeks into covered tanks sunk in the forest. When full they are emptied into barrels and sent off to Bordeaux. The planting of the Landes was the work of Bremontier, a Frenchman; a bust of him stands in the Ville d'Hiver. The Gauls used to tap the pines which grew in some parts of this country. They scooped a hole at the bottom

of the trunk into which the turpentine dripped, and even the Romans are said to have done the same in their day. The forest trees of a certain growth are deeply scored by this process, some are almost entirely barked till a second bark forms and keeps them alive. Some are giants of enormous size. One sees men in all directions, with huge knives, making new and opening old scars eight to ten feet long and varying in height, some working on ladders, others on trees within reach as they stand on the ground—formidable-looking creatures when encountered, armed with their knives, in the dark forest. Wild boar, wild cattle, and roebuck are found in the forest. The *Erica lusitanica*, a beautiful spiral white flowering heath, grows to such a height that we gathered quantities as we sat upon our horses. Bruyère and butcher's-broom, arbutus and *Osmunda regalis* fern form an undergrowth here and there. Woodpeckers, jays, and crossbills abound. Arcachon has a great oyster culture; tiles are sunk in the bay to which the oysters attach themselves, and stacks of bruyère made up into sheaves are placed as fences amongst the tiles to keep the dogfish from devouring the oysters. This district of the Landes is well described in Edmond About's delightful story of *Maitre Pierre*.

We rode back to Arcachon by La Teste; the houses are low and quaint, the dresses of the people peculiar; the women wear red trousers, the men the overhanging blue biret, from which the word "biretta" is derived. The sand of this district is underlaid by a stratum of non-porous stone called "alios." It is reddish yellow in colour, contains iron, and is in appearance like a soft sandstone. This is the curse of the Landes. The water cannot penetrate it, and since it lies about two feet below the soil, all drainage has to be conducted on the surface. It is absolutely sterile; when roots of trees and shrubs reach it they rot and die. The Bay of Biscay can be seen in the far distance outside the Basin d'Arcachon from several points in the forest, and sometimes the distant Pyrenees. The basin is strikingly like the Bay of Durban.

Here we have a very picturesque, well-built, well-placed little church in the Ville d'Hiver, where I confirmed. A long stretch of marine villas lies along the bay, their gardens running down to the water's edge. At the end of these villas stands a large château built upon speculation some years ago in the hope that the Emperor Napoleon III would make Arcachon his seaside residence; but the Empress had a fancy for Biarritz, being on the Spanish border, and

her influence practically made Biarritz what it is. The château stands, and is likely to stand, empty. In our walks about Arcachon we passed the Countess Cléry, who escaped with the Empress from the Tuileries, as described already in a former chapter. At the end of the bay-side villas, six hundred in number, extending along two and a half miles of shore, stands "The Park," a fine large villa in six hundred acres of forest with English walks and drives, in which the date palm was fruiting, and quantities of yellow mimosa in blossom. From here the sea views are lovely. It was hoped that our Queen would have taken this place that year instead of going to Biarritz.

From Arcachon I went to St. Jean de Luz. It was, for this part of the world, a terrible night of continuous snow. I quite thought, as the night advanced and the snow deepened, that our train would be blocked. This was the very night—and by the next train following mine—that the wretched Pigott of *Times* notoriety travelled down to end his terrible career at Madrid. Here, at St. Jean de Luz, Wellington spent a winter during the Peninsular campaign. The house in which he lived is close to that in which I stayed. He was very strict in his orders that the Basques should be well treated, and their property respected. This has left his good name amongst them. Though the subjects of France, they were in sympathy with us. At one period of the campaign Wellington was encamped across the Bidassoa in Spain, the French being encamped on this side. The Basques told him where he could cross the river at a low spring tide. The English left their tents standing—which were in sight of the French camp—crossed the river at night, and won a victory. The old Basque people hereabouts tell many stories of the English during the Peninsular War. The French and Spaniards plundered them, the English always protected both them and their property. An old woman tells of her husband who was on a journey with his money in his boot, and how the French took him, were stripping him and had got to his boots when an Englishman came in sight, which put the Frenchmen immediately to flight. When the English came upon him the old man possessed nothing but his boots and his booty!

The Basque church here is very Spanish in appearance. It has three galleries of wood inside, narrow and black. In these the men sit. All Basque churches have such galleries, and the churches on Sundays are crowded. A large ship hangs up at the chancel arch,

a votive offering from these seafaring people. The English built this church when holding these provinces in the time of Edward, the Black Prince; they also built the cathedral of Bayonne. On the Bidassoa is an island upon which the exchange took place between Francis I of France and his two boys. He had been imprisoned at Madrid. The two boys were taken to their father's wretched prison; he being liberated, at the cost of their imprisonment, to become King of France again.

As I passed Biarritz on my journey to Pau I saw the preparations being made at the station for our Queen's visit. Pau, which is finely situated upon a plateau looking away to the Pyrenees, is the capital of the old kingdom of Béarn, probably not larger than Rutlandshire. At Pau Henry IV was born; his château stands up conspicuously upon the front of the town in the Place Henri IV. Here I dedicated our new church of St. Andrew's, confirmed, and attended a large reception of some three hundred English. Many good English families wintered at Pau in those days: it had then its pack of foxhounds, and the English hunted in pink. Now it is more a place of American resort. Lord and Lady St. Levan were wintering at Pau, with whom I had much talk about St. Michael's Mount and Cornwall.

Lunching one day with Sir Hedworth and Lady Elizabeth Williamson, I met Princess Amelie of Schleswig-Holstein (aunt of the Empress of Germany, and sister of Prince Christian), with whom I had much conversation about the Kaiser and Berlin. She was much pleased to find that I knew her nephew, the German Emperor. She spoke of him in such affectionate terms, as a good, right-minded man, "such a good Christian," as she expressed it. I said I had always thought that of him. She said, "I am so very glad that you like him, he has never been really understood in England. He would have liked your sermon this morning; I have heard him say so many things which you said as to individual responsibility." She spoke of the Emperor's boys so very warmly and kindly. The Crown Prince she described as so nice and so good. When I told her that I was going to Copenhagen this autumn by Kiel she said gravely, "Kiel is my castle; Prince Heinrich lives in it now, and is altering it all very much. No doubt you will see my cousins, the King of Denmark and Prince John of Glücksberg."

One day, after dinner at the St. Levans', Lady St. Levan took me to see her daughter who fell lately, under extraordinary circum-

stances, from the battlements of St. Michael's Mount and was nearly killed. She was clasping a heavy old stone figure upon the battlements in a gale, when it gave way with her, and she was thrown, still grasping the figure, and therefore adding impetus to her fall, upon the castle slopes below. It was a marvellous escape.

Upon my return journey to Paris through the Landes, I saw an admirable specimen of a native, dressed in sheepskins, upon his stilts. They walk on stilts, not only because of the water which abounds and cannot penetrate the "alios," but because they could not otherwise see their sheep amongst the dense bruyère. They move about all day on these stilts, knitting.

On my way I stopped at Tours for confirmation. Here we have a few English, but no church. I visited the old abbey of St. Martin. Only two towers stand of the famous building, the resting-place of so many pilgrims and early Christians on their way to or from Rome. One tower stands at the east, the other at the west end of the great abbey church. All the rest is in ruins, a street now running between the two towers. The Romans, however, are building a fine new church on part of the site of the abbey. In Notre Dame de Riche are two wonderful windows of thirteenth-century glass, the colours exquisite, silver and greens perfect. They are said to be the finest in Europe, and unique. The French took them out and hid them when they thought the Germans were coming in 1870. I then went to the cathedral where—being Shrove Tuesday—a service was in progress, the Archbishop being present on his throne. It is a fine building in transitional style.

Upon the occasion of this visit to Tours I stayed with a Scotch family, the McAlisters, at their pretty château, Beaumanoir on the Loire. At dinner Prince Ghika of Roumania's sister told me a wonderful story of her boy, a restless little mortal, who fell out of an express train in Germany, and was found upon the line in no way hurt. One gets here and there glimpses of the Loire châteaux from the rail, but not much; also of Orleans Cathedral.

From Paris I travelled to England via Havre, where I confirmed in our very substantial church, which nothing but an earthquake, or the end of the world, could destroy. It cost £9000.

I was not long in England before I turned my face again to the Continent. I found Dover in much excitement consequent upon the collision on the previous day, 31 March, between the *Comtesse de France* and the *Princesse Henriette*. It occurred in a fog,

the former vessel being cut in two, three passengers, eleven sailors, and the captain being drowned. She blew up almost immediately after the collision occurred. Prince Jerome Bonaparte was on board, escaping unhurt. Upon arrival at Calais, I confirmed in a well-built church, which colour would improve. The large English colony here is an old one; it consists of lace-makers, formerly numbering some three thousand. For forty years, from the peace of 1815 to 1855, these three thousand English were left with no English chaplain to care for them!

From Calais I went on to Boulogne, and dedicated the beautiful little church of St. John, of which I had laid the foundation-stone, as already related. Boys from the parish church of Folkestone came over, taking the solos in the anthem, etc. In the afternoon I held a confirmation, followed by two receptions. Then to Paris for the consecration of St. George's Church, which took place in the presence of a large congregation, Lord and Lady Lytton and members of the British Embassy being present, as also the American Ambassador. It is dedicated to St. George, and is also called the Victoria Jubilee Church. At the close of the service, therefore, all stood and sang "God save the Queen." It is a really fine church, and worthy of us. It is higher than St. Etienne du Mont, one of the finest of the Paris churches, and has a stone triforium on three sides; the view eastward from the western triforium is striking. After the service I went out to confirm at Versailles. The Versailles English are partly French, mostly good families, remnants—fast dying out—of the first empire, dowagers of nobility, connected with French families of the best type, very French and courtly in manner.

Returning to Paris, I confirmed at the Embassy Church, after which I visited the Victoria Home, where comfortable provision is made for old Englishwomen. Some of them are more French than English, having lived many years in France. A Miss Taylor, whose school I visited at Neuilly, told me that near her house—in the Franco-German War—the heaviest fighting took place between the Versailles troops and the Communists. An artillery officer was in charge of the battery out in the street, close to the "Avenue de la grande armée." He was quartered on Miss Taylor, she living in the cellar. One day a shell broke in her presence, carrying off the officer's head! A cedar stands in her garden. "I saw one day three men lying dead under that tree," she said, "and all the top of

the house on this side was carried away." The walls in this part of Paris were then still riddled and scarred with bullets and shells.

From Neuilly I went to the Embassy, and sat some time with Lady Lytton, talking of Biarritz, from which she had just come. The Queen told her that she had chosen Biarritz as her place of spring residence that year because of the brightness and frequency of sun, but she called it "a sunny Siberia." It is said that when the selection of a place for the Queen's spring residence was being discussed, those who make these arrangements visited Pau to prospect. They stated that they were seeking accommodation for an Indian prince, who was coming with hundreds of servants. Pau, not wanting an Indian prince, said it had not such accommodation. When it became known that it was for the Queen of England there was great regret. She would have been offered the use of the Château Henri IV. Lord Lytton was at Versailles with Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was staying at the Embassy, and I was asked to go as late as possible in the afternoon, in the hope that they would have returned. The day concluded with a large dinner at the Grand Hôtel, given by Sir R. Wallace, upon the occasion of the consecration of the church.

The next day I preached in the Embassy Church, and confirmed at Christ Church, Neuilly. In the afternoon I went to see Sir Richard Wallace at his beautiful house, "Bagatelle," in the Bois de Boulogne, which belonged formerly to the Royal Family of France. I found that he had returned to and was staying at his Paris house in Rue Lafitte. I sat some time with him, as he was very anxious to hear all about the proceedings of the previous day. It was a great disappointment to him being unable, through illness, to be present. Sir Richard was a charming, courtly old gentleman, receiving me in the old French style, and leading me with both hands to a chair. He is deeply interested in the Church, for which he has done so much, and assured me that I had only to mention anything further that might be required in connexion with it and it should be done. He had been told that I mentioned in my sermon the need of a parish-room and an organ, and said they must be provided. I asked him to act upon the Continental Bishopric Committee, to which he consented, giving £500 towards its endowment. In the evening I preached at the newly-consecrated St. George's Church, which, lighted for the service, looked its best.

There is a tree in the Champs Elysées, which I noticed as being much more forward in foliage than any of the others of the same kind. I was told it is called "the Empress's tree," because she always noticed its early habits.

From Paris I went to Lille and Croix for confirmation, and thence to Brussels and Bruges for the same purpose, and so back to England.

CHAPTER XIII

Darmstadt and the Grand Duke—Last audience with the Empress Augusta at Baden—Last hours in the Tuileries—Snowed up in June at Zermatt—Pastoral staff stolen—Visit to Empress Frederick at Homburg Castle—Memorial service at her request for the Emperor Frederick—Confirmation of Jewish converts at Amsterdam—The Palace of Charlottenburg—American thanksgiving service at Dresden—Audience with the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar—Proposed new church at Weimar—Schiller and Goethe houses—Continental bishopric.

AGAIN in May of the same year (1889) I crossed the Channel, this time going to Antwerp, where I confirmed in a most depressing building, now happily no more. A movement was on foot to build a church, but many years of urging and working were to pass before its accomplishment, as I shall hereafter detail. Going on to Köln, I confirmed there *en route* to Coblenz, and thence to Darmstadt, where I confirmed candidates of Darmstadt, Frankfürt, Baden, Carlsruhe, Homburg, and Wiesbaden. The Grand Duke was not present upon this occasion, being away at the reopening of the restored church at Oppenheim. He wished, however, to see me upon his return at the New Palace. The young Hofmarschal who received me, a tall, handsome, courteous young German, told me that he had accompanied the Grand Duke to England the previous year, and had gone round the Land's End in the royal yacht to the Clyde, where the Grand Duke was present with the Queen at the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition. He seemed much struck with the voyage up the west coast and with the shipping life of the Clyde, referring especially to the American liners, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*. He took me into the room which I always call Princess Alice's room: it is so English in appearance. The Duke received me cordially in his hearty way, and, sitting down, we talked of the church at Oppenheim, his presence at the reopening of which, he said, had prevented his being present at the confirmation. He spoke of it as well worth seeing—a small Cologne

Cathedral. It had been much injured by invasions and wars, but was now beautifully reconstructed. He referred, with regret, to the diminishing number of English at Darmstadt. When I told him that I was to be in Copenhagen in July, and passing through Kiel hoped to pay my respects to Prince Henry and his daughter, Princess Irene, he said they would not be there; he would be away with his fleet, accompanying his brother, the Emperor, to England, and she would be with him at Darmstadt. He told me of his journey to Russia, from which he had just returned, to arrange—it was supposed—with the Czar and Czarina the marriage of his daughter with the Czarewitch. The Grand Duke is always most kind and friendly, and seems really pleased to show his interest in England and the English.

Going on to Baden, I stayed with Mr. Maynard, who had been tutor to the Prince Imperial, and who always had a fund of interesting stories connected with that period of his life. The great heat prevented the Empress Augusta from attending the service on the Sunday when I preached, but she wished to see me. After the confirmation in the afternoon I went to see the Empress, the trusty old Baron von Knesebeck being in attendance. I found Her Majesty sitting in a small drawing-room with the great white and gilt arm-chair as usual arranged for me opposite her own. She has much changed since I last saw her, looking in extreme old age and feebleness. She opened the conversation by saying slowly and solemnly, "What great and sad changes have taken place since I last saw you, such sorrows, such terrible sorrows." I said that I had felt so much for her through them all, and told her how deep and universal the sorrow was in England. She spoke much and at length upon her sorrows, being deeply touched in relating them. She asked me to give her an account of my Church work in Germany in which she took such great interest. Did it succeed? She went on to speak much upon religious matters; eagerly, earnestly, and continuously she spoke on this subject, repeating what she had told me before that "Good Queen Adelaide," as she called her, begged she would not forsake the English Church. "Can I do anything for the Baden church? Tell me if I can; I should like to do anything that is wanted." And this, after having the previous day sent £40 to the Baden Church Fund. I thanked her and said she had always been such a good and liberal friend to our Church, but that I did not think we needed anything. She assured

me that she was much vexed to have been unable to get to church that day, she would so much have liked it; but she said sadly and impressively, "I *could* not go, I am not *able* to go." She then inquired after my children, repeating what she had said before, that if, as I had contemplated, I should send a daughter to Berlin for education she would look after her. "Yes, I would indeed look after her and be kind to her—only let me know if you do send her." Then back to the details of her sorrows. She spoke very sadly of her grandson, Prince Ludwig. I told her how well he looked in the Abbey at the Jubilee. She said he was such a good boy; that there was a connexion between the three sad deaths, "my great husband, my noble son, my dear grandson, they were great examples." I said great examples were set us to imitate. She said earnestly that she tried to do the duties which were left to her, but found it hard, very hard. I happened to drop a German word or two in my reply, upon which she went off at once in German, so low and feeble that she seemed almost speaking to herself. I then for the third time turned to Baron Knesebeck, and said that I was tiring the Empress, and ought not to stay longer. Each time she had asked me not to go, assuring me that I did not tire her. I now moved, however, and in kissing her hand, she held mine in hers, looked at me with that painful, almost startled look which her face wore at times, and said very seriously, "Pray for me, that I may do the duties that I have to do, and be sure you come again and see me whenever you are in Germany." I never saw her again. A kind, humble, thoughtful Christian woman. Would that we had more of them upon the Continent and elsewhere.

When sitting out with Mr. Maynard in his hayfield that hot, thundery evening he told me that upon the news of Sedan reaching Paris, when the mob was howling round the Tuileries and endeavouring to storm the great iron gates facing the Arc de l'Étoile, the Court officials, princes, and generals, who were in the palace about the Empress's person, were actually playing draughts, and talking of what they were going to do that day as if nothing was happening. I think it was Prince Murat who said to him, "I shall go to Corsica this evening." "Gentlemen," he said, "do you know what is happening? There will be a revolution before long and a republic proclaimed; your lives are in imminent danger." But they either would not or could not see it, and took little notice of what he said. The Empress was the only one apparently who saw the

extreme gravity of things, and went from room to room distracted with anxiety and alarm. Her escape from the Tuileries and flight from Paris I have already detailed in a former chapter.

From Baden I went to Freiburg for a confirmation. We were hoping to build a church here. The Government architect got us out a plan, but the Archbishop of Freiburg refused to let us use it. He said that it had been carried out in his own diocese, and he could not permit us to use it also. This seemed very arbitrary; but he had that character. I asked if there was no appeal to the Government, and it was feared there was not. The plans were to be modified, and then submitted to the Archbishop again. I wondered what the Emperor would say if he could be reached.

From Freiburg I went to Berne, staying with Mr. Leveson-Gower, attached to the Legation. I received his little son into the Church in the cathedral of Berne, the old dean being present. Mr. Leveson-Gower wished the additional name of Clarence to be given him, being descended from the Duke of that name,—said to have met his end in a butt of malmsey wine—but as the names of Osbert Charles Gresham had been already given him at his baptism, he had to be content with them! Mr. Leveson-Gower was taking much interest in the sepulchres of our fathers in the Berne cemetery. Several stones record mountain accidents. Mrs. Arbuthnot —the bride who was killed by lightning near Murren—lies in this cemetery, the stone upon which she was sitting at the time lying over her grave. Mr. Leveson-Gower took me to see a church near the Rathhaus built about the fourteenth century, but never quite completed, and never probably used as a church. It was cut up into floors and used as a lumber store. He was anxious to obtain this as a gift from the town, spend £1000 upon it, and put it into usable order as our Anglican church. Mrs. (now Lady) Scott gave a reception at the Legation, Mr. Scott being absent at Berlin, attending the Samoa Conference.

From Berne I went to Lausanne to settle a Church difficulty, and on to Geneva for confirmation. I took this opportunity of going on to Lyons for confirmation, this being a chaplaincy lying much out of my usual orbit, but in former days an important one, as connected with the large English silk interests of that city. The run through the Jura to Bellegarde is very grand. The situation of Lyons at the junction of the Saone with the Rhone is exceedingly fine, and the surrounding scenery striking.

Returning to Switzerland, I confirmed at Territet, and then ran up to Zermatt for a couple of days, getting into a snowstorm of such severity for June that I was in danger of being snowed up. Upon this journey I was robbed at Territet, by Italians, of a piece of my baggage containing my pastoral staff—a great loss—and with other things, irreparable. The British Legation at Berne reported the robbery to the Federal Government, which very considerately telegraphed the loss to the Swiss railway officials, requesting them to watch the frontier at Geneva, Brigue, Romanshorn, Pontarlier, and Basel; but all to no avail.

I travelled from Switzerland direct to Homburg. The Empress Frederick was then living at the Castle of Homburg. Upon my arrival she sent a kind invitation to dinner. The Empress entered the drawing-room in the deep mourning style of Germany, attended by Princesses Sophie and Margarita and the ladies of the Court. The pleasant smile was still there, but much saddened; indeed, the whole fashion of the face was changed by grief. She apologized for being a little late, but her daughter the Princess of Meiningen had only just arrived. She introduced her daughters, and then said at once very sadly, "Oh! what a terrible time of sorrow and suffering it has been since I last saw you, too dreadful, too terrible!" She seemed as if she could not defer the subject till after dinner, but must pour it all out at once. I could only express my deep sympathy, telling her what a Sunday it was in London churches after the sad news reached us, and how all deeply mourned his loss. "Yes," she said, "he *was* loved in England, and he loved Englishmen." She asked when I was last in Berlin. I told her that our trains crossed in November at Stendal, when she was on the way to England and I on the way to Berlin. "Yes," she replied, "of course I remember now, and you went out to Potsdam and saw his coffin. It is only placed there temporarily; I am building a mausoleum." I told the Empress that I had seen it. She continued, "I used to go to that little chapel, where the coffin stands, every day till I left for England. Oh, it was all so very dreadful, such a time of sorrow that I can't tell you." I said we used to remember him through his illness in our own family prayers. "How kind, how thoughtful," she said, "and you wrote so kindly when I was at San Remo. We loved Italy; we have had such happy days there; but now all is so changed." As we passed into the dining-room the Empress's daughter the Princess of Meiningen came in, to whom

she presented me. I sat between the Empress and Princess Sophie. The Empress was a great talker; she talked of my visit to Darmstadt, asking if I had seen her sister's grave there. I spoke of it as a quiet, peaceful, beautiful spot. I said that I had lately been to Baden and seen the Empress Augusta there. She said she had heard of my visit. The Empress spoke much of Berlin and of Switzerland, from whence I had just come. She knew Zermatt, having been there with her husband, and had walked up to the Riffel and into the Gorner Grat. Speaking of the strange death-like pallor which overspreads the Alps when the sun leaves them, she turned to me and said, lowering her voice, "It is what one sees on the face——" and then stopped, and one knew what she was thinking of. She talked much of the Jubilee. I said it was the last time I saw her; that the bishops sat exactly opposite the Queen, her children and grandchildren, and had therefore a good place for seeing everything. She spoke of it as a wonderful day and a wonderful sight. As instancing her love for England and the English, I was talking to Count Seckendorf about a railway accident. He asked if the accident took place in England. The Empress, in her impulsive way, exclaimed with much warmth, "In England, indeed no! English guards would not have acted so carelessly, you may be sure; such an accident would be *impossible* in England." As soon as we returned to the drawing-room she took me aside and began to tell me about the Emperor's last days and death. "He couldn't speak at all at last; could only write on little pieces of paper. When the King of Sweden came to see us a few days before my dear husband's death he said to me, 'I do feel so weak and ill I don't know how I can see the King.' I told him that the King would not expect it. 'Yes,' he said, 'I must try,' and he got up and managed to be dressed, putting on all his uniform, even to his decorations, and went through it all. And then afterwards he just drooped, and seemed to have exhausted all his little strength. Oh! we could have kept him," she exclaimed earnestly, "we *could* have kept him a few months longer, I know we could. Now to-morrow is the anniversary of his funeral. He was laid to rest on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Could you, would it be in proper Church order to ask you to give me a service in memory of that day, or am I asking what I ought not?" I replied that of course I should be quite ready and glad to do as she wished. "Any hour that you like," she said, "only name it—8, 9, 10, 11, 12." I

begged Her Majesty to fix her own hour and choose the hymns. She selected "Brief Life," "Abide with Me," and "Thy Will be Done," saying that they were all favourites. "But one thing I want you to do, don't let it be known; there need be no congregation, and I don't want a crowd outside." I said I would take care that Her Majesty's wishes were attended to. She might leave all arrangements to me. I then asked her to excuse me, upon the ground of seeing the chaplain that night and making all necessary arrangements. So we parted.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Empress Frederick, with the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen and her little daughter, with the Princesses Margarita and Sophie and the Court in attendance, arrived at the church, and took their places in the royal pew. The doors were locked upon their entrance, and no one was admitted, indeed, no one knew of the service; all had been kept, according to her wish, secret. The service consisted of selections from the burial service, special psalms, and a special lesson, "The souls of the righteous," etc. I then gave a short address upon the resurrection of the body, the service occupying three-quarters of an hour. At its close I returned to the vestry, where a message came to me from the Empress that she wished to see me before leaving the church. She had been much moved by the service, and was still deeply affected. She grasped my hand, saying again and again, "I am so grateful to you for this; it has all been so full of comfort, thank you again so much for all your kindness." I said that Her Majesty must always command me to act as her chaplain whenever I was within call.

Travelling through the night after this service, I reached Spa in the early morning of the next day, confirmed in the afternoon, and left for England via Antwerp and Harwich.

Our second annual Conference of Chaplains was held this year at Copenhagen, but I was not well enough to attend it.

On my last journey this year I crossed to Rotterdam, and on to Amsterdam, where I confirmed the Jewish converts in their own church and language. The church was crammed. At the close of the service a remarkable incident occurred. An elderly member of the congregation led off with "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" in Dutch, which was taken up with intensest enthusiasm by the whole congregation. Mr. Adler, the chaplain, was much struck by this spontaneous burst of feeling, and said it was very seldom

exhibited. He remembered witnessing it at a great gathering upon a special occasion some time ago, but only that once. A leading young Dutchman, a citizen of Amsterdam, said to me that day in the course of conversation, "England is the bulwark of Christianity. If Christianity were to fail in England, the whole world would suffer by it." He told me that the two political parties in Holland were divided entirely upon the religious question. The Liberals do not believe in a Revelation, they are freethinkers. The anti-revolutionists do.

From Amsterdam I went to the Hague and confirmed. The collection of birds at the Hague Zoological gardens is superb; they are brought from Java, the Philippines, Sumatra, etc.; the cleanliness and order of the cages is perfect.

On this visitation through North Germany I confirmed at Hanover and Hamburg, and thence travelled to Berlin, where I confirmed and preached. In conversation with Lady Ermyntrude Malet at the Embassy about my recent visit to the Empress Frederick at Homburg, she also thought the Empress very much altered, attributing the change in her appearance entirely to sorrow through those two terrible years of nursing and anxiety. I went out one day to Charlottenburg Palace, and saw from the outside the room in which the Emperor Frederick slept during his stay there upon his return from Italy, before being moved to Potsdam. I also looked into the orangery up and down which he used to walk that sad, suffering spring when the weather did not allow of his going out. The palace lies on the edge of endless woodland drives interspersed with lakes, where he took driving exercise when the weather permitted. Our Queen, when she was here in April, 1888, occupied the long, low wing amongst the trees on the extreme right. It had been long disused, and was redecorated and furnished for her reception.

From Berlin I went to Dresden, where, upon this occasion, I preached the American Thanksgiving Day sermon in the American church. The service opened with "God Save our Nation," to the air of our National Anthem. Then "Home, Sweet Home." I preached an historical sermon upon the persevering energy of the American nation from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, and touched upon our political errors which severed the two nations. The congregation were rapt in their attention, and expressed afterwards unfeigned gratification at what I had said. I also confirmed and preached in our church of All Saints. Upon leaving Dresden I

visited the chaplaincies of Leipzig and Weimar for confirmation and other work. At Weimar, the Grand Duke wishing to see me, sent his carriage, and I went to the Schloss situated at a little distance outside the town. We discussed the position of the new English church, in which, as already stated, he took a very great interest. I asked him to give a freehold site for the purpose, and we would then raise the necessary funds if he would head the subscription list. I asked him to write a letter expressing his wishes as to the new church, and said that I would draw up an appeal if he would sign and head it with a contribution. This I did next morning, he promptly returning it signed, heading it with a handsome gift, and affixing a letter commending the scheme. Being the Empress Augusta's brother, we talked of her and her state of health. The Duchess is sister of the King of Holland, and we talked naturally much of that country also.

The sights of Weimar are not many, but no visitor leaves it without seeing the Schiller and Goethe houses. Schiller's is a pretty little old-fashioned building, severely German, situated in the main street, and very clean. Upstairs one is shown his sitting-room left just as he last used it. His card-table, plain little sofa, two glass cases full of his things, cups and saucers, ring, and knick-knacks of all kinds. Then to his bedroom, with its plain little wooden bed on which he died. At the head of it is a plaster cast taken after death, set round with ribbons—as the manner of the Germans is—tributes of respect. Some pages in his own hand-writing; and the first playbill for the Weimar theatre in his own hand. Also a part of his *William Tell*. In a small inner room stands the table at which he wrote *William Tell;* in the midst of it is an apparatus invented by himself for raising and lowering the desk.

Then to Goethe's house. It is plain, large, and ugly, and I did not go into it as there is not much to see. Their statues are in the Theater Platz in the centre of the town. They stand together on the same pedestal. Goethe is looking straight before him with a self-satisfied air, characteristic of himself; Schiller, the idealist, looks to Heaven with a far-away expression, stamping the man. Gotha is but a short journey from Weimar. Here also I confirmed and addressed a meeting, as I did in every place, on behalf of the Bishopric Fund. From Gotha I travelled, via Hanover, through the night to Rotterdam *en route* for England.

I have not repeated that at each chaplaincy visited I was in the habit of bringing the Continental Bishopric to the notice of the English and American residents. If I did I should repeat the statement to wearisomeness. But I did do so, through those early years, until I found that all the work was left for me to do, and that nothing was done by the committee and next to nothing by the chaplaincies. I worked for this Fund until nearly £10,000 was raised, and worked very hard too, leaving no opportunity unembraced to increase it. I then thought, since I was not working for my own interest but entirely for my successors in office, that I might leave the balance to be raised by the chaplaincies and others more immediately concerned. I have been very much disappointed at the lack of interest shown in this Fund. The initial mistake was that the required capital should have been raised *before the appointment of a bishop*, as is required in the case of an English bishopric. As an evidence of this, the Empress Augusta, to whose notice I had brought the Fund and who knew how greatly interested I was in its welfare, caused Baron von Knesebeck to write me the following:—

"I am ordered to express Her Majesty's sympathy with the project of raising a Continental Bishopric Endowment Fund, as the Empress has not been without perceiving the advantages to be derived from the establishment of a Continental Bishopric for the British Chaplains and British Communities abroad. Her Majesty's constant interest for the latter, as promoting good relations and reciprocal understanding between the English and German nations, has already induced the Empress to remain in connexion with the Anglican Church in different places abroad, and the Empress wishes to assist the endeavour for the constitution of the above-mentioned Fund by a contribution of £50."

CHAPTER XIV

The Polish frontier at Alexandrowo—Three hundred thousand of Russia's picked troops—Warsaw—Leave from Government necessary to hold confirmation—Warsaw, Minsk, Smolensk, and Brest-Litewski, a quadrilateral of immense resistance—Borodino—Moscow—New English church—The Kremlin—New cathedral of St. Saviour—Visit to the Lamsdorfs' palace at Kuskove—Hillocks, tons, and acres of mushrooms—Two Ash-Wednesdays within twelve days—Trytyakoff's picture gallery—The cottage of the last Council on the Borodino road—The Romanoff (or Boyar) house—The Kremlin: its palaces and their endless ramifications—Moscow of the present day much as it was in 1743—Mrs. Stratton, the old English nurse at the Winter Palace, Petersburg—The Anitchkoff Palace—"I never passed these charmed gates before"—*Codex Sinaiticus*—Fortress of Schlüsselburg on Lake Ladoga—The Crimea and Livadia.

FEBRUARY 18, 1890, I left England for my first visit to Poland. A small stream serves as the frontier beyond the last German station of Oslotchin, sentinels with bayonets fixed standing upon scaffolding close to the line, reached by a heavy wooden staircase. Polish log-huts succeed the German style of house immediately we cross the frontier, one style looking at the other across the small stream. Polish peasants also are dressed differently from German peasants. A Polish woman in a red dress and red wrappings about her head, blown by the icy wind, stands upon a high embankment, and forms a fitting introduction to Poland, which looks physically, as it is politically, dark, wild, and dreary; interesting, however, from the mere fact that it is Poland, and Russian Poland.

Alexandrowo is the first station across the border. The relations between officials and their subordinates are different to those in Germany. There every superior officer returns the inferior's salute; here the inferiors bow low enough, but their superiors pass them with superb indifference. This is a strictly-guarded frontier, as the rows of cutlasses upon the walls of the approaches of the searching halls indicate. But as I am a Briton, and not a suspect, my things are not even opened; my passport is returned with a polite bow,

and I pass through to the waiting-rooms. In a box lighted by dip candles sat a dirty old Jew, from whom I got a little less than nine roubles for each £1 English, and I was told by a Russian officer who spoke English that I ought to have got at least ten; but he came to me afterwards and said he thought upon consideration that I had got present value. I didn't. A dead, uninteresting, flat country of endless tundras to the horizon, as is ever the landscape of a Russian journey.

The *Times* of 13 February had an interesting article upon "The Military Situation of North Europe." "Armies of men stand scowling into one another's eyes across a frontier marked by a few parti-coloured posts. It has been said with some truth that the German system is a system of troops and railways. To be in a position to mobilize rapidly vast masses of men thoroughly equipped and supplied, and to be able to concentrate these masses at will on the threatened frontier with the utmost celerity for offensive war, remains now, as always, the great aim and object of the organizing staff at Berlin. The spirit of all later transformations tends to make the army ready for the field at any moment, and at any season of the year. Each corps knows beforehand where its concentration will take place in case of a rupture with a foreign Power; and the frontiers are divided, conformably with military and political considerations, into forty-seven different theatres of war. In each of these, points have been chosen for magazines of food and depots of material, and where six days' provisions for the whole force will be assembled in three days." How all these frontier fears have vanished with the results of the Far Eastern war! The fortresses of Warsaw, Minsk, Smolensk, and Brest-Litewski are very strong indeed, and form a quadrilateral on this frontier of immense resistance. No less than 300,000 of Russia's picked troops garrison Poland on the German and Austrian frontiers; of these 30,000 are Circassians, the finest troops in the Empire. Many Poles are sent to the Caucasus to be trained, and are then returned to their own country.

I found on arriving at Warsaw that my old schoolfellow at Bury St. Edmunds, Count Joseph Zamoiski, died here ten years ago. He was a member of a very old and distinguished Polish family, whose name is a passport throughout Poland. The family gave me a print portrait of him, in which I easily traced the boy's in the man's face. He was very rich, never married, and gave all his

wealth to assist his fellow-countrymen who might be in distress, politically or otherwise. In consequence he was worshipped by the Poles.

In Poland and Russia pictures of the goods to be had within are placed over the shops for the guidance of the ignorant who cannot read; and it is the few who can. Warsaw is a large and busy city; its streets are wide, but badly paved. The gutters are kept from freezing and blocking with ice by old women armed with brooms, who are for ever sweeping, to make the filthy ooze move on. The ground is so flat that it could not move without this encouragement. In a dreary snowstorm a funeral passed along the street in which I was staying. The coffin was white and gilt, followed by a considerable procession of mourners mourning most mournfully, chanting a wild, weird music that seemed to accentuate the melancholy of its surroundings.

The Fanshawes are the leading English people here—Anglo-Polish. When dining with them, Mrs. Fanshawe told me the interesting history of their family connexion with Russia. Her grandfather was Governor of the Crimea and of Kieff, under Catharine II, when the English were highly favoured in Russia. At that time large tracts of land were given by the Crown to the Fanshawe family, upon which they still reside in the neighbourhood of Warsaw. Sir Henry White, our Ambassador at Constantinople, was brought up here, working as a clerk in the office of our Consul-General, and here learnt much of what is known as "the Eastern Question," which gained him such distinguished promotion.

Lunching with Mr. Grant, our Consul-General, I met Princess Radzewill, one of the oldest of Polish families. A fine *allée* stretches for two miles from the great Roman Uniat church at one end to the palace of the King of Poland on the other, and is lined with good houses. This is the only attractive or livable part of Warsaw. Here at Warsaw we have no church; service is held in a room at the chaplain's house. A good many English governesses reside in the families of Russian officers in this great garrison, who form the main element in the congregation. For every function, such as confirmation, formal leave has to be obtained from the Government. In going to the Moscow station I drove across the Vistula, which was full of large hummock-ice. The river had endeavoured to flow on and on, pushing these blocks before it, till each channel froze up in

turn, and one great rough piled-up mass of blue and white ice was the result. The view back upon Warsaw from Praga is rather grand, the old Polish palace and fortress standing in a somewhat commanding position on the high river bank. A bright sun was shining, and all looked really fine. There is a very bitter feeling here in Poland towards Russia. Some few years ago a law was passed by which it was enacted that no foreigner may buy land in Poland, and the oppression of the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces adds greatly to the general discontent. It is very short-sighted also on the part of Russia thus to treat the Finns, for hitherto there have been no more loyal subjects, living peaceably and contentedly under Russian rule. There is much exaggeration no doubt, and there are two sides of the question. Russia is, after all, only giving back to Poland the measure which Poland endeavoured to give Russia in the days when Sweden threatened Russia, and was abetted by Poland. Go further back in Russo-Polish history, and we find Poland a hard master to Russia.

The train rumbles along over these mighty plains hour after hour, day and night, till I wonder how any remnant of Napoleon's army ever got back to Paris again. These steppes and forests, scorched with frosts for nine months in the year and by the sun for the remaining three, are weird enough to pass even in a railway train; snow and ice, ice and snow all around, nothing else. What must they have been for the wretched, starved, frost-bitten army in its retreat, harassed in the rear by a hostile and enraged foe?

Travelling through the night from Warsaw to Moscow I opened my eyes at Minsk, one of Russia's strongest fortified positions in this part of their country. The villages are picturesque with their long poles high in the air, weighted at the end for drawing water from the wells. They look like harbours full of ships with bare masts. All is absolutely colourless until evening, when the sunsets are glorious, the whole horizon glowing like a great pink rose, resting blossom downward upon the snow. At Smolensk we struck the direct route of Napoleon's advance upon and retreat from Moscow, still marked by frequent graves of the French, who fell in thousands along the wayside, overwhelmed by the snows of that terrible winter.

Another night in the train brought us in the morning to Borodino. One closes one's eyes night after night and opens them morning after morning upon precisely the same sort of country—forest and

steppe, steppe and forest. A young Polish officer, my fellow-traveller, told me that he was on his way to Omsk in Siberia, being particular to add in French "en service." At that time he could not get further by rail than Nishni-Novgorod, then up the Volga and a tributary into Perm, and thence by sledge to his destination. He thought the railway would be completed to the Pacific in ten years. The country about Borodino, where the Russians made their last stand against the advancing French, is hilly and wooded, the Borodino flowing in picturesque bends through the broken country.

From Borodino to Moscow is somewhat less than a hundred miles. Arrived there, I was the guest of the chaplain, Mr. Wybergh. On the following Sunday I preached on behalf of the Bishopric Fund. The church was full, many English coming in from the factories round Moscow. It is a fine building; a nave, with small apse; too small. At the west end is a stone gallery over the room in which the shoobs—or furs—of the congregation are hung, a necessary adjunct in all Russian churches. A good parish-room and vestries are attached. On one side stands a really fine tower, built after the style of the parish church of Bolton, in Lancashire, from which place many of the manufacturers came. The proportions of the church are not good. If the apse was lengthened, aisles added, the gallery removed, and the shoob-room thrown into the church—all which is possible—a really good church would be the result. It has cost over £20,000, and is being filled with good glass by Ward and Hughes.

In the afternoon I walked to the Kremlin, which I had not seen for thirty years. I then looked at it all with the shallow eye of a lad, for I was at Cambridge. I could now dissect and digest it with the practised eye of an old traveller, and it is marvellous beyond description. The summer colouring of Moscow is much richer than the winter, when all the marvellously bizarre roofs of gold, silver, yellow, green, blue, every colour under heaven, are covered more or less with snow, and present a uniform whiteness to the eye, the colouring only now and then appearing. Sun is indispensable at Moscow, and as a rule the winters are brilliantly, dazzlingly sunny. A wonderful centre of glorious architecture and colour is the Kremlin—walls, towers, gateways of all styles, shapes, sizes—mostly the work of the Tartars. Domes, cupolas, cathedrals, churches, palaces, and such a view down over the city, of which it is the jewelled centre; one swelling sea of towers, domes, cupolas,

almost as far as the eye can stretch. The Holy Gate, as all the travelling world knows, must not be passed through with covered head—even the Czar uncovers—and a great howl comes from the guards around it if they do not see you uncover as you approach. The Russians say that when the French guns were pointed at it, they refused to do their duty, and the Kremlin was saved in consequence of the sacred picture of the Redeemer which hangs in front of it. As I passed through, an old Russian officer fell down upon the ice-covered, abominable pavement. He went up to the guards, and blew them up with terrific expletives for not clearing it away; I thought he would have knocked them down. Every one swears at every one in Moscow, for sledges and pedestrians all crowd along higgledy-piggledly, and are for ever knocking one another over. But all ends in "nitchevo," "it doesn't matter." The streets are vile and vilely kept, truly Oriental in their perplexing inequality. A new cathedral of the Saviour has been building for the last forty years outside the walls of the Kremlin, as a memorial and thank-offering for deliverance from the French. It is said to have cost already £3,000,000. Having a letter of introduction to the Lamsdorfs, I called at their town house. The Countess was at home. She invited me to go out to their palace at Kouskova, and spend the day there with her and her father.

I confirmed a considerable number of candidates here, several boys wearing the uniform of the Russian Government schools, which is handsome. We endeavoured to drive out to the Sparrow Hills, from which a good view of Moscow is obtained, but such a blinding snowstorm came on that, after battling with it for some time, we had to turn and flee before it. So I visited the new cathedral instead. It is a severe Greek cross, somewhat too square to please the eye, and painfully white. The many magnificent alto-relief sculptures also in white stone might, with advantage, have been in bronze, and would have produced the desired contrast of colour. The great dome is of beaten gold, "exceeding magnifical," like Solomon's Temple. The interior is adorned with splendid marbles, about ten different kinds being employed, some from Russia, some from other countries. The Russian red porphyry is freely used, also yellow marble from Siena. The shrines are very costly, many of solid silver, set with stones. The pictures and frescoes, all by Russian artists, are very fine. The music at this Lenten season, when Litanies are largely used, is solemn and inexpressibly sad.

The water supply of Moscow is very bad. There are wells in the town, but the water is only used for washing purposes. The drinking water is brought in by carts from the neighbourhood, and poured into great stone conduits placed about the city. From these conduits it is taken in barrels on sledges to the houses. When the weather is cold it is difficult to get it out of these reservoirs before it freezes. The holes at the top of these barrels cork themselves with gigantic cakes of ice, formed by the water flipping out as the sledges tumble along over the wretched roadways. Things were very bad in this direction then; they may be better now.

On 25 February I drove out in a sledge to the Lamsdorfs' palace at Kouskova. The route lay along the Moskva, and through the markets which line the banks. The Russians live mostly upon mushroom soup through Lent, and the miles of mushrooms piled everywhere along the markets are quite a sight. The country people bring them in by wagon-loads tied up in circles. Hundreds upon hundreds of sledges are packed with them; the pavements are choked with them; hillocks, tons, acres of mushrooms. In the outskirts of the city, which are very large, spreading over a vast area, we pass the railway station for Sebastopol and the Caspian. Here along the line stand miles of huge trucks carrying enormous cylinders of oil from Baku on the Caspian, making the snow black and hideous as it is ladled out into millions of barrels upon sledges. Each cylinder is valved to prevent explosions. This oil is burnt upon the railway engines. In the same direction lies the station for Siberia and the Far East. The houses gradually become smaller as the purlieus of the city are reached—for there is no "West End" to Moscow—more bizarre also in colour till colour ceases, and they take the form of mere Oriental pigsties. Jackdaws and grey crows all around, above, below, looking about for what they can get, so tame that you can touch them. The great white snow track—for there is no road—is full of sledges coming in from the country with all manner of quaint, mysterious produce piled up and protected with canvas. In summer typhoid and diphtheria rage in Moscow and Russian cities generally, for there is no drainage whatever. Hence no one who can get away stays in a Russian town in summer—all fly to the country, to small, roughly-built wooden houses let out for the summer months.

Turning off the great main track to Siberia, upon which we had been travelling since we left Moscow, and which is full of large

holes,—chasms more correctly,—we made a dash up a bank, and took apparently, for all was deep in snow, to the open country. We plunged into a drift on the other side of the said bank, and then out of it, and away towards an horizon of large dark woods amongst which lies Kouskova, the northern palace of the Sheramatieffs, one of the most powerful and wealthy families of the Russian nobility. Prince Sheramatieff married Count Lamsdorf's sister. Count Lamsdorf and his daughter the Countess live in the palace, the Sheramatieffs being seldom here, having two other palaces, one in South Russia and another in the Caucasus upon very extensive estates. We had some difficulty in finding our way through the woods to the palace, Russian drivers never knowing anything, or making any further remark when blown up for their stupidity than the everlasting "nitchevo," "it doesn't matter."

At last, having exhausted all our Russian expletives upon the unfortunate driver, "Glupi" being one of very caustic character, we reached the outlying houses belonging to the estate, all beautifully kept, and most picturesque. The palace now came in sight on the other side of a large lake, frozen of course, and covered with snow. We passed over a bridge and entered shrubberies—not of our western laurel, which here is a greenhouse plant—bounded by the forest, and so on to the house which the Lamsdorfs are now inhabiting during the winter, the palace being too cold at this season. Here we were received by the Count and Countess, who welcomed us with true Russian warmth and kindness to Kouskova. To thoroughly overhaul oneself is the first thing to be done after a Russian sledge journey, for the operation is a very uncleanly one, the traveller's face being inevitably covered with dirt and snow thrown up by the horses as they dash along, flinging great lumps of hard snow and frozen earth, not only with loud report against the dashboard, but over it into the traveller's face.

The rooms in the house are most sumptuous, royalty could not be more splendidly housed. The Czar himself could scarcely have been surrounded with silver toilet apparatus more highly chased and sumptuous than were the appointments of the room into which I was shown. It was here at Kouskova that the Sheramatieffs had received the Czar and Czarina two years before. We had much conversation at luncheon about Russia and England. The Count and Countess kept strictly to their Lenten fare of fish and mushroom soup, which they asked me to taste. It is like weak ketchup. The

wine which we drank was from the Sheramatieff's estate in the Caucasus. Wine is not forbidden by the Greek Church in Lent, but meat and fish is. Had they been strict observers of Lent, they told me, they would not be eating even fish at this season. After luncheon we went into one of the drawing-rooms, containing many good pictures. The last addition to the treasures of the palace was a medal lately struck to commemorate the escape of the Imperial Family in the railway accident at Borki. It is of bronze, large and heavy. On one side is the entire Imperial Family, and under the figures the accident is depicted. On the reverse side is a Russian kneeling in gratitude before the guardian angel of the Royal Family. The Czar and Czarina were coming from the Don Cossack country when the accident—attributed to the Nihilists—happened; they had been staying upon the same journey at another palace of the Sheramatieffs.

We then went out into the gardens, which are very extensive. They are in many and varied national styles: Italian, with an Italian villa; Dutch, with a Dutch house; Swiss, with a Swiss chalet; and so on. No English garden or house. I asked why not, suggesting that one of the picturesque Shanklin cottages would be very suitable. The Count said he had been to Shanklin, and would very much like to make one. The gardens are full of statues, all boarded up to protect them from the frost. In the centre of a large lawn is a pillar with inscription recording a visit of Catharine II. At the further end of the gardens stands the great palace, which had been opened for our inspection. It is enormous; I know of no palace out of Russia so large. At one end stands, detached, the private chapel. We were first shown the conservatories. They are traversed by gravelled walks, and packed with every kind of tropical and other evergreens, making long avenues through richly stocked banks of all kinds of rare plants. Then into the palace; galleries, corridors, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms succeeded one another in sumptuous array, all grandly furnished. Then the picture gallery, and lastly the bedrooms, all equally beautiful in their way. One, in particular, struck me as perfect. The decoration of raised wreaths of flowers, superbly painted; walls, ceiling, everywhere thus wreathed. The two beds surrounded by screens of white and gold, with doors leading through them—a bedroom within a bedroom; all appointments costly, in perfect taste, and representing enormous wealth. The Empress took a great fancy to this bedroom when here—and

well she might! We were shown the dining-room in which the Emperor and Empress and their family lunched, and leading out of it a second dining-room, in which the other distinguished visitors lunched, for it is not etiquette to sit with the Imperial Family. Out of Russia they are not so exclusive, for we certainly lunched and dined altogether at Copenhagen. It was now getting late, and although they begged us to stay longer, we were obliged to return to Moscow. The wind on the return journey was in our teeth, and could only be endured by wrapping up the entire head and face, and performing the journey thus in silence.

On Ash-Wednesday I preached for the second time in Russia an Ash-Wednesday sermon, having twelve days before preached one at Warsaw. Russia keeps old reckoning; Poland ours. I drove afterwards in a gala-troika to Trytyakoff's Picture Gallery. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a gala-troika is a large handsome sledge, gaily painted and comfortably upholstered, drawn by three horses—hence its name—the harness covered with metal ornaments and coloured trappings. The centre horse, which is harnessed between shafts with high, painted wooden bow over its head, is kept at a smart trot; the other two, which are inspanned upon either side and free, are kept at a gallop—this being the art of driving a troika. An enormously wide dashboard runs along behind the three horses' heels to prevent the snow from being thrown against the traveller's face. Trytyakoff, the founder of this gallery, was a wealthy citizen of Moscow, who for years spent part of his great wealth in collecting pictures by Russian artists; they number several thousand. I can only comment upon a few, but they deserve mention. All are horrible, more or less, but that is Russian. Some by Makkofski are wonderful.

A convoy of Siberian prisoners on their way to their exile is horribly interesting. An exile, who looks like an old military man, is dying on a rough droschky: the convoy stops till death ends the weary journey. The wretched faces of those who sit or stand around in the snow watching the old man's end far away from home and friends are truly pathetic. His hand hangs over the side of the droschky, and on it is a ring. A wretch, one of the exiles, has crept under the droschky, and is taking it off. An official in uniform turns back the eyelids of the dying man to see if he is yet dead, anxious to give the order to resume the march. The wild desolation of that scene with all its weird surroundings upon those steppes of boundless snow could scarcely be surpassed.

The "Retreat from Moscow" is another by the same artist, and is about as terribly realistic. "Freed Serfs" is another.

Ivan the Terrible killing his son, by the same, is appalling. He has just dealt the fatal blow with a heavy iron bar: the skull of the young fellow is fractured, and blood gushes forth in a dreadful stream, which finds its way everywhere. Ivan, in a sudden accession of agony at what his fiendish rage has done, seizes the broken skull in both his hands, and tries vainly to stop the outrush of the blood, just as one might clasp a wine-barrel from which the bung has flown. He is on his knees, his son has fallen to the ground, and the look of terror on that father's face haunted me.

But the most terrible in this terrible gallery is the accursed place outside the walls of Rome. Here on a large canvas are several crucifixions. We have surrounded crucifixion with all that art can do to make it *un*real, to make it decent and possible to look at. Here we have it in all its naked and appalling horror, as it actually took place, and presented itself to the spectators. The near figures are two: a boy, apparently of about eighteen years of age, hangs on his cross, and seems just dying; around the loins hangs a dirty ragged end of an old blanket, nothing else. His father, at the foot of the cross, writhes in abject agony; he is kneeling, and has thrown his arms and head forward upon the ground. The loneliness of the place, its hideous surroundings, the fair form of that poor boy, and the supreme anguish of the wretched father's figure—for his face is hidden—cannot be surpassed. Next to this cross is one upon which a wild, bearded ruffian hangs, totally different from the poor boy in appearance; he, too, has bowed his head—a fearful head—and given up the ghost.

Then there are other striking pictures illustrating the Merv and Khiva districts of Central Asia, by Verestchagin, who went down in the *Petropaulovski* off Port Arthur. A pyramid of skulls, with crows perched upon them, entitled "The Human Race." Another, a heap of freshly-hewn heads of Russians are brought before an Eastern Khan, who stands in a kind of cloister looking down with calm satisfaction upon them. "The Gates of Khiva" is a very fine picture.

"The Dungeon of a Russian Prison" represents one of those dungeons of Russia, the only access to which is from above, the prisoner being let down through the opening. The floor is of that formation not uncommon in Russian dungeons of the old, cruel

type; it is of stone and wedge-shaped, upon which the prisoner can neither stand nor lie. Several wretched, helpless creatures recline—if one can use so reposeful an expression as associated with such torture—upon the slanting floors. A scant supply of bread and water stands by them until it is finished and starvation begins. One man is already dead, his ghastly face turned towards the spectator. One figure—the most striking in the picture—stands with his back turned; he is clad in coarse, dull, browny-white clothing, nearly down to his heels; the light from above falls upon this figure, and apparently he looks up at it; one can picture the despair upon the face, but cannot see it.

Another, a very large canvas by the same artist, is "Scobeleff Reviewing his Troops after the Battle of Plevna"; the Shipka Pass lies in the background.

"The Last Council of War" as the French advanced upon Moscow, at which the resolution was arrived at to burn the city. This also is by Verestchagin, of whose unique art we shall see no more. The Council was held out on the hill top upon the road to Borodino, in a house which still stands there, as it stood then, and to which I shall presently refer. The old Russian General's face is a marvel of power; he is deliberately giving his judgment, upon which all the other members of the Council wait.

Having digested as many horrors as I could well assimilate, we rejoined our troika sledge and drove up to the range of hills from which the French first caught sight of Moscow. This is an historic spot of great interest. It is *not* upon what are called the "Sparrow Hills," as some suppose, but upon what is, no doubt, a continuation of that range. It lies due west of Moscow. When the ridge—for it is nothing more—is gained, a small house lies away to the right of the road. Here the "Last Council" of Verestchagin's picture was held. The picture is so faithful that description is unnecessary. Moscow is built upon a number of swellings, they are not hills; this one, being somewhat higher than the rest, hid Moscow from the advancing grand army until it was reached, when the city in all its Eastern glory and wealth of colouring must have burst as a welcome sight upon men wearied with intense monotony of months of steppe and forest through which they had passed. The general exclamation, "Holy Moscow at last," as they threw themselves upon their knees, might well have been their real, and not their legendary cry.

At this season of the year the view is much less interesting.

There lies the vast, wide-spreading city, as the French saw it, but all under snow, and therefore uniform, save for the gold domes and cupolas which flash out of it in the brilliant sunshine. Sledges crowd along this wide roadway which connects Moscow with Western Europe, most of the inward-bound laden with frozen carcasses of sheep, oxen, game, and fish. Those that may show any sign of decomposition are not allowed to be brought into the city. Police inspectors are stationed along all approaches to Moscow, and what is condemned is thrown out by the wayside. Thousands upon thousands of hooded crows and jackdaws sit upon and around, while vultures circle over these abandoned carcasses, adding to the wild weirdness of the already sufficiently wild and dismal scenery. All provision of fish, flesh, and fowl is sent into market throughout Russia in a frozen condition, as soon as the winter sets in—it can, indeed, be sent in no other, for it freezes of itself; it is quite a trade, and the supply of game birds is very large indeed; the plainest dinner is not complete without birds of some kind. These grey crows seem to relish mightily the carcasses deemed unfit for human food, as their ancestors doubtless relished the remnants of the strange army from the far west in the earlier part of the century.

The Romanoff house in Moscow is very interesting. It is the house where the founder of the present dynasty was born. He was a boyar, and this is a typical boyar's house. It is situated upon the abrupt slope of one of the swellings upon which Moscow is built, in fact, upon the fall which ends in the moat—now a dry ditch—which surrounds the Kremlin. Although restored by the Emperor Nicholas, it is exactly in structure what it originally was. It is small and square, and the walls are very thick. The rooms of each floor—and there are but two, the lowest being a basement or crypt—are vaulted. The house is reached immediately from the street by a short corridor. Thence a flight of steps leads up to the sitting-rooms, among which is a small chapel. The sleeping-rooms above are of exactly the same size and arrangement as those below. All are expected to take off their hats, for the house of the first Romanoff is a sacred building in the eyes of these Muscovites. The trinkets and little valuables of the early ancestors of the reigning Emperor are placed around in glass cases, and are, no doubt, most interesting, but so utterly inexplicable that I cannot describe them; though rich, they evidently belong to a rude age,

and to a people of other events and tastes to ourselves. The doorways are a peculiar feature; they are exceedingly small and low, making it necessary to stoop almost to the ground in passing from one room to another. This, doubtless, for defence. The walls are about two yards thick. The crude type of architecture suggests an outcome of those underground dwellings which are still found in Turkestan, as described by O'Donovan, the Central Asian traveller. There should be a model of this boyar house at South Kensington, its interest and historical associations are most fascinating. The first Romanoff was a priest.

From the boyar house we drove to the Imperial Palace in the Kremlin. It is well to take the palaces in this order, for the one is an outcome of the other. The old part of the Kremlin Palace is an improvement upon, or rather an expansion of, the primitive boyar house—which represents the first overground dwelling or house after the underground. There are the same square-shaped rooms, the same massive walls, the same vaulted roof, the same rich painting of the walls and ceiling, but all upon a far larger and grander scale, though still savage and Oriental. There also, hard by the ancient nucleus out of which has grown the more recent palace, stands the little church, or royal chapel of the palace, which once stood in a wood. This early savage palace, added to from time to time and stretching along the entire front of the Kremlin terrace, forms the magnificent pile of buildings dominating everything else on the Kremlin plateau, and is visible from all parts of Moscow and the surrounding country.

The new palace is connected with the little old palace, and you pass from one to the other, noticing only as you go the transition in style. First comes St. George's Hall, an overpowering piece of magnificence in size and style, enormous and gorgeous beyond description. It is entirely white, roof vaulted, and still bearing traces of the boyar house so far as style is concerned. Nothing in India or the world can surpass this hall. It must be nearly one hundred yards in length, and runs from the old palace at the back to the front of the new palace, which stretches along the heights of the Kremlin. Traversing this hall from north to south an immense doorway leads at right angles into St. Andrew's Hall, little less in size than St. George's, but totally different in architecture and appearance. In the former all is white. Here the richest colouring and gilding literally cover the walls, columns, friezes, ceilings; a

superb chamber indeed. In the same line of continuation the throne-room opens out of this, and is perhaps in richness and decoration the most splendid of the three. One regrets that these three Arabian Nights-like halls, raised as by enchantment, do not follow upon each other in one continuous line. The present arrangement was inevitable; there is not room upon the Kremlin frontage for such a treatment. Turning to the right at the end of the three halls the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress are entered, consisting of exquisite reception-rooms, too numerous to detail in their extraordinary decoration and beauty. I have seen, I may say, the palaces of Europe, not a few of them under the best and most favourable circumstances, alive with their royalties, but this, even in its unoccupied condition, eclipses all others. The dining-rooms in the old part of the palace, where the newly-crowned Emperor dines on his Coronation Day, are noteworthy. There he sits alone, absolutely alone, his nobles waiting upon him, handing him dishes on bended knee. A truly Oriental potentate this! The private rooms in the old palace of the patriarch who lived here in olden days are also historically interesting. Nika was the last patriarch of the Orthodox Church in Russia. Peter the Great, fearing that so much power in the hands of an ecclesiastic would be dangerous, substituted the Holy Synod of Laymen, which still obtains, and of which Pobiedonostzeff is the Procurator. Thus is Church and State closely blended even in Holy Russia, where it would be thought an extremely jealous priestly power would not have allowed such a connexion. And yet there are those who call the Anglican Church Erastian! If she is, so is also, in accentuated reality, the Orthodox Church of Russia.

It was thought right that I should call upon the Military Governor of Moscow and the Metropolitan Archbishop, which I did, leaving my cards. Mr. McGill is the patriarch of the English manufacturing colony here in Moscow, and its oldest resident. After dinner at his house, which is full of interesting Russian treasures, he showed me a table, the slab of which is made of a very rare stone, called the "peacock stone," from the fact that caught in certain lights it presents the same rich circular spots as those upon the feathers of the peacock's tail.

Upon leaving Moscow I travelled through the night to Petersburg by what was at that time considered the most luxuriously appointed train in Europe, composed entirely of first-class carriages and sleep-

ing-cars. This, common enough now in many parts of Europe, was at that time the only train so appointed. I had, by arrangement, a compartment to myself, and was very comfortable.

Before reaching the modern capital of Russia I must enter extracts from writers upon the old capital, which well describe its appearance now, though written some years ago, for there are perhaps few cities in Europe less changed by time than Moscow. Thus Halleway, writing in 1743, describes it as having a number of churches hardly within belief; they are estimated, he says, at 1800. Cox, writing in 1784, says:—

"I was struck with the irregularity of Smolensko; I was all astonishment at the immensity and variety of Moscow. A city so irregular, so uncommon, so extraordinary, and so contrasted I never saw. Some of the streets are paved, others formed of trunks of trees, or boarded with planks; wretched hovels are blended with large palaces. Some of the wooden houses are painted; others have iron doors and roofs. Numerous churches present themselves in every quarter, built in peculiar styles of architecture; some with domes of copper, others of gilt and painted green."

Coming down a little later, Dr. Clarke writes in 1800:—

"Moscow is in everything extraordinary. In approaching it numerous spires glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain for several versts before you reach the city. . . . Timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark; painted walls from Tirol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharia; pagodas, pavilions, verandahs from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; terraces and trellises from Naples; and warehouses from Wapping. . . . The daily throng there is so immense that, unable to force a passage through it, you ask the cause, and are told that it is always the same. Nor are the costumes less various than the aspect of the buildings. Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Poles, Germans, English, French, Italians, Persians, Muscovites—all parade in the habits of their respective countries."

Baer writes: "Moscua, non a fluvio fuit, enim vetus nomen 'Smorodina'—sed a vetero monasterio Moskva, nomen habet."

Kutchko, a rich noble, owned all the property where Moscow now stands—when it was a dense wood—and very probably gave the

name Kouskova to the palace of the Sheramatieffs, which I visited and have described.

Upon reaching Petersburg I found Sir R. and Lady Morier in great trouble about their son. He had been seriously wounded by a pistol. I only, therefore, left my cards. I then went to the Grand Duke Sergius's palace, and wrote my name in the Grand Duchess Elizabeth's book. Thence to a humbler, but not less worthy, personage, the old English nurse of the Imperial Family, Mrs. Streton, who then lived in the Winter Palace. She had been nurse to the present Emperor, his brothers, and the Duchess of Edinburgh. She had rooms for life in the Winter Palace, very nicely furnished, and had always one of the royal carriages at her disposal. She had lived in the Winter Palace for thirty years, and had been sixty years nurse in the family! The walls of her sitting-room were hung round with portraits of the Russian Royal Family. It sounded strange to hear her call the Grand Dukes by their Christian names. "Michael came to see me the other day," or "Paul came and sat with me last week." "Lor'," she said, "I can't help calling them by their names, for, you see, I brought them all up from babies." She had had many diamonds given her by different members of the Imperial Family, upon such occasions as christenings, weddings, etc. There is a system by which jewellery given by the Royal Family of Russia may be returned to the Treasury and allowed for at its value. This she had invariably done, for as she said, "What use are such things to me?" With the proceeds she had bought a nice little house and garden, outside Petersburg, where she lived in the summer. Not long after I visited her this faithful creature died. Her funeral was attended by the Czar and his brothers the Grand Dukes, who acted as pall-bearers—so much respected was this good fellow-countrywoman of ours in the land of her voluntary exile. The Russians don't forget faithful service. They are true friends and generous.

Two parties of Samoyedes with their reindeer were encamped upon the Neva. There were Laps also from the far north of Finland, who come down here in the winter to make money. Their tents are of reindeer skin stretched around poles fixed in the ice, and sloping to a common apex. The reindeer must be driven every morning ten miles to the north to graze upon the nearest moss to Petersburg, found in that district. The Neva is always a beautiful object on brilliant winter days; the life upon it is so full and varied. Ice-

cutters carrying away the glorious square blocks, glittering like huge diamonds in the sunlight, foot passengers in hundreds, regiments of soldiers, sledges, skaters, gamesters, etc.

One day during this visit to Petersburg I called at the Anitchkoff Palace, where the Emperor and Empress were residing. It is not easy to gain admission even for this purpose, so strict are the precautions taken, and so cautious are the guards ordered to be. It was at these gates that the attempt upon the Emperor's life was to have taken place when I was last at Petersburg, as already related. A gentleman, resident in Petersburg who was with me, had to get out and interview a superior officer on guard, telling him who I was. We then obtained leave to pass in, the gentleman turning to me and saying, "I never passed these charmed gates before."

Then to call upon the Archbishop of Petersburg. I left cards only, though pressed to go in. The Metropolitan Isidore is very old and somewhat deaf, and I thought the respect shown by leaving cards was sufficient. He lives in the palace adjoining the Alexander Nevski Monastery. Alexander Nevski was the deliverer of Russia from the Swedes. The great street in Petersburg, three miles long, takes its name from this monastery, which stands at the end of it. Upon the occasion of this visit to Petersburg I confirmed eighty candidates; a Russian priest and a good many Russians were in the congregation.

The Imperial Library is quite one of the Petersburg sights. Mr. Boas, the head librarian, was most attentive and kind, taking the greatest pains to make my visit interesting, and insisting upon my seeing everything, which is by no means the case, I was told, with ordinary visitors. The *Codex Sinaiticus* is, of course, the great treasure of the library. It is bound in gold, and locked up in a glass case richly gilt. The *Codex Vaticanus* is not always easily seen even in its glass case, though I saw it many years ago when at Rome. The *Codex Alexandrinus* in the British Museum is, I suppose, rarely unlocked. The librarian not only unlocked the casket which contains the codex, but allowed me to turn over several leaves of the precious parchment. Several pages are wanting, the codex beginning at the Book of Joshua. It is said that they are in Petersburg, but, if so, they are not with the rest of the MS. This codex, as is known, was discovered by Professor Tischendorf in the convent of St. Catharine, under Mount Sinai; hence its name. He was visiting the Arabian peninsula in search of manuscripts, and

had been staying at the convent. Not long before he left, having gained the confidence and friendship of the monks, one of them brought out an old, dirty, much-defaced set of leaves, which had been found in a cellar, and asked him if he cared to have them. This was the priceless *Codex Sinaiticus*, purchased from Tischendorf by the Russian Government. There are acres of other valuable MSS. in this mighty library. An evangile in Russian of very early date is probably the next in value to the codex. It is bound in a gorgeous solid gold binding.

M. Boas, the librarian, was greatly interested in Mary Queen of Scots, and asked much about her, inquiring if there were any relics of her in England. I forgot at the moment to tell him of the large lock of hair which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts once showed me in a locket set with diamonds. It is bright auburn, cut from her head after her execution, and came to the Baroness through the Regent Murray. Half the original lock the Baroness gave to our Queen Victoria, also in a locket set in diamonds, which, she added, "Her Majesty much valued, being proud of her descent from the Stuarts." The librarian showed me Mary's mass-book with notes in her handwriting upon the margin; also Wallenstein's horoscope. It is in shape somewhat like a mariner's compass. There is also a large collection of autographs of the Czars, from Peter the Great downwards, with specimen letters of each. That by Paul is very badly written, indicative of the ignorance of Russian princes at that date. A letter of the Emperor Nicholas I to his nurse in large round text is very interesting. Also his Latin exercises: "Amatus sum, amatus es, amatus est; amabar, amabaris, amabatur," etc. These are very neat. The handwriting of the late Empress is represented by a short letter in French: "Je vous attendrai demain, à onze heures, Marie." There is a copy-book of Louis XIV amongst the rarer MSS. in French, which runs thus in English: "A king can do as he pleases with his subjects," repeated all the way down the page. "That," I said, turning to Monsieur Boas, "looks very like the egg from which the French Revolution was hatched." A Russian never carries on a remark upon a political question or opinion. He was silent. In the English department I was shown Carlyle's works, Dickens, etc.

At a reception I had much conversation with Dobson, of the *Times*. He told me that the Siberian letters which had been appearing, with articles upon them, had made his position in Peters-

burg very unpleasant: their spirit, if not their authorship, being attributed to him. I had much conversation at this reception with the chaplain of Cronstadt about Father John, who is parish priest of the Orthodox Church at Cronstadt. He spoke of him as a remarkable and very holy man, giving no credit to himself for working the alleged miracles, and taking not a kopek for himself of the large offerings made to him. "They say I work miracles," is the way he puts it; "I only know that I pray, and that God hears my prayers." His mode of praying is very remarkable. He asks with a wonderful confidence and faith, not doubting the result, as though it were impossible that God would deny the requests he makes. I was thrown in a later visit to Russia with this remarkable man, and shall have much more to say about him further on.

At Schlüsselberg, upon Lake Ladoga, the Russian Company has a factory. I was asked to visit it, and confirm in the little chapel attached to the works, and left Petersburg for that purpose on 4 March in a large, rough, but comfortable troika sledge, made for country journeys. These troikas resemble in shape an old-fashioned phaeton taken off its wheels, with leather hood, stuffed at the back with cushions, the bottom thickly strewn with hay to keep the feet warm. At the outskirts of the city we crossed the Neva upon the ice, and soon emerged into the country. The first part of the journey is very flat and uninteresting; after a while a range of low hills is reached, then succeeds much beautiful forest of fir and birch, which in winter time is infested by wolves. Emerging from the Neva we struck a small river, and drove upon it for about nine versts. This sledge travelling on ice is delicious; scarcely any motion is felt, the sledge gliding along the even, snow-covered surface, the horses, in full gallop, making nothing of their work.

Upon leaving the little river which runs through deep forest, we took again to the rough, wretched track full of veritable chasms. The driver does not prepare the traveller for these pitfalls, and he cannot see them for himself by reason of the big dashboard. The Muscovite coachman takes them *au grand galop*, the result being that the occupants of the troika fly up in the air, and may consider themselves fortunate if they do not alight in the snow behind the sledge and become a portion for wolves. Sometimes the bearded Jehu varies the proceedings, and takes half the troika into the chasm, leaving the other half on its edge, the result being either

forcible ejection, which often happens, or the upsetting of the sledge altogether, which comes to much the same thing. The everlasting rejoinder is "Nitchevo," the invariably added insult to Russian injuries and misdeeds of all and every kind.

At last as the sun was setting we emerged from the forest, mounted a high bank, and there immediately beneath us—outspread in that wonderful glow seen only in the far north—lay the Neva far below us with the track across to the other steep bank, and beyond, again, the great Lake Ladoga stretching away to the far horizon, ice-bound, and covered with snow. It is about seventy miles in length. Here we were close to the point at which the river passes majestically out of its cradle, and not far up into the lake, upon an island, stands the State prison, the fortress of Schlüsselberg, a name more dreaded in Russia even than Siberia. The river rushes so rapidly on either side of its walls that it rarely freezes very thick at these two points. This view forms a characteristic piece of hard, northern scenery. A wooded height on the opposite bank, a kind of promontory, hides a small and picturesque cemetery; a coloured pagoda-like roof tops the fortress, and makes the picture complete. The fall down to the Neva from the high bank is very abrupt. A man with a pickaxe was sedately *mending* the icy road across, as if he were on terra firma! Down the steep fall, at a gallop, on to and across the Neva—which is here about a quarter of a mile wide—up the opposite rocky bank, and two or three miles further Schlüsselberg town on the mainland was reached. Here is a large factory of English and Russian hands, a calico-printing factory, the calico being made at the English factory of Alexandrowitch, near Petersburg. We crossed a canal, and passing under a gateway, entered the factory premises—which are extensive—drove up to the manager's house, and in the story above, which belongs to Mr. John Hubbard, whom all Petersburg knows and esteems, found most comfortable quarters. At Schlüsselberg, in the pretty little chapel provided by the church-loving care of Lord Addington, the head of the Russian Company, I confirmed seven candidates, where I am quite sure a confirmation either of the Anglican or Greek communion had never before been held.

The next day I went over the factory, and was shown the process, which is almost identical with that of ordinary printing of pictures. Cylinders of copper engraved with the various patterns, as they revolve, are touched by brushes which deposit the colours upon

them. The calico when printed is wound up into rooms above, and there dried. Small Russian boys, with little or no clothing manage this upper department, the heat being intense. Only the foremen are English, seven hundred Russians being employed. Just at that time handkerchiefs were being printed for the Central Asian trade, of a beautiful dark red and brown, such as Bokariots, Samarcandians, and Turkestan tribes delight to wear.

Mr. McCullum, the head of the factory, took me in his sledge upon the lake, and we drove towards the fortress. It is used as a political prison. The Nihilists, whose plot to kill the Emperor was discovered when I was last in Petersburg, three years ago, are confined here. There are dungeons beneath with the wedge-shaped stone floors of Verestchagin's picture, but they are no longer used. The prisoners are not badly treated, being allowed now and then a short walk up and down within the fortress walls. Mr. McCullum knows the Governor, and has been allowed to visit the prison. But it is very strictly guarded. Sentinels with loaded carbines face the walls and ramparts, and if any one approaches within a certain distance, either by sledge in winter, or by boat in summer, they are under orders to fire upon them. One of the political prisoners here confined struck the doctor the other day. The reason he gave was that he bore no ill-will to him, but knowing that the act meant death, he preferred it to lifelong captivity, which he had found intolerable. He was shot, and buried within the precincts of the fortress.

Peter the Great made a canal from Schlüsselberg, which communicates with the Volga. He opened it in person, and there is preserved in Schlüsselberg a small boat which he used on the occasion. St. Luke is said to have painted a picture which hangs in a small chapel here, and is held very sacred. We returned to Petersburg by the same route.

A gentleman, who has recently returned from the Crimea, showed me some very interesting photographs of Sebastopol and its neighbourhood. The graves of our soldiers upon Cathcarts Hill are now well cared for, and the cemetery is fairly planted. The journey over the hills to Yalta must be strikingly grand. The route lies up the historic valley of the Balaclava Charge, which still bears the scars of the Russian batteries. At the top of a lonely, wild valley, rock-bounded on each side, stand the gates of Beidar. After following this lonely valley for some hours, a notch is reached in

the rocky summit furnished with a heavy gate, upon passing which a grand view bursts upon the traveller. The Black Sea stretches away far as the eye can reach to the horizon; far, far below this wondrous "Undercliff" of the Crimea lies Yalta embedded amongst palms and other tropical growth. Here is Livadia, the Emperor's Crimean residence—where Alexander III died—and the palace of the Woronzoffs, now deserted. In the great hall an arrangement is made by which in summer a cascade descends from behind the massive marble chimney-piece, and flows away through a marble receptacle below; the cascade being grouped about with a wealth of ferns and palms. The best route to take in order to see this interesting part of Russia is to travel by rail from Moscow to Vladi-Kavkas; the rail goes no further than this, progress being stopped by the precipitous range of the Caucasus. Carriages convey passengers from this point for twenty-four hours by the Dariel Pass, a wonderful road of stupendous zigzags, to Tiflis. It is a beautiful drive in spring when the pass is bordered with rhododendrons and azaleas. From Tiflis two routes present themselves by rail: one to Baku on the Caspian, *en route* for Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkend, and the Afghan frontier, the other turning westward to Batoum on the Black Sea, whence steamers run to Yalta, Sebastopol, Odessa, and Varna, or direct from Sebastopol in forty-eight hours to Constantinople.

Upon the return journey from Petersburg I travelled with Mr. Winter, a Queen's messenger, who is tired of his twenty-seven years' travelling. In comparing our work and travel, he said, "You have interesting work to do upon your journeys, mine is purely mechanical; a trained retriever could do it."

At Pskoff I had to change trains for Riga by a recently opened line. It was a wild snow-stormy night, and when I was settled in my new train, I said, as I wrapped myself up for what sleep I could get, "That's a good job!" I was surprised to hear from a neighbouring corner, "Yes, it is." I little thought that I had an Anglo-Saxon for my fellow-traveller in this comparatively out-of-the-way district. He turned out to be an American. After observing me for some time he said, "Are you the bishop of these parts?" To which I replied that I supposed I was the bishop for Anglo-Saxons, but how did he know that. "Well, I heard you preach in Berlin last November." He told me of a gruesome journey he had made two winters before to Scandinavia. He was from Monday midday to

Friday afternoon getting over the ice and snow-drifts between Vamdrup in Schleswig-Holstein and Copenhagen; this journey usually, as I know by experience, taking twelve hours. At that time Stockholm had no post from Europe for thirteen days, he himself being best part of a day breaking his way in a steamer from Malmö to Copenhagen, a journey usually of four hours.

At Riga I made but short stay. At Eydkuhnen, the frontier, the German officials demanded my passport. "Passport in Deutschland!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Englander? rechts," and the Civis Romanus sum was sufficient.

I reached Berlin early on a Sunday morning, preaching at St. George's in the evening. The Empress Frederick and Princesses Victoria and Margarita were present. After service the Empress waited in the royal lobby, sending word that she would like to see me. Was I stopping in Berlin? I said that I was only passing through from Russia on my way to England, and that I had been five nights out of bed. "What a journey!" she exclaimed; "you must be dead tired." She wished to know if I was coming to Berlin again this year. She asked this, I understood, because she wanted me to unveil the new windows which she and our Queen were putting in to the memory of the Emperor Frederick. I told her I should not. She said she was going to England in June, and hoped to see me there.

From Berlin I travelled direct to England via Rotterdam and Harwich.

CHAPTER XV

The old Flemish woman's verdict, "Siebenzig jahre"—An interview with the Grand Duchess of Baden—Climb up the St. Gothard—The Furca and Grimsel Passes in deep snow—Fourth Conference at Paris—A terrible story—A stormy passage to Brittany.

EARLY in 1890 I visited Brussels for confirmation and other work. Thence I travelled by the Luxemburg-Strasburg route to Switzerland, confirming at Lausanne; also confirming and addressing a meeting at Territet on behalf of the Continental Bishopric.

My two favourite wandering-points at Territet, which I never omit, are up to the parish church of Montreux, whence the view is very beautiful, and down to Chillon and round about the cherry orchards. It was only 27 March, and yet a willow-warbler was singing, telling that here spring had come. The chaffinch is the first harbinger, and I note each spring his little song, ending in its abrupt staccato, with almost as much interest as the first swallow. From Territet I travelled direct to Ghent. Through Switzerland I had as a fellow-passenger a Russian Nihilist from Nishni. The wretched scoundrel had, I believe, been hatching plots at Geneva, the head-quarters of dynamiters in this part of Europe. He had the impudence to tell me that "all the best people in Russia were Nihilists, and that the Czar had not half a year to live." I gave him Ishebiskova's letter to read.

Upon this occasion I saw in Ghent Cathedral what I had never before had the opportunity of seeing, the "Adoration of the Lamb"; the Saviour and Blessed Virgin only, by Hubert van Eyck. Several panels of the picture are in Berlin, and some in Brussels. In the choir are four large candlesticks sixteen feet high, sold from our St. Paul's Cathedral by that robber of churches, Cromwell. Resting in an old Flemish woman's house, the chaplain said, "This is our English Bishop." "The Bishop is an old man,"

she said. "How old do you suppose the Bishop is?" She looked fixedly at me, and said, "Siebenzig jahre." I was then fifty-three. Quite enough to make one return to England, which I did at once via Antwerp.

On 13 May I was again in Brussels, on my way to Bonn, where I confirmed, and at Coblenz, where I found that our Queen had given four oak stalls to the church since I was here the year before. This in response to a suggestion made by the Empress Augusta that she should, by some gift, mark the jubilee of the English chapel at Coblenz. The dear old Empress had said when I last saw her that she hoped the confirmation this year would be held when she was at Coblenz, as she wished to receive me. Alas! before this visit, our kind, constant, and most generous friend had been taken to another kingdom, and old Countess Häcke, the faithful and aged retainer of forty-five years' service, was too ill to see me.

From Coblenz I went to Wiesbaden, where I was the guest of the Bensons, for confirmation and other work, and thence to Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Carlsruhe for the same purpose. A letter came from the Schlöss at Carlsruhe as I went to the church to say that the Grand Duchess would like to see me. The palace is large and handsome, and surrounded by fine gardens, beautifully kept. Louisa of Baden, always kind and friendly, thanked me for coming. She is tall, of a sad countenance, and was dressed in deep mourning. She is neither like father, mother, or brother. She wished so much to see me, she said, because her mother, the Empress, had so often talked to her of me. She had lately returned from visiting her daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden. We sat and talked for about half an hour. The conversation turned mostly upon her mother's death. She told me that she was asked to tell her that the end was approaching, but did not think it right to do so. "Why should I," she added, "to one so well prepared?" The Empress had no idea she was dying, so long had she been in a frail, failing condition. Towards the end she knew no one. The Grand Duchess asked her mother if she knew anybody, to which she replied, "Yes, I know you, *das gute kind*." "We were all in all to each other, such a mother, and such a character." The Grand Duchess talked much also of her father, the old Kaiser, and of her brother, the Emperor Frederick. "We cannot see why he was taken away from us just as he had reached the throne, but we shall know." I told her how affectionately he was mourned in

England, describing the sorrow evinced in London churches the Sunday after the news reached England. "Yes," she said, "it was very touching; he loved the English dearly and they loved him." Then about Prince Ludwig and his death. I said he looked so strong when in the Abbey on the Jubilee Day. She spoke of him as "such a good Christian boy," and promised to send me his picture, as well as one of her mother's taken after death, which is not published. She inquired much about the English church in Carlsruhe, and asked if she could do anything for it, expressing her wish to carry on her mother's work for and interests in the English church. "She loved it so." She said she had a suitable little chapel in a hospital, which she would lend for our service. We spoke also of educational matters and the Coblenz chaplaincy, which her mother had so kindly helped. I related to her my last interview with the Empress at Baden, and how I felt that I should never see her again. She said that her mother had written and told her of it. I had to leave that afternoon for Switzerland, and begging her to excuse me I took my leave.

I then went for a few days' run into the mountains, for which I so rarely find time when in Switzerland with all my many engagements. My first point was Lucerne, thence to Göschenen, on the St. Gothard, the climb up to which by the Gothardbahn must be seen, it cannot be described; one of the many wonders of the world. The line winds and climbs, climbs and winds high up over the Reuss, doubling and redoubling upon itself up to the very snow-line. The zigzags, corkscrews, and loop tunnels around Wasen in the very bowels of the mountains are marvellous. Three viaducts, one below or above the other, as the position of the traveller may be, when the line doubles back upon itself in three mighty zigzags. Then up and up again, the valley narrowing, growing wilder, more precipitous, barren, and savage, till no more twistings, no more circles or loop-tunnels—they are now impossible—the pass by railway is further impassable. Bleak, black, weird, snowy, rises the St. Gothard, thousands of feet already attained from the Lake of Lucerne, and thousands more unattainable; nothing for it but to tunnel; so there at last, in this wild, lonely mountainous region, wedged in between these everlasting precipices, and at the mouth of the great tunnel—the next daylight at the other end being nine miles away, at Airolo, in Italy—stands the great railway-station of Göschenen, with waiters, round a table d'hôte for three hundred guests, in tail coats, white

ties and shirt-fronts, as if they were in Paris or Berlin instead of up here amongst the chamois and the eagles of the Alps! Truly a triumph of civilization over Nature, this station and its surroundings!

Here I left the train and walked over the Furca. The pass soon became blocked with *arrête* and avalanche snow, first ankle, then knee-deep, and then middle-deep; and had we not come upon a guide from Oberwald, returning to the Valais, we should never have got through that day's march. Tourists drive over the Furca for about two to three months in the year. But then there was no trace of a road, steep fields and *arrêtes* of snow in most dangerous condition blotting it entirely out. The little hotel was dug out of the snow, and was invisible until its surrounding snow-walls were passed through; it had been literally, not figuratively, "buried" in the snow.

The descent to the Rhone Glacier Hotel was quite as bad and perilous as the ascent from Andermatt. What Baedeker gives as a twenty minutes' walk took two and a half hours to traverse, the foothold treacherous, and many hundreds of feet to fall had a slip occurred. Just twenty-four hours previously a gigantic avalanche from the Mittenhorn had fallen, blocking the valley, and entirely obliterating the road for nearly two miles. Our guide was here at the time, and the wind caused by the avalanche knocked him down to the ground, though it fell two miles away on the other side of the valley.

From the Rhone Glacier, where I slept, I went on to Fiesch, climbed to the Ægishhorn, with intent to sleep there, but finding it closed and blocked with snow, returned and slept at Fiesch. It was quite evident from experience upon the Furca that the Grimsel could not be traversed without a guide; so taking the same Antonio Kreutz, who had saved us from destruction the day before, we retraced our steps to the Rhone Glacier, and plunged again into the deep snow of that most grim pass which calls itself the Grimsel, easy and pleasant enough in summer, but just then undoubtedly very dangerous, as the trusty Antonio repeatedly told us. A gloriously wild walk, clouds above rifting now and again to show us the grand old Finster Aarhorn which can only be seen in full majesty from this pass. The Toden See hardly discoverable. Thirty years before I had done it all in summer, but the scenery was as nothing compared to this season. Even the hardy Antonio — born and

brought up at Oberwald in the immediate neighbourhood—had to stop repeatedly as the clouds came sweeping down, blotting everything out, to catch sight, if possible, of some familiar peak or rock. Then he would listen for any sound of torrents whose deep, rocky beds lay hundreds of feet below the treacherous snow we were traversing, to fall through which would be instant destruction. After a long and trying time we struck upon some faint foot-tracks, upon which Antonio gained assurance, glissading down the steep snow-slopes upon his alpenstock and bidding us to follow. At last the rough wooden hospice loomed through the clouds in front of us, dug out deep round, half hidden by its walls of snow.

Here we parted with the good Antonio, and pursued our way to Guttannen. About a quarter of a mile below the hospice, and just where it disappears from sight, is a solitary signboard, by a bridge, which directs the traveller coming up to the Rhone Valley by the right-hand path, and to the Grimsel on the left. This little bridge is the finest point in the whole route. The intensely savage solitude, surrounded then and almost always with eternal snow, and lofty peaks, is most impressive. "Stand and look well at this," I said to the young friend I was with; "you will see nothing finer in all Switzerland." All around, right, left, and everywhere an awful solitude, surrounded by stupendous nature.

I must apologize for having dared to write of such familiar scenes, so well known to most travellers. I have only ventured to do so because I saw, and have described, them in an unfamiliar dress, at an unfamiliar season of the year. I know them well, also, at the familiar season, have known them from a boy, but never saw them in all their wintry savage glory till upon this occasion. The traveller can do all this now upon wheels, save at the season and under the circumstances just described.

Paris, with its Conference, its confirmations, sermons, committee meetings, dinners, luncheons, and receptions formed an abrupt change, but the Swiss snows probably enabled me the better to get through them. I had much talk with Lady Lytton at the Embassy about South Africa; her sister, Lady Loch, being wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape. With Lord Lytton the conversation is generally and naturally about India. The Lyttons kindly threw open the Embassy and their grounds to the members of the Conference, where a large reception closed our sessions and proceedings.

On my way back to England I stayed at Boulogne for the usual

confirmation and other work, including the inevitable meeting on behalf of the Continental Bishopric.

The chaplain of Holy Trinity, Boulogne, told me a very terrible story. Twelve godless young men, gentlemen by birth and education, met at a dinner on Good Friday, ten years before, in Boulogne. At the close of a noisy dinner they obtained the services of a photographer, arrayed themselves as the Saviour and His Apostles at the Last Supper, and thus impersonated were photographed. Four months afterwards the chaplain was summoned to the death-bed of the young man who had grouped the party, and had been the leader of the blasphemous scene. It was a case of smallpox. His face presented a terrible appearance, discoloured and distorted, his eyes staring, and his tongue protruding. At his funeral some of the young men who had taken part in that wicked representation were present. The chaplain took the occasion to speak to them solemnly, urging them to repentance, but it is to be feared without effect. In four years from that day, death had removed five of these young men. The one who had personated the Saviour fell dead in a wineshop at Boulogne. Horrified at the result, one of the number took the blasphemous picture in his possession to his remaining companions, and said, "The hand of God is upon us; our lives are worth nothing whilst we allow this picture to exist," and he burnt it before them.

Such a story forms a fitting close to a continental journey. I crossed from Boulogne to England.

My next journey was to make a visitation of the Brittany chaplaincies; crossing in a fearful night of hurricane and darkness from Southampton to St. Malo by the most wretched line of boats that ply across the Channel. Confirmation work awaited me at Dinan. I drove out one day to see a typical Breton farmhouse, and was interested to find that the sleeping arrangements very much resembled those of Holland. The Breton beds are like cupboards, made of wood and gaily painted. Where the cupboard door should be are curtains, and into the cupboard the occupant creeps. The entrance is by no means the length of a person's body, the front being partly closed on either side by panels. It is thus impossible to remove a corpse from such beds after it has become rigid. A settle is placed at the foot of these beds, which acts not only as a step, but upon which the body is placed while pliant.

At Dinard I stayed with Mrs. Marshall, a sister of Lord Torrington,

who died here recently. Her house is beautifully situated upon the edge of the rocks, looking down into the bay and across to the picturesque old St. Malo with its ancient, fortified walls. Here we have a very good little church, in which I confirmed, the chaplains of Dinan, St. Servan, and St. Malo being present. Chaplaincies stand somewhat thick in this district, there being colonies of English in each place. Paramé has since then built a church, though it never seemed to me that it was needed.

I returned as I came, by St. Malo and Southampton. These Breton chaplaincies are out of my orbit and difficult of access. Had I been Bishop of St. Heliers, of which there was some idea at one time, the proposal being to cut the Channel Islands adrift from the Diocese of Winchester, this would have been my nearest field of work. I am very thankful that the care of the churches in Jersey and Guernsey were not added to the care of all my Anglican churches through the nations of North and Central Europe.

CHAPTER XVI

Copenhagen—Thorwaldsen's Museum—Museum of Northern Antiquities—Confirmation at Stockholm under severe difficulties—Consecration at Christiania of the first Anglican church built in Norway—The Viking ship—A Norwegian stave church with old farm and village buildings—The boat that saved Nansen's life—A Norwegian millionaire—Stavenger Cathedral—The Hardanger fiord—Bergen—Sad-hearted emigrants.

IN the autumn of 1890 I went to Scandinavia. I advise no one who dislikes dust to travel as I did in September—when the weather is dry—from Rotterdam to Hamburg. The accumulated dust of the summer weather covered the carriage from roof to wheels, and made them look as if they had passed through a fourteen hours' snowstorm. The heat was so intense that we were stifled, the dust making it impossible to open the windows. That was a hideous fourteen hours, for being in a through carriage we were hooked on behind at every addition made to our long train. It was refreshing to pass through watery Hamburg, glittering cool and beautiful beneath its wealth of electric light. In that day there were no dining-cars upon the Hamburg express, and as the refreshment rooms at Hamburg were closed, one had to content oneself with the serpent's food which those fourteen hours had so plentifully supplied.

Upon this occasion I travelled to Denmark by Kiel and Korsör, a passage that can be tumbly, as I know from experience, and which was so this time. Denmark is always quiet, kindly, clean, and homely. The coffee, rolls, and eggs at the little snug station of Korsör redeemed the fourteen hours' dust-eating of the previous day. One of my fellow-passengers was an Englishman travelling for an electric firm, and hoping to get the lighting of Copenhagen. Many German firms were against the three competing English firms. Copenhagen had selected these three, and Siemens & Co. of Berlin. It was almost certain that Siemens would get the contract. This man told me then—fourteen years ago—what Mr. Chamberlain has

been endeavouring lately to impress upon us, that we allow all work to slip into German hands. It would have been better to have got the Copenhagen contract even at a loss, as then we should probably have secured the lighting of the other Scandinavian capitals—Stockholm, Christiania, and Göteborg. He further told me that we had no stations of our electric light to show the Scandinavians, whereas the Germans had many. He added that Englishmen would not travel or take the pains the Germans did; that their money terms were easier than ours; that they took bills where we demanded ready money. All these things are against us, and put us out of foreign markets. This is exactly what Fraser tells us in his *Real Siberia*. America and Germany are pushing in everywhere; England is nowhere.

Upon arrival at Copenhagen I stayed out at Hellerup with our chaplain, Mr. Moore. In the evening the chaplain gave a large reception, several Danes amongst the company. Our Ambassador, Sir Claud Macdonald, whose guest I was to have been, was unable to be present in consequence of illness in his house. On Sunday I preached the harvest festival sermon, the beautiful church looking its best under the festive decorations. I lunched afterwards with the Thorntons, he attached to the Embassy, and a relation of Bishop Heber.

The Danes place small boxes on poles in their gardens, like tiny dovecots, to attract the starlings to build. In return for the accommodation the starlings are expected to keep the crops clear of insects. Hellerup is situated upon the low, raking shore of the Sound, from whence the coast of Sweden is plainly seen.

In dining with Mr. (now Sir Edward) Goschen—whose nephew accompanied me upon this journey—we had much talk of South America, which he knows, and of the financial crisis in that country. Upon this occasion I made my first visit to the Thorwaldsen Museum. Not only are nearly all his sculptures here, making a vast collection, but, in a room by themselves, the furniture of his house, his pictures, knick-knacks, and an old grandfather clock, the case of which he made and painted when eleven years old. In this room also stands his last unfinished piece, a bust of Luther, which he was modelling in plaster when an invitation to dinner came. It was so pressing that he could not refuse. He was very anxious to finish the model, and was so irritated at the interruption that he took the clay in his hand and threw it at the bust, where it still

sticks, for being taken fatally ill upon his return home, he never touched it again. "The Triumph of Alexander" is a magnificent piece, extending for many yards upon the gallery wall. One of his most beautiful and best-known works is "Love's Seasons": (1) a basket full of small children with wings, like cupids; (2) Love sends some of these flying from the basket; (3) a woman carries one thoughtfully by its wings; (4) one sits upon the back of a middle-aged man, which seems to oppress him, as he sits wearily, his head resting on his hand—these presumably the parents of the urchins, and burdened with their care; (5) a cupid is sent flying back to its basket by the old man, for all is over, life's loves and trials alike ended. A Mercury is an exquisite sculpture. A statue of himself leaning upon "Hope" is a powerful piece. Poor Thorwaldsen had for many years so to lean, and probably chiselled it out of the reality of his bitter experience. A happy pendant to it is a picture of his "Return to Copenhagen in 1848," representing his magnificent reception as he lands in the harbour, the King coming in his state barge to meet his boat and welcome him to his native land. He is buried in the open courtyard of the museum, round which the gallery runs. It is a simple, flat grave, covered with ivy; no stone or word records the sleeper beneath. The museum is his record and his tombstone, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."

Then to the Museum of Northern Antiquities, the finest thing of its kind in the world. Du Chaillu has written two volumes upon it. Runic stones of rough, savage granite stand at the entrance. In the lobby is one of the fossilized ash heaps cast out of ancient lake dwellings into the water, consisting of all kinds of rubbish, oyster shells, bones, ashes, odds and ends of all kinds. As the section is cut one can read the story of the heap, which is some six feet thick. The Stone Age is splendidly represented; case after case of axes, hammers, spear-heads, all shapes, sizes, devices. Then the Bronze Age, ornaments of all kinds, necklaces, rings, bangles, etc. Coffins dug up in the Scandinavian bogs of Jutland; the bodies, wrapped in coarse canvas and quite black, are perfect. These coffins are half-hollowed trunks of trees, the other half forming the lid. An extraordinarily finely carved carriage found in Jutland is most interesting. It is like a small wagon, with low straight sides, and decorated with metal. I suspect we in the east of England got the shape of our field wagons from these Jutland carriages, for they are peculiar

to East Anglia; as we also got the shape of our tumbrels—a still older form of cart—from the Roman chariot. The ecclesiastical section upstairs is large and rich; church doors highly though rudely carved, altars, vestments, chests, pastoral staves, the crosier of the last Archbishop of Lund, the enamelling of which is very beautiful.

The Danes have an excellent plan of scaffolding for building and repairing houses. The men work in a wooden cradle, which runs up and down upon strong timbers, can be fixed at any altitude, and moved in either direction horizontally. This is much safer than our system of tall ladders and unprotected planks. Horses given to biting are indicated by a wisp of straw fastened to their bridle, their owners being compelled, by law, so to mark them.

After a lovely passage of one hour and fifteen minutes across the Sound to Malmö in Sweden, we left for Stockholm at 10 p.m. Harvest was busily going on, and second crops of hay and clover being dried upon the great wooden screens used all over Scandinavia. At Stockholm I looked at rooms for a Sailors' Institute. They were well placed on the harbour near the Wilson boats. This is an important centre of English sailor life, and such an institution is much needed. Here I confirmed. A daughter of Mr. Axel Dixon, of Shepsta, was one of the candidates. She had come to Stockholm, a journey of seventy miles, every Saturday *since Christmas* to attend the confirmation classes on Sunday, returning on the Monday! Where can such a record of self-denying, persevering churchmanship be shown in England? Are not these continental English, many of them, worthy of the long and trying journeys which their Bishop has to take for their spiritual welfare?

It was during this visit to Stockholm I commenced a friendship with Sir Francis and Lady Plunkett, then at the Embassy, which was most happily and pleasantly continued and increased elsewhere through the rest of their diplomatic life. These northern English are very appreciative of episcopal care. Upon my last visit to Sweden, a family whose children I had confirmed at Göteberg met my train as it stopped in passing their country station, and presented me with pictures of their neighbourhood. Upon this occasion, all the candidates I had confirmed came to the station to see me off, in a pouring wet night, and kindly presented me with an album of Stockholm views.

The line from Stockholm to Christiania runs to the north of Lake

Wenern, falling into the valley of the Strommen, near Christiania. No traveller visits Christiania without going up to Holmenkollen. It is an hotel, built upon fir-clad hills, commanding fine views of the Christiania Fiord and city. Hither we were carried off almost immediately upon arrival by Mr. Mitchell, the Consul-General for Norway, and here we lunched. The air on Holmenkollen is lovely, the view vast and varied—islands, ships, forest; with houses of all colours and shapes dotting hills and valleys. North-west the view stretches into Tellemarken, the snow mountains of which, in clear weather, can be distinctly seen. The German Emperor when here was, of course, taken up to Holmenkollen. He opened the new road which is called Wilhelmstrasse. A nearer and more easily obtained view is from the reservoir.

On 29 September I consecrated the first Anglican church built in Norway, and dedicated it to St. Edmund, King of East Anglia and martyred by Scandinavians. This will be the church of Norway's English Queen. It is not large, but in architecture characteristically Norse. The Norwegian Bishop of Christiania was present in his robes, wearing his pectoral cross, as also the Dean; both took part in the procession, as did the Governor and other civil authorities. The Bishop and Dean were provided with seats in the chancel. The service was good, and all seemed interested and attentive. I preached an historical sermon upon St. Edmund's life and death. After the service we sat down, a party of eighty, at the Grand Hotel. All the Government officials were present, and many other Norwegians. The speeches made and "scalds" drunk were endless. I had to speak, of course, and told of my intercourse and friendship with many Norwegian missionaries in Natal and Zululand, giving incidents of their lives and work in South Africa. This pleased the Norwegians vastly, some being known to those present. Several came up to me afterwards, and thanked me for what I had said of their country, and of their countrymen making such excellent colonists. By 7 p.m. of that same day three Christiania papers had full accounts of the proceedings of the day, which for Norway was considered wonderful. I also confirmed a few days later in this new and very pretty little church.

On market days small greenhouses on wheels are used here to shelter the flowers from the cold.

The Viking ship is one of the sights of Christiania; deeply interesting and instructive. It is housed in a large shed, and is in every

way unique. The enormous length surprised me, nearly seventy feet, and so high that a wooden gallery is erected along which visitors walk in order to look upon its deck. It is of oak and black with age, clinker-built, with an enormous rudder, shipped on the star-board (steer-board) side, and not absolutely therefore at the stern. A stepped plank, which is perfect, was used to reach the deck. The dead Viking was laid to rest in the midst of his vessel, which is roofed amidships with heavy, rough, rounded timber. He was buried — for sporting purposes in his next estate — with his horses and dogs, whose skulls and bones are preserved, with quantities of most interesting relics in glass cases arranged around the shed. Even the rough wooden beds were found, and are preserved beneath the ship. The rowlocks, thirty-two in number, are round holes in the ship's sides; the oars eighteen feet long, of which there are many strung up on the walls of the shed. Small boats, which are also well preserved, were left upon the deck, presumably for landing or preservation in case of wreck. A host of things are piled behind railings, which could easily be stolen, and ought to be better protected. However, Scandinavia is honest, scarcely knowing as yet, happily, that there are thieves in the world, and trusts accordingly. Cauldrons, wooden spades, dish platters, and plates of wood are tossed about in primitive confusion. In glass cases upon the walls are specimens of canvas, cordage, bast mat, and peacock feathers—for it is said that these wild pirates kept peacocks! Even the old Viking's bones are encased in glass, and doctors say that he must have suffered from rheumatism, poor old soul, for the leg bones are much disfigured, as any unskilled eye can see! The ship was dug up in the Sand Fiord, a branch of the Christiania Fiord, five miles from the mouth of the Gommen; it was found in blue clay, which accounts for its perfect preservation.

Oscar's Hal is another of the sights of Christiania which should by no means be omitted. There at Bygdö, in the grounds of the mimic palace by the waterside, brought and placed there by the King, are to be seen many interesting specimens of the ancient wooden buildings of Norway. Several extremely quaint Norsk cottages and farm buildings from Tellemarken, forming a most picturesque little Norwegian village, in the midst of which stands the old Stave Church brought down from Gol. It has the usual high pointed roof with carvings of horse-heads, and is very dark inside, for there are no windows, only small openings aloft. A veranda

runs all round. Both exterior and interior are of dark wood, brown almost to black with age, for these churches were the first built upon the introduction of Christianity into Norway, and are therefore nearly one thousand years old. There are no seats, only an old settle, carved and heavy, called the "bride and bridegroom seat." The altar stands in a mysteriously dark little apse, and over it a faded fresco. The roof is supported by strong, round, wooden pillars. The small quaint peasants' cottages scattered around are worth careful inspection. Upon entering by a low, heavy, square door, one feels that one is not somehow in a Christian abode, and is reminded of a Zulu hut squared and made of heavy timber, and that the life of the old Tellemarkian must have been as rough and savage as that of the Zulus. The darkness is the same, the fireplace is the same, the smell is the same—it is heathen. A square heavy stone stands raised in the midst for the fire, the smoke of which escaped through a hole in the roof. Exactly above it a huge wooden crane swings over the firestone which carried the cauldron on and off the fire. Bed bunks, of huge dimensions, stand by the walls on either side. The roof is of sods of turf; clover and grass growing as freely upon it as in a field. The farm buildings are most picturesque. The farmhouse is reached by a rude stairway, has beds or bunks in it; furniture of old Norsk type; tankards, pewter plates, such as we used in kitchens in former days; a distaff, etc. There are several of these quaint carved wooden churches in Norway; the guide-books only mention five, I think, but when I went into Tellemarken some years after this I heard of many more hidden away in small out-of-the-way villages. The fear is that they may be destroyed and their place taken by the ugly, square, whitewashed churches such as one sees at Borgund standing near and disfiguring the fine old Stave Church of that place. There is this one brought here from Gol, one taken from Norway by Frederick the Great, and erected in Silesia; one at Hitterdal, in situ; another, not I believe in situ, in the grounds of Mr. Gale, the American Consul, near Bergen; the fifth at Borgund, near Laerdalsoren on the Sogner Fiord. In the museum at Christiania we were shown the small rough boat made of mere sticks picked up on the shore, and of bits of canvas sewn together, in which Nansen made his remarkable voyage of two days at the end of his journey across Greenland. This boat saved his life. In the same part of the museum are ancient sledges painted and gilded, also quaint old harness

ornaments, yokes, and collars; horse-heads of dragon shape, which adorn everything in Norway from sledges and horse collars to house gables and church roofs.

We went out, at the Consul-General's invitation, to spend a few days with him in his fishing-box at Dröbak upon the Christiania Fiord, where the passage narrows to two miles. Here, and all over the fiord, are large lofty ice stores, the property of a Mr. Parr, a descendant of the Parr of Life Pills fame. The ice is stored in the winter, and shipped in vessels which are placed under the ice slides, down which the blocks are run into the holds of the ships. Much, perhaps most, of the Wenham Lake ice, so called, and sold in England, comes from Parr's ice stores here; indeed, at one time these stores were called "the Wenham ice stores." The weather now became very cold, for the summer was past, and when it is gone the winter follows with little or no autumn. What falls here as rain is snow on the hills. Winter comes in these northern regions with a suddenness that gives no warning. The Consul-General tells a story from Lapland, a country which he knows. A Lapp came from the far north in the early summer to the nearest priest carrying a bag upon his back. The priest asked him what it contained. His father's bones, he replied, which he had brought to the nearest church for burial. "But what have you done with the rest of the body?" inquired the priest. "Oh," said the Lapp, "we are much troubled with foxes in our neighbourhood during the winter, and I used it for baiting my traps." A Dröbak gentleman put a steamer at our disposal and took us up several pretty branches of the fiord, where we did some fishing. It would have been a pleasant trip had the weather not been so wild and cold. Even upon the hills about Christiania snow had fallen, and it was becoming very winterly.

Upon leaving Dröbak, we fetched a compass round Norway by steamer; it was impossible to go to the western fiords by land, the Valders route being already blocked with snow. The steamer touched at several rather quaintly pretty places. Krägero, in a wooded, rocky bay, where is a wonderful fish-market, lobsters and crabs by the ton. Like a small Malta, Krägero has no streets, only steep, rocky passage-ways. Arendal is another pretty place to put into, situated upon several fine arms of the main fiord. This Norwegian coast-line is *sui generis*. There is nothing like it elsewhere in all the world; endless rocky waterways, houses perched

upon them everywhere, white, red, yellow, with their small and brilliantly green pastures running down to the water. One wonders how it is possible to thread a steamer through the narrow passages. Again and again no way out seems possible, a mere rock-bound, apparently tightly-girded lock, and yet the opening, however small, always comes—as with life's difficulties—when one can get no further. The passage is at times so close that we nearly touched the rocks on either side, and could with ease jump out upon them.

The Scandinavians are very kind to animals and birds. In winter they feed them, and on Christmas Eve especially it is the custom for each family to put out a wheat-sheaf that the birds may enjoy a Christmas dinner as well as themselves. And wheat-sheaves, it must be remembered, are scarce in barren Norway.

Flekkefiord is one of the prettiest points upon this circumnavigation of South Norway. Fine mountains enclose it on nearly every side, the small town with its brilliantly painted wooden houses contrasting gaily with the tremendous precipices of black, frowning rock. Walruses and eider duck are not unfrequent on this part of the Norwegian coast. We saw one near the Flekkefiord, and several patches of eider. Lone lighthouses with detached cottages near by are constantly passed. Sometimes the cottage itself is the lighthouse, one window being especially fitted for lighting purposes. It must be a dismal existence, the black savage rocks around so infinitely lonesome, no vestige of vegetation within sight, and for weeks and months of all-but night little or no access to or from fellow-humanity.

At Eggersund passengers who do not like exposure to this, the most stormy part of the Skaggerak—where the sea, like the wicked, is never at rest—disembark, and take to a small three-foot-six railway running to Stavanger, leaving the steamer to brave the outer passage. The towny village takes its name from the abundance of plovers' eggs found on the moorlands around. It is a silent, depressing, tidy, but dead-and-buried little place. A lane of wooden houses, all painted out of but two paint-pots, light and dark brown, with stairs leading up to the doors, such as are used to reach a hay loft. At the end is the wharf, choked—as all wharves in Scandinavia—with barrels; at the other end a tiny railway station, choked with more barrels. The carriages of the toy railway are lighted by half a lamp at each end of the compartment, for Norwegians, in view of their long, dark winters, are careful of their oil. The dreari-

ness of the scenery upon this little railway passes description, running now and again on the margin of utterly barren lakes, now and again on the utterly barren and dismal seashore, the interstices being filled with erratic blocks—as geologists call them—dropped from the end of glaciers, when they reached the sea and fell to pieces. The wealth of the district may be gauged from the fact that the mate of the steamer we had just quitted pointed out a small house in a cove as we passed along the coast, and lowering his voice to a respectful tone, bordering almost upon awe, said, "There in that house lives one of our most successful traders; he is said to be worth 300,000 kroner (£1500), now he stays at home." He turned to us with a look of triumphant pride that seemed to ask if anything in our "fiscal policy" could match it. If he has invested it in Norwegian Government Stock it brings him in about £60 a year—a millionaire in those parts.

Enormous quantities of lobsters are sent from this coast to England in vessels constructed for the purpose; they admit the sea-water, which keeps the lobsters alive. If the voyage is short and favourable, they rise and fall in the water; if not they die, and, sinking to the bottom, crush their lower brethren to death.

The cathedral of Stavanger is, for this country, a considerable length, with small Norman windows. The east end is decorated style; where transepts would be, are two small turrets running from the base to above the roof, round below and pointed above. In the eastern gable is a fine rose window, the gable flanked at the angles by two square towers, pointed.

From Stavanger it was a wild, stormy passage into the Hardanger Fiord, on a bleak, black day. But we were too late in the season, as the mate of the *Folgerfonder* said when he saw us come on board. "Why, it *is* funny to see you here now: all your people are gone back to England long ago." All very grand and delightful in pleasant summer weather, but now the lofty summits dismally wrapped and wreathed in clouds; clouds, mountains, and water all equally black as ink. At this time only two steamers plied on the Hardanger Fiord, and another was being built at Bergen.

The next morning broke fine and bright; the rain of the previous day had covered all the mountains with newly-fallen snow. When I came on deck we were passing down the narrow, beautiful branch of the fiord which ends in Odde; each side lined with precipitous mountains glittering with new snow in the early sunshine, with

glimpses here and there, through openings, of the great Folgerfonder Glacier, the largest in Europe. We had taken on board, somewhere in the early morning, the Norwegian pastor of Ullesvang. He told me that he was on his way to a wedding at Odde, one of his parishes. We use his church there in the summer for our service, Odde being one of my many summer chaplaincies which are springing up all over this Northern Switzerland from Christiansund to the North Cape. He seemed delighted when I told him that we ought to build an English church at Odde. The hotels at Odde were all shut up, so we did not stay.

Returning down the Odde branch of the Hardanger, we touched at several pretty places. Lofthus—which the German Emperor admires very much—is a beautiful spot, with a fine waterfall of more than a thousand feet, descending from the mountains behind it. The depth of water in these fiords is, as a rule, the same as the height of the mountains bordering them. The Ullesvang pastor told us a strange story of an English girl of twenty who had come to his house that week, having walked for many days. She stated that the doctors advised her to walk for her health, and that she was on her way to Bergen. He took her in till the steamer arrived, as it was impossible for a girl to wander about alone in that wild region. She had nothing with her but what she wore. I had serious thoughts of telegraphing for Lady Vincent and her Girls' Friendly Aid!

The Hardanger female head-dress is white and ample-flowing. A stiff forehead band in front, highly and profusely starched and goffered.

At the intersection of the four branches of the Hardanger Fiord the snow mountains—as they then were—showed up grandly.

Utne is very prettily placed upon a promontory. Steaming into the Ulvik branch through a narrow strait between high precipices we left the steamer, and taking ponies rode over the hills to Graven, and so on to Eide. It was a lovely, warm, sunny October day, the route abounding in waterfalls. We found a solitary fisher-Englishman at Mœlands Hotel. He had been driven down from the Sogne Fiord, where, he reported, the snow had been lying a foot deep. The Valders route from Christiania to the Sogne Fiord, which we had intended taking, he reported so snowed up and frozen that even Norwegian ponies could not cross that way. It was well that we had not attempted it so late in the year. From Eide to Voss Vangen is a pleasant drive of some four hours, passing the Skierfoss on the

way. The road crosses the fall, and at this season is dashed by the spray.

From Voss Vangen we drove fifty miles by stolkjærre—a species of small wagon—to Gudvangen on the Sogne Fiord. The scenery is poor till Stalheim is reached, from which point the view down the Nœrodal, or narrow dale, is very fine. It would increase the beauty of this view up the Gudvangen branch if the Sogne Fiord could be seen; the water used to come up the valley, but not now; it is hidden by a projecting flank of the mountains, which here are very precipitous. The mouth of the valley is guarded by two enormous bastions of granite smoothed by glacial action; that to the left is called Jördalsnut. The descent from the Stalheim Hotel is by a series of zigzags which at each turn bring one of two waterfalls face to face with the traveller—the Silver foss and the Stalheim foss. The night was falling as we reached the bottom of the Stalheim Kleve: it falls just one hour earlier in that dark valley, which the sun never reaches at all for eight months in the year. The water of the river flowing down the Nœrodal is a wondrous transparent green, caused by the pure water flowing over masses of white felspar. Even the summer tourists find Gudvangen depressing; at this season of the year it is positively terrifying.

Here we slept, and awoke to find that much snow had fallen in the night. Through snow and cloud we could see how really grand the scenery of Gudvangen is—mountains all round, from which descend waterfalls, thousands of feet in height, into the deep precipice-locked fiord. A little pathway creeps under the blasted rocks on the left-hand side of the fiord, set with iron stanchions and rods to guide pedestrians in mist or darkness, for no wheels can pass this way. We were evidently in for wintry weather, and it was no use stopping. The natives all shrugged their shoulders and bade us prepare for the worst. There was nothing to be done but get back to Voss as soon as possible. The difficulty was to do so. As we approached the zigzags up to Stalheim the snow came down, increasing to a blinding storm. The trees were snow-laden, and the landscape looked like the depth of January. Our skydgut had to keep getting down to break the hard snow out of the horse's shoes. This he did in a very primitive fashion, taking up the horse's hoofs and knocking them against the shaft. This was all very well at first, but when the ice had formed hard in the hoof he groped about in the snow for a big stone and pegged away till bit by bit he got it

clear. It was a long and trying fifty miles, and right glad were we at about 6 p.m. to see the kilometres decrease upon the stones by the wayside, till at last the houses of Voss appeared in the distance through the dusk. Our skydgut was a delightful boy, and had made these weary one hundred miles lighter by his cheerful, civil, and intelligent companionship. His name, Botolf Ullestad, of Voss Vangen, about eighteen years old, speaking little English, but very correctly, and wanting to know more. He could not get English books, but possessed *Jacob Faithful*. I promised to send him something to read, and advised him to exercise his English as much as possible with tourists.

There is a small railway from Voss to Bergen, by which we travelled in sleet and snow, able to see nothing of the country by the way. Bergen, always wet, always raining—so much so that it is said a horse will shy in the streets in passing a person without an open umbrella—was a waterspout; its roofs waterfalls, its streets cascades.

A large number of emigrants were going in our steamer, the *El Dorado*, from Stavanger—at which we touched on the way—to Liverpool, *en route* for Chicago. I stood amongst them as their old painted chests, upon which they had opened their baby eyes in their distant fiord or mountain homes, went up on the crane to be swung into the hold. They stood looking mutely at it all, as if going to be hanged in like manner themselves. "Johannes," I heard one say to another, "I say 'farvel'; have a good journey and come back to us again." The face and the grasp of the hand told much more than the words spoken. The wrench from the old home, friends, relations, country; all the untried difficulties, troubles, hardships, loneliness of the strange country and the new life. To many no return, no meeting again. As the steamer slowly warped away from the quay a half-hearted cheer was raised by those on shore, but no cheer came back. There were sad homes that night in Norway, and sad hearts on board the *El Dorado* too.

So we crossed with these heavy-hearted emigrants to Hull, and brought this most snowy, winterly Norwegian journey to an end. Tourists see Norway in scorching June, July, and August. We saw it in its other nine months' dress, and it was not becoming.

CHAPTER XVII

A severe winter in Western Europe—Fifth annual Conference at Wiesbaden—Presentation of new pastoral staff—Dinner at the Grand Ducal Palace, Darmstadt—Confirmation of consumptive patients at Davos—An old bilingual Bury St. Edmunds woman—Consecration of English church at Dieppe—Cession of Heligoland; its ancient titles to land—"The pleasantest people in Europe."

MY last journey this year was to North Germany, crossing to Rotterdam on 17 November. We had much difficulty in making the mouth of the Maes, so thick was the fog; we had to lie off the Dutch coast sounding for some time. The entrance to the Maes is very difficult to make in thick weather. It is marked by two wooden erections, not easily discerned under such circumstances. We were, in consequence, late into Rotterdam, missing all early trains eastward, and I did not reach Hanover till three o'clock next morning. Here I confirmed and left for Dresden, where two confirmations awaited me, one at our own, the other at the American church, besides other work.

From Dresden I went to Cassel by—to me—a new route. At Oberöblingen are two lakes, one salt, the other fresh, a phenomenon difficult to account for. The route lay through Eilsleben, Luther's birthplace. The winter, which I began up in the far north at Michaelmas, followed me to Thuringen, where there was snow; indeed, not many months of 1890 were without snow to me. At Cassel I confirmed and preached for the Continental Bishopric Fund, returning by way of Hanover. In Holland I found all flags at half-mast in consequence of the death of the King. I was not sorry to be clear of the Continent in such a winter, the paddle-boxes of the Harwich boat being cased in ice, and her decks covered with snow.

Hibernating in England till 12 March, 1891, I sallied forth again. No cabs could be got in London that morning in consequence of

the frost and snow of that persistent winter, which, driving me from Norway at Michaelmas, now blocked my way in March to Victoria Station *en route* for Paris. In consequence of the blizzard the boat-train to Dover was almost empty, boats to Calais having battled in the hurricane of wind and snow for sixteen hours between the two ports. We got over, however, better than that, and it was well that we did, for at 3 p.m. I had a confirmation at Calais, where for forty years, from the peace of 1815 to 1865, the three thousand English lace-makers were left without a chaplain! Another confirmation at Bruges followed the next day, with confirmation and sermons on the Sunday in all three of the Paris churches, and also at Versailles. Lord and Lady Brassey were at the confirmation of their daughter at St. George's Church, having come over for it from England.

From Paris I went to Brussels, Bruges, Lille, and Croix for confirmation and work of various kinds, and then returned via Calais to England, snowstorms and intense cold pursuing me almost to the bitter end.

On Saturday, 5 May, I was again on my way for a somewhat long visitation, and in a dense fog reached Antwerp after long and tedious delay. The Scheldt was blocked by a broken-backed steamer from Bordeaux, which had run across a sandbank in the fog, and a White Star Liner full of passengers was also stuck hard and fast, so that traffic was much impeded, and I did not reach Antwerp till after the morning service, at which I was to have preached. However, I was in time for the confirmation in the afternoon, and gave them an evening sermon instead.

From Antwerp I went to Coblenz *en route* to our annual Conference at Wiesbaden. Upon this occasion my good chaplains presented me with a new pastoral staff to take the place of that stolen from me in Switzerland. It is of silver, set with stones, not too heavy, made in sections, and portable for travelling. Very kind words were spoken at its presentation, which I appreciated and reciprocated. I received an invitation from the Grand Duke of Hesse to dinner at Darmstadt, whither I was bound upon leaving Wiesbaden. I dined with a German gentleman, Von Schmerling, who was Governor of Dantzig, and served through the Franco-German War. He told me that when an officer friend of the Emperor Frederick saw him at Potsdam three days before his death, he said to him, "We are all so glad to see your Majesty back in the

old palace, and hope you may live long to inhabit it." The dying Emperor put his hands before his face, and when he removed them the tears were running down his cheeks. He then lifted his hands and looked to heaven. Unable to speak, he indicated he would soon be gone.

Upon arrival at Darmstadt I found a carriage from the palace with the Hofmarschal awaiting me. When I reached the Schlöss I found the ladies and gentlemen of the Court already assembled and awaiting the entrance of the Grand Duke and Empress Frederick, who was staying there. Almost immediately the Empress entered, leaning upon the arm of the Grand Duke, and followed by Princess Margarita of Prussia, Princess Heinrich, Princess Alix (now Empress of Russia), and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. The Empress was looking much better than when I had last seen her in Berlin. She came across to where I was standing, and with the usual kindly welcome and warm greeting asked where I had come from. The Empress inquired very fully into the working of the Girls' Friendly Society, which I do not think she quite understood at that time. When telling the Empress about my pastoral staff, presented to me at Wiesbaden, Prince Louis said he did not know that English bishops used them, and asked upon what occasions. I told him at confirmations, consecration of churches, and other functions. He told me of his Russian journey, the marriage of Princess Alix to the Czarewitch being, as it was generally supposed, in course of arrangement. Princess Margaret told me of her recent visit to Paris with her mother, the Empress Frederick. She also spoke of Sandringham with much affection, adding that she was always very happy there. The Empress Frederick, in reply to my inquiry whether anything further had been done to our church at Berlin since I was there, told me that a mosaic from Venice had been placed over the altar. "My husband intended doing this," and then she paused and shook her head. The windows were not yet put up. When talking to Prince Louis of Hesse about Moscow and Trytyakoff's gallery of pictures, we were doubting as to the artist of a certain picture, upon which the Empress Frederick, who had been listening to our conversation, supplied it at once. She was thoroughly up to most things in the artistic world.

In the drawing-room after dinner a young officer in the uniform of the German Red Hussars came up and spoke to me, drawing my

attention to two pictures of Gravelotte and Slivnitza. He then spoke of English bishops, adding that he was educated at Charterhouse. From his uniform I had taken him for a German. He evidently saw this, and said that he was brought up in England, and wished he was back there at school again, as there was nothing like an English public school. This puzzled me still more, and I said, "I really do not know to whom I am speaking." He replied, "I am Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein; my mother is Princess Christian. I thought you did not know me, because of the German uniform." We then, of course, talked of Windsor and Cumberland Lodge, his home. Princess Heinrich spoke much of Kiel, where she and Prince Heinrich live, and was much interested to find that I knew it. I said I had intended calling at the castle and paying my respects when last there, but was pressed for time. She said it was very kind, and she hoped when next there I would come and see her.

As upon a former occasion, I confirmed in the chapel of the old palace candidates from Darmstadt, from Heidelberg College, Frankfurt, etc.

From Darmstadt I went to Baden, where I stayed with Mr. McCandless, an American, of the firm of Carnegie, Bessemer, & Co., confirming his daughter upon this occasion. He had a Japanese lad as footman, whom he brought from Japan, and who waited in his Japanese dress. Mr. McCandless spoke of him as an excellent Buddhist, walking in all the ordinances of his religion blameless, with no Buddhist temple or priest to help him to do so. Mr. McCandless had a good stable of horses; he had trained two to tandem work; they took the zigzag of the Black Forest hills to perfection. He drove me down the Murgthal and round by Oos back to Baden, their performance being faultless.

From Baden I went on to Freiburg for confirmation. Freiburg is a great centre of the stork family. I am told they feed their young, not only on fish, but frogs and snakes, which they not unfrequently drop down the chimney upon which they build—to the great discomfiture of the inhabitants. They have all left Freiburg this season; the people say that it portends war, or some other national disaster. It was pouring with rain when we came out after the confirmation. Our carriage did not come for us, and I suggested that it had been taken by some one to get home in, adding that in such weather the act was quite justifiable. The chaplain gravely

said, "That is a very dangerous doctrine to preach." On which Colonel Roberts, the army crammer here, ever ready and quick at repartee, turned to him and said, "*You* would practise it instead I suppose." Colonel Roberts, who always abounded in stories, gave an illustration of the acumen of the German postal authorities. A friend of his in England, just starting for Norway, and with Norway consequently much in his mind, addressed him, "Colonel Roberts, Dreisamtrasse, Norway," and it reached him.

From Freiburg I went upon a sad errand to Davos, to confirm the poor consumptive patients of that place. The climb from Landquart is no less than four thousand feet. I stayed with Mrs. John Addington Symonds, the learned author himself being in Italy, whither he always went in the summer, the state of his lungs compelling him to live at Davos in the winter. In a snowstorm on 22 May, I confirmed the consumptive patients in the beautiful little church, which, to the great comfort of the invalids, has been built here. Davos is a sad place, full of melancholy stories which make one's heart ache.

Upon leaving I went to stay with friends at Burier, upon the Lake of Geneva, at a pretty old Swiss house with an uninterruptedly fine view across the lake and up the Valais. From here I took my confirmation and other work at Vevey, Clarens, and Geneva, and then travelled direct via Paris to Caen in Normandy, for confirmation. Here I came upon an old fellow-countywoman from Bury St. Edmunds, who had lived so long in France that she wore a Normandy cap, and had become bilingual. She said, "I have bonne place in the hospice, but am now quatre-vingt-huit years—time now que je depart. Ah! Bury très belle ville, mais je forget it nearly now."

The best view of the wealth of ecclesiastical architecture in Caen is to be obtained from a mound in the grounds of the Abbaye aux Dames. The abbey stands close at hand, then St. Giles, which is almost a ruin, then St. Pierre; and far beyond, the cathedral of St. Etienne, where our conqueror is buried, his queen Matilda, who built the cathedral, lying in the lady chapel. All these churches stand in one continuous line. St. Pierre is the gem of Caen. The tower possesses some rich lancets, and the spire surmounting it is perfect; the nave, highly decorated; the Renaissance work in the apse was then being restored by Italians. There was formerly a canal close under the east end, over which the beautiful apse hung,

as pictures show; now filled in and robbing the pretty garden-close of one of its most interesting features. Mr. Gilbert White, the chaplain, a descendant of him of Selborne fame, told me that there were six English boys at the French Lycée here; in preparing one of them for confirmation he asked him if he said his prayers morning and evening. He said he did, and that the other English boys did so too; the French boys did not, but were called downstairs when dressed into a room where prayers were said in Latin. The French boys did not laugh at our boys for this, though sharing in common a large dormitory; they seemed, on the contrary, to respect them for it.

From Caen I went by sea to Havre, where I spent the Sunday and preached for the bishopric, and then to Rouen for confirmation, *en route* to Dieppe. Here I consecrated All Saints' Church and confirmed, leaving at night for Newhaven. One more journey this year brought 1891 to its conclusion. I crossed from Harwich to Rotterdam in such a gale that upon arrival the trains to Germany were gone; nothing left but a slow afternoon crawler, which did not get to Hamburg till the next morning, but in time for the confirmation. The Vice-Consul here, who knows Heligoland well, told me that when the island was ceded to Germany the small possessors of land, who had held these plots from father to son for generations, sent copies of their title-deeds to the English Foreign Office, begging the Government to see that their property was secured to them. These title-deeds are in the same language and correspond exactly with the titles to land in England about the time of the Norman Conquest. The Foreign Office officials could not decipher them: an expert from the British Museum was employed for the purpose. This proves that our Anglo ancestors were Frisians, for the language in either case is not modern, but old Frisian.

A boy whom I confirmed here told me of his hours in a German school, which he evidently did not appreciate. Breakfast at 7; 7 to 8 private lessons; 8 to 2 school; 2 to 3 private lessons; 3 dinner; immediately afterwards—for digestion, I presume—gymnasium till 4.30; 4.30 to 7 school; 7 to 8 private lessons. Supper and bed. I wondered he was living to tell the tale!

Thence to Hanover for confirmation, where the Kaiser had lately made a surprise journey. He does this—as Frederick the Great was in the habit of doing—to see how quickly his soldiers can get into order and out upon the parade ground. Some of my Warsaw

friends were then at Hanover. They told me of an English officer on the Indian staff who was in Warsaw last winter to learn Russian. The Russian authorities learning that he was an Indian staff officer had all his movements watched. If he went to skate the police were on the ice too; if he got into a droschky they got into another and followed him; as he walked on one side of the street they walked on the other. At last he was ordered to leave Warsaw in three days, and he had to go. I was told that 40,000 to 45,000 troops were then quartered in Warsaw, and that the fortifications were being much strengthened. I was to have confirmed an English girl here travelling with a circus. She had, however, met with a most serious accident. A train, not far from Hanover, crossing the line upon which the special circus train was travelling, literally cut it in two. Her legs were broken, her cheeks torn, her jaw broken in two places, and her teeth driven in. For five hours she was in the wreck, unable to be liberated. The accident occurred at 2 p.m. and she did not reach Hanover till 2 a.m.

From Hanover I went to Dresden and Berlin for various work. In course of conversation with Sir Edward Malet upon this occasion, he told me of the German Emperor's visit to England. He accompanied the Emperor, who was delighted with his reception. Sir Edward added that there was as good an Anglo-German feeling then as there was likely to be, but he said, "We are not popular as a nation. It seems strange, for it always seems to me that we are the pleasantest people in Europe!" There seems to be two sides to this as to many other questions.

Returning to England via Holland, I confirmed at both the Amsterdam churches, crossing from Rotterdam to Harwich, and concluding my year's work on 26 November.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lourdes and its legend—Argéles—Sixth annual Conference at Pau—The Beersheba of the North Europe chaplaincies—Hertford Hospital in Paris—Meran and the Austrian Tyrol—Entry of Bourbaki's army into Switzerland—Consecration of English church at Havre—The Zuyder Zee and its dead cities—Radbolt refuses baptism, "If I am to be separated from them by becoming a Christian, I will remain a heathen"—Island of Marken—Curious story of a stork's matrimonial difficulties—Hunner-betten—The golden oriole—Visit to Sir Horace Rumbold at the Hague Embassy.

THE year's work of 1892 opened with a journey to the Pyrenees; leaving England on February 19, and travelling direct to Arcachon by the Paris-Madrid express. I left London in bitter frost and snow; in twenty-four hours I was at Arcachon amongst the pine forests of the Landes, the bullocks drawing the wood carts covered with white canvas to keep the sun from them, and we ourselves having to walk on the shady side of the street. Below our pretty little church here is the Promenade des Anglais, where the band plays and the invalids and visitors sit basking in the soft winter sun. One of the Landais stilt-walkers had recently for a wager walked from Arcachon to Moscow. He was to have done it in thirty-five days, but it took him forty-six.

From Arcachon I went to Argéles in the valley running off from Lourdes into the Pyrenees. Lourdes is beautifully situated under the mountains—now, of course, deep in snow—at the opening of the charming valley running up to Argéles, Cauterets, Pierrefitte, and Gavarné. The view from the station is perhaps the best to be obtained in the environs. The large new church—a tawdry thing, both outside and in, as everything else at Lourdes—stands commandingly upon an eminence; the large plaster figure of the Virgin —also tawdry—at the entrance to the grotto, where the apparition is alleged to have been seen, is very much *en évidence*.

Mr. Webster, our former chaplain at St. Jean de Luz, a learned man and student, told me the Lourdes story. A little girl of eleven,

named Bernadotte, was gathering sticks in the dry bed of a stream when rain came on. She took shelter in the grotto. Whilst there she saw, as she expressed it, a beautiful lady in white, with a blue sash, standing in the upper part of the grotto. She herself was a good little girl, but was with others of very questionable character. These did not shelter in the grotto, and therefore were not with her when she saw the apparition. The lady told her to scoop with her hand in the soil of the grotto and drink, and water came. This any one can do in these caves. The apparition then said, "Je suis l'immaculée conception." Bernadotte told the story, and it grew, particularly through a foolish English lady, a Roman Catholic, who perhaps did more than any one else to set the ball of this silly story rolling. The true story seems to be that a soldier from Tarbes was that day, with his girl, walking about in that neighbourhood, and sheltering in the grotto from the rain played this prank upon the ignorant superstitious child. Such a story was wanted just then by the Roman Church, and the priests of the neighbourhood fanned it into a blaze. There are several points in the girl's story which will not bear scrutiny. One is the statement that the lady spoke in French, whereas this girl, being a poor Bearnais, could only speak or understand that language. However, the legend has run, and Lourdes has grown from a small, insignificant place to a considerable town of hotels, villas, etc., the result of pilgrimages from all parts of Europe. The traffic in little images and figures of the lady and the grotto is enormous, as great as that in the images of Diana, and the image of Jupiter which fell down from heaven, in St. Paul's time, at Ephesus. It is all most pitiable and miserably sad. Some of the first doctors in France have investigated the alleged cures, and have arrived at the conclusion that $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of those who visit Lourdes are cured; but they assert that, given its fine climate, combined with change of air and scene, together with the effect produced upon the imagination in hysterical and such-like cases, about 5 per cent would *probably* be cured by those causes alone. Lourdes therefore falls short of what ordinary change of air and climate would produce by $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent! A miracle in the wrong direction! These statistics were arrived at by the joint consultation of a body of medical men, half of them believers in the miraculous and half non-believers. A fair test.

From Lourdes to Argéles is a beautiful three-quarters of an hour. Here I stayed with friends who live at Argéles the year round.

They have it all to themselves except during the three summer months, when a few English and more Spaniards visit the valley if the weather is hot, for Argéles is high and cool. The walks in the neighbourhood are pretty and interesting. St. Savin Church, a little up the valley, built by Charlemagne, is Romanesque; there is a chamber between the roofs, loopholed, and used as a fortified building—in this narrow, rocky passage of the valley—against the Saracens. A little further stands alone upon a rocky knoll the church of La Piéta, no houses near, from which the view up and down the valley is charming. The snowy peaks up the valley and around stand stacked and piled about, forming a grand background to the picture. The most prominent snow peak in this valley is the Viscos, which serves as its barometer. Down the valley the walks are also beautiful. Below the château stands a curiously placed stone of enormous size, poised over the valley, and kept from falling by another huge stone which just grips it at one end. These two great rocks must have been falling together, when one caught the other by the tail, so to speak, and pinned it against the precipice on which it is now held—so far as one can judge—in safety. There are houses in the valley beneath which would be crushed by their fall if ever liberated.

From Argéles I went to Pau for our annual Conference, being the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Hellmuth at the Grand Hotel. On 24 February our sixth Conference opened, which was only fairly attended, the remoteness of Pau from Central and Northern Europe being considerable.

After confirmation work and sermons, I left Pau for Biarritz. The route lies past Orthez, a picturesque as well as an historic little town, situated upon the Gave, which flows through Pau, and is reached by a gracefully quaint bridge thrown in a single span from one side to the other of the deep narrow rocky gorge down which the river dashes blue and clear. It is corbelled at the top, as are all the Bearnais buildings, and is adorned in the centre by a lofty, slender, stone-towered gateway. Here, at Orthez, was fought the penultimate battle of the Peninsular campaign, the last being Toulouse. Peace had been signed before this last battle was fought, but there was no telegraphic communication in those days. For some miles before reaching Bayonne the railway runs along the banks of the noble Adour. From Bayonne I drove to Biarritz, a distance of two or three miles lined with villas and gardens of almost tropical growth,

palms, aloes, magnolias, camelias in full bloom, for in February it is getting warm here down South; the sea intensely blue, the air soft, the sun bright, and there is no damp.

At Biarritz I stayed with an old Suffolk friend, Archdeacon Chapman, of Ely, preaching on the Sunday, and doing other work. From the tower on the top of the Archdeacon's villa the view was fine in every direction. To the west stretched the intensely blue Bay of Biscay, to the north lay Bayonne; and beyond, the pine forests of the Landes; to the east the Pyrenees falling down towards the sea, to let the traffic of Europe pass to and fro from France to Spain. Southward lay the Spanish mountains—across the Bidassoa—a deep sierra of indigo, stretching along the shores of Spain till lost in the distance. The most prominent are those under which St. Sebastian lies. The "Trois Couronnes," with its three summits, appears to be in France, but is in Spain, as are all the finer peaks of the Pyrenees. The large plain building in which the Emperor and Empress of the French used to stay, turned now into an hotel, stands isolated towards the lighthouse at the north end of the Bay of Biarritz. The streets of Biarritz are very irregular, as if each builder had bought his plot of ground and built his house facing whichever way his fancy led him. Such French higgledy-piggledy would drive German municipal authorities out of their minds. The shore is studded with rather picturesque rocks; the best view of them and of the coast-line is gained from a small esplanade, set with seats and trees, at the south end of the town. From this point the mountains of Spain, the Spanish coast-line, and the entire sweep of the Bay of Biarritz are seen.

From Biarritz it is but a short journey of about an hour to St. Jean de Luz, my "Beersheba," our most southernly chaplaincy, the route lying along the shores of the broken bay. Here I consecrated the new Church of the Nativity, leaving afterwards for Bordeaux, where I was the guest of Mr. Johnson, the well-known vineyard owner. His house "Lescure"—outside Bordeaux—is a charming place in large and pretty grounds. Magnolias are the botanical feature of Bordeaux. Here, at "Lescure," they are magnificent, growing to a height of sixty feet, and perfect in shape. This is the only district in France where the Carnival extends into Ash-Wednesday. It is said that this is by dispensation, in consequence of the French having on a certain Ash-Wednesday won a battle against the English! If so, it must be a legend as far-fetched as that of Lourdes.

On Shrove-Tuesday all Bordeaux goes out in its thousands to eat snails at Cauderan! How could such people possibly have won a battle against the English? I took part in the Ash-Wednesday service and confirmed. There is a story current here that when our Queen went to Biarritz the royal train stopped in the morning at Libourne, near Bordeaux, for an early cup of coffee. The charge made, or rather attempted, for thirty-five persons was 950 francs—£1 a head!

Through a bitterly cold, snowy night, with carriage windows frozen as in Russia, I travelled to Paris; the coldest day of the winter, as they told me when I arrived. Lord Lytton was dead, and Lord Dufferin had not yet taken office. Mr. Egerton, the First Secretary, with whom I had much conversation about Greece, was to go to Athens. Mr. Stephen (now Sir Condie) I met upon this occasion for the first time. He told me that he was upon the Afghan Frontier Delimitation Commission at Penjdeh. I confirmed in the Embassy Church for all the Paris candidates, jockey and stable boys coming over from Chantilly, and lycée boys from Versailles. The next day I dedicated the chapel in the Hertford Hospital for English patients, built by Sir Richard Wallace, where every appointment that money can provide has perfected the arrangements. Upon leaving Paris I went to Brussels, confirming in the two churches. On my way to England I confirmed at Ostend, crossing afterwards to Dover, and so back to London.

On 6 May I left for Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, for confirmation and other work at Düsseldorf, Cassel, Frankfürt, Heidelberg, and Stuttgart. Here I was the guest of Count Carl Linden. The Countess is a Dane, a member of our Church, and naturally we had much in common to say about Denmark. He is an antiquarian, and has filled his home with much that is interesting, old armour and such-like covering the walls and staircase.

From Stuttgart I went to the Austrian Tyrol via Ulm, which is finely situated on the Danube. The cathedral is the centre of interest. Both tower and spire are very fine—the loftiest in Europe, much carved and open; a coronette sits gracefully about thirty feet from the summit. At the east end are two elaborate spirelettes. Staying at Munich for a confirmation, I passed into Austria. The view of the Bavarian highlands after leaving Munich, covered at this season with snow, is very grand; they stand up across the great peat bog like the mighty coast-line of some great

ocean. It is difficult to see where the railway can find an entrance till Kufstein—the frontier—is reached, when it becomes plain that it gets in where the Inn gets out. Innsbrück is situated at four cross valleys, one leading down to Kufstein and Bavaria, up which we had come, the second to the Vor Arlberg route into Switzerland, the third to Salzburg and Vienna, and the fourth over the Brenner into Italy, whither I was bound. Look up or down any street of Innsbrück at this season and you see snow mountains peering down upon you. It is very beautifully situated. The torrent coming down from the Brenner, up which the train passes, rushes vehemently along its rocky bed, dashing and foaming its way to its brother Danube. It takes the Dresden-Verona-Milan-Ventimiglia-Rom-Meran Express just two hours to climb to the snowy summits of the Brenner. From here the run down the rocky torrent of the Adige is rapid. At Franzensfeste, the fortress at the junction of two valleys, one carrying the line to Vienna and the Dolomite country, the other to Botzen and Italy, Professor Hechler, of Vienna, joined me, and reported that the Buda-Pesth boys for confirmation had gone on to Meran, whither I was bound.

Botzen is picturesquely situated amongst the mountains. Here the main line to Italy branches to Meran. At Meran we have a pretty little church, where I confirmed. From Schlöss Tyrol, above Meran, a fine view down the valley towards Botzen, and upwards towards the Engadine is obtained. On the way are quaint earth pyramids, with large stones poised upon their summits, which protect them as by a roof from being washed away by the rain. The little old town of Meran, with its narrow streets and picturesque gateways, is charming, a portfolio of pictures at every turn, the snow-capped mountains looking down upon all at the end of each little tortuous lane and alley. The Ifinger Spitz forms one of the mountain features of Meran. A young Austrian had fallen from it not long before my visit, and was killed; his body was discovered by the vultures circling over it. I returned from Meran back over the Brenner again to Innsbrück, and thence by the Vor-Arlberg route into Switzerland. The Austrians are proud of this route, and their six-and-a-half-mile Vor-Arlberg tunnel, as well they may be; it is a remarkable piece of engineering.

At Zurich I confirmed and looked at a disused Roman church, which we were thinking of buying and adapting to our services. I then went on to Berne and Lausanne for confirmation and other

work. At Lausanne a Swiss gentleman gave me a very interesting account of the entrance of Bourbaki's army into Switzerland, driven by the Germans over the Swiss frontier at Verrières. The cold of that winter, 1870–1, was intense. As the French came over the frontier they had, of course, to lay down their arms. Thirty-five to forty thousand did so, pointing to their rags and saying, "We come to you naked." Disease and death followed. The Swiss were very good to them. The churches were filled with the poor wretches. Soup kitchens were always at work, and the railway stations were turned into hospitals. The Swiss gentleman who told me these details said that a lad, whom he did not recognize in his terrible plight, came up to him from the mass of miserable fugitives and said, "Sir, take compassion on me; I am the son of your old gardener." About five thousand of the soldiers made a loop through Switzerland and went out again back into France. When at an hotel at Lausanne the servant told me that the number of my room was "nonante-et-cinq," instead of "quatre-vingt-quinze," which I had never heard before. A Swiss gentleman informed me it was old French, and that bankers and commercial men want to introduce such enumeration—soisante, septante, huitante—as less cumbersome.

Upon leaving Lausanne I went again to my friends at Burrier, and stayed in their pretty old Swiss house, "Sully." From there I took my confirmation work at Montreux, and then returned by Paris to Havre for the consecration of our church there, the chaplains of Havre, Croix, Dieppe, Paris, and Rouen being present. After confirming in the newly-consecrated church, I returned to England via Southampton.

On 2 August I crossed to Rotterdam for Holland, staying at Amsterdam for various work. My friend Mr. Boissevain, whose guest I was at Baarn, and who knows everybody, got me the entrée to some private collections of valuable Dutch pictures—Rembrandts, Hobbemas, Gerard Dows, etc., etc. What treasures unknown and unseen by the ordinary traveller and sightseer live in these good old Dutch houses. The Amsterdam galleries never weary; the wealth of pictures, old and new masters, is enormous. I think it the finest collection in Europe. Baarn is a country place, where many Dutch families, merchants, and business men live. The Dutch make a wood and then build in it. This for protection. The country is so flat and wind-swept that it would be impossible to live in an isolated

house, unsheltered by trees. Thus they live together out in the country, in these protected coverts, all outside being flat, exposed, wind-ridden marsh land. During my visit to Baarn Mr. Boissevain went with me upon a delightful trip to the Zuyder Zee. Taking the train, we passed through the noted village of Broek, said to be the cleanest village in Holland, and perhaps in the world. Here, as everybody knows—though not only here—the cows' tails are tied up in winter to the roof of the sheds lest they should lash and foul their sides. On through dyke lands, full of curlews, red shanks, green shanks, ruffs, reeves, herons, bitterns, and endless littoral birds, to Monikendam—the dam of the monks—one of the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. A long, clean, not only dead but buried little town, with its silent street of picturesque houses and quaintly carved mottoes upon them. Here is a large Protestant church, the old cathedral of the twelfth century, much rebuilt and spoilt. In this church stands the historic font in which, according to well-known tradition, the heathen King Radbolt had placed one foot towards his baptism, and then hesitated, asking if he should see his heathen ancestors again in heaven. When told he would not, he withdrew his foot, saying, "If I am to be separated from them by becoming a Christian, I will remain a heathen." And such he died. Here is also a Roman church with a quaint, old, galleried, turreted spire, the bells hanging outside. At the hours very elaborate chimes play, and a procession of horses passes round one of the galleries of the tower. I know nothing at all like these dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. They are so silent, so very dead, scarcely a wheel ever passing along the neat, brick-paved streets, so old-world, so eloquent of a prosperous and busy past, which now seems gone for ever. If the Zuyder Zee is drained, as lately proposed, and the water-way—shallow and such as it is—taken away, they will sink further down into silence and decay.

From Monikendam we went to Edam, another defunct city, where is another church tower of exactly the same architecture as that at Monikendam. A picturesque and very clean town this, with a pretty canal—and canals can be pretty in Holland—running through it, a town hall into which we went, and looked at portraits of mayors, ancient and modern, and other uninteresting local worthies, buried long ago, as their city. One the portrait of a giant lady, whose shoes were shown to us. Verily, if these portraits be correct, there must have been giants and giantesses too in Holland

in those days. Here in a small, exquisitely clean little inn garden, in a shady arbour beside an ideal canal, we ate bread and Edam cheese, celebrated throughout Europe for its excellence, and then launched down the canal to Vollendam in a trek-boat. A Holland trek-boat is a clumsy breed of house-boat, a sort of ark drawn by a horse when no wind is available, and propelled by a sail when there is sufficient wind, as there was this day. Vollendam is also "gone dead." It is situated upon the shore of the Zuyder Zee, which the other towns are not, and said to be the most picturesque and quaint place in all ancient Holland. We went into several houses, the furniture and fittings of which are to be seen nowhere else. The beds are cupboards, enclosed by panels, the pillows worked most beautifully. The little stoves used in summer might easily be brought to England, and would be much admired. They are portable, easily carried about, standing on four legs, of metal, and kept brilliantly bright. A brazier is burnt in them, all fuel in Holland being, of course, peat. The dress of the men is very Greek; they must, I think, have taken their dress from Greek sailors, and exaggerated it. The trousers are enormously wide, like split petticoats, with a top, or tight jacket, tucked into them of pink material, surmounted by fur caps even in hot summer weather. We found some American artists here painting the quaint houses and people. At Vollendam we chartered a large, heavy, and not particularly savoury fish-boat, and sailed about an hour's passage across to the island of Marken. This too is a noteworthy place, though I fancy that it is little visited, being much out of the way, and difficult of access. All is most curious; the island is about a mile long, with hamlets scattered over it. We went into some of the most picturesque of the houses, suggestive of Rider Haggard's *Lisbeth*; Delft china upon shelves, racks all round, and brazen and other vessels about the rooms; several fine old carved armoires stood against the walls. The Friesland clocks took my fancy immensely. They are of ancient manufacture, the brass fittings and ornamentation round the painted faces most curious. Mr. Boissevain, my host and guide, has one, and he says it is almost impossible to put them out of order. The women's dress is almost as bizarre as the men's, red, yellow, blue, every colour almost. Many of these people are born, live, and die in Marken, and never cross the narrow, shallow channel to the mainland.

Mr. Boissevain, who is a great ornithologist and keen sportsman,

told me a very interesting story of a stork. A male bird, which was injured and could not fly, was left behind in Holland one winter. It became tame, and was kept by the people of the premises upon which it was hatched. The following spring a female bird came over from Africa, and paired with it. They built their nest upon a manure heap, probably because the wounded bird could get no higher for the purpose. There they hatched their eggs, and at the flighting season the wounded stork's wife departed to Africa. Whether he had not made her comfortable upon the manure heap, or she was faithless to her poor injured mate, history does not record, but the next year she did not come, and he spent his summer in neglected solitude. But that year she had returned again; the manure heap had been taken away, but a nest had been made upon a little outhouse, up which their human protectors helped the injured exile by a plank. The possessors of the house were looking with interest to see how things would go with them at the end of the season. Before the storks leave for Africa they stand round in a circle and hold a conclave. Those unable to leave with them are then destroyed. Why the hero of this story was not so destroyed my bird-learned friend could not explain.

Another day my host took me to the palace, a pretty white building with curved colonnade on either flank. It is surrounded by beautifully laid out gardens and grounds. Here the little Queen—whom we saw in a boat with the royal flag at the stern—and the Queen Regent were spending the summer. The woods around Baarn are everywhere carefully trimmed and the walks kept in perfect neatness. We drove through them to a small ruin, near which is a large granite stone, what we should call a cromlech. It stands upon four small stones. These cromlechs are called in Holland Hunnerbetten—the beds of the Huns. Where such granite came from, unless glacier-borne, who knows? The nearest granite northward —for it certainly did not come from the south, unless brought by man—is in Scandinavia. How much the Glacial Period has to account for all over Europe! The golden oriole builds in gardens at Amsterdam. The nest is pendant, hanging upon three strings, and is like a wasps' nest. It—the bird, not the nest—cries before rain. My son, who accompanied me on this journey, had a day's shooting with Mr. Boissevain on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. I joined them, with the ladies of the family, later in the day. On these marshes are pools, upon which are placed baskets, like lobster

pots stuck sideways on stakes, for ducks to build and live in, doubtless to protect them from rats and like vermin. Joining the shooters we went to a very primitive little village on the Zee, where we had lunch in the cleanest and quaintest of world-end cottages. In this region the girls wear a peculiar cap; it is black, fitting closely to the head, with a band of thick fur, which to the round Dutch face is very becoming.

Upon leaving my kind and pleasant friends, I went to stay with Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold at the Hague Embassy for confirmation and other work in that city. Sir Horace has been attached—as those who have read his interesting reminiscences know—to many Legations, and has represented us at many Courts. We had much conversation in consequence about my diplomatic parts of Europe. To this confirmation three boys were brought by their parents from Copenhagen. This is a very long journey, and represents much earnestness and appreciation of Church ordinances. They came into the vestry afterwards at my request, and I spoke to them, commending their good parents for their care and self-denial. Not long since—ten years later—I met the mother at Copenhagen, and was glad to hear that the boys, no longer such, were very satisfactory; one in the colonies, to whom she asked me to write a few words of advice and encouragement. After the confirmation I spent the afternoon with Lady Bonham, and then left for Rotterdam, where I preached for the Continental Bishopric.

From Holland I went to Ems, for a meeting on behalf of the bishopric. Here, for the first time in my life, I felt the shock of an earthquake. It occurred on the morning of a very sultry day. The sensation was as though a giant had taken hold of the house below and shaken it to and fro. The school-house was cracked and the children had to be dismissed. It also displaced the panelling on the roof of our Schwalbach church. At Schwalbach I dedicated a window in our pretty little English church to the memory of Mr. Christopher Benson. In passing through Wiesbaden I visited his grave. It is covered by a well-kept flower-bed, and at its head stands a granite cross. The wooded hills around make it a beautiful and quiet resting-place. His brother, the Archbishop, came over for the funeral. The graves in this cemetery are all well kept; I have seldom seen a cemetery, even in England, kept better. On the wall of my bedroom at Wiesbaden hung a small china plate, representing three hares, their

heads in such positions that though there are but three ears amongst them each has a pair. Around the plate run these words:—

Drei Hasen, und der Löffel drei,
Und doch hat jeder Seine zwei.

When preaching in Long Melford Church, Suffolk, not long after, I saw exactly the same represented in old stained glass. No doubt a monkish mode of symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

From Wiesbaden I went to Homburg, staying *en route* at Frankfürt. I am never weary of admiring this grand station. It is a study and a marvel of German skill, order, comfort, and perfection of arrangement. It leaves nothing to be desired but three large fountains along the main internal artery, from which the platforms run at right angles. These fountains to correspond with the three mighty glass roofs, and set round with evergreens in the winter and flowers in the summer, would not only add much to the beauty of the building, but would refresh and cool the atmosphere, which, under such an immense vaulting of glass, is very close and airless. At Homburg I preached for the Continental Bishopric. The season was in full tide, and the place was very full of English. I went to the castle and left cards for the Empress Frederick, an invitation following immediately from her inviting me to dinner. But I regretted being obliged to leave at once for work at Bonn.

The heat on the Continent this August was unprecedented, the trees and shrubs being burnt as by fire; horses dropped dead in the streets, and people were killed by sunstroke. I breakfasted one morning at 5 a.m. out on a balcony, and the heat, even at that hour, was terrific. Out of this burning, fiery furnace I was not sorry to make my way to Rotterdam, and so back to England.

CHAPTER XIX

The unbeliever's grave at Hanover—The Czar at Fredensborg—The organ-blower taken for a nihilist—The Moreau monument—Patience of a Russian railway official—"I have slept in this carriage for a month"—Unusual winter and snowfall in Petersburg—The last of the Emperor Nicholas's sons—Reindeer and camp upon the Neva—A two days' review by the Czar Alexander III—The frozen fish-market at Petersburg—The frozen mammoth from Siberia—State service at the Isaac Cathedral—Riga—Ice eleven and a half feet thick at Libau—A bit of the Arctic regions—Hummocks of ice twenty feet high—Twenty-five steamers frozen in.

THE year 1893 was one of long and almost incessant work and travel. On 20 February I went by Ostend to Brussels, where I was the guest of Lord and Lady Elibank, for confirmation and other work; after which a large reception at the Legation by Sir Edmund and Lady Monson. Their hearts were evidently more in Denmark than in Belgium. All diplomats like dear old Denmark, and all its homely kindliness and people. It is always with a heavy heart that I turn my back upon it, and plunge again into bustling, noisy, self-asserting mid-Europe. Then to Hanover, where I did my usual church work on my way to Dresden. At Hanover there is a grave covered, by order of the man who lies in it, with gigantic stones. He was an unbeliever in the Resurrection. In life he laughed at the idea, and said, "If any living thing should be able to move the stones over my grave, then you may believe in the Resurrection." The seed of a birch tree, dropped by a bird or otherwise, germinated between two of the great stones, and growing into a tree has literally rent them asunder, exposing the vault beneath. As I looked at it I said to myself, "What small instruments the Almighty One uses to confute the fool who says in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

In Dresden I found Mr. Moore, of Copenhagen, installed as chaplain, in place of the excellent and much-beloved Mr. Gilderdale, who had passed away. He had many interesting stories and

incidents to relate of his life and work in the Danish capital. He represented the Czar as being like a boy when at Fredensborg, where he always felt safe and free. He would sometimes lie at the nursery door waiting for his children to come out. They would tumble over and swarm upon him, when he would get up and run the length of the great corridor with them hanging about him, and making no more of their weight—for he was one of the strongest men in Europe—than if they were so many kittens. He had a little tent in the park to which he would invite the guests at Fredensborg to come and have tea with him, waiting upon them, and washing up the cups and saucers afterwards! Fredensborg palace and grounds were always full of detectives, day and night, when he was there. Upon the occasion of the stone-laying of our church, at which he was present with the King and Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other royalties, every precaution was taken to prevent the concealment of any explosive beneath the dais which covered the vaults and excavations. These were dark at the time, and full of heavy timbers. Search was made most carefully all round lest any person or explosive material should be concealed there.

After the church was built, the Czar and Czarina upon one occasion attended our service with the Prince and Princess of Wales. During the singing of the Te Deum an equerry, in attendance upon the Russian Royal Family, came across to Mr. Moore and reported to him, in some agitation, that a man was concealed behind the organ. Mr. Moore, of course, was terrified, and going round at the back the equerry pointed out the organ-blower! The Russians having no organs in their churches, he had taken the blower for a nihilist working his infernal machine into operation!

At one of the large receptions which always mark my visits to Dresden I met Sir Donald Stewart, to whom I was introduced as a direct descendant of Mary Queen of Scots. Professor Hechler came from Vienna to report upon the newly-discovered copy of the Septuagint upon papyrus, some pages of which he exhibited to the Oriental Congress in London last autumn. It was found by a young German trader when travelling in Egypt. It had been buried with the dead, together with a copy of Homer, and discovered amongst the mummies. Parts of Zechariah and Malachi are the most perfect. Professor Hechler wanted the British Museum to buy it for £1000. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Rosebery, two

of the trustees, hesitated to do so. Caution is, of course, necessary in view of such scamps as Shapiro and Simonides, who have, in like cases, deceived even experts.

I walked one day up to the monument which marks the spot where General Moreau fell in the siege of Dresden. It is on an elevated ridge, constructed of stone and very simple; surrounded by trees evidently planted when the monument was erected. It will be remembered that, though a French general, Moreau had turned against Napoleon, and was fighting at that time with Alexander I of Russia. It bears this inscription: "Hier fiel Moreau au seit Alexanders 1813."

From Dresden I went to Berlin, and took the night-express to Warsaw. In Warsaw we have to be on our best ecclesiastical and civil behaviour, or we get into trouble. Leave has always to be obtained from the authorities by Dr. Ellis, our chaplain, for me, as bishop, to hold any service in the city. It seems vexatious, but so it is. Mrs. Fanshawe, an old Anglo-Russian resident here, whom I have mentioned before, told me that her gardener, a member of the Greek Church and a Uniat—that is, one who in days gone by was allowed to become a Roman—married a Roman, and their children were baptized in the Roman Church. Things went on for a while, but at last it was discovered, and he was imprisoned. Another case she told me was that of an English lady, whose daughter was baptized by a priest of the Orthodox Russian Church; she entered her name after the baptism as a Lutheran. She was anxious to have this daughter confirmed in the English Church upon the occasion of my visit, but all kinds of difficulties were thrown in her way. The Archbishop of Warsaw said he would not object, but the Lutheran consistory did. If Dr. Ellis had presented her, he would probably have been sent out of Russia. The Russian priest who baptized the girl was being inquired for, and it was not unlikely that he would be sent to Siberia. The Archbishop advised her being taken over the frontier and confirmed. All these religious difficulties have now been removed by the Imperial Ukase of Easter, 1905. On the Praga side of the Vistula, opposite Warsaw, is a large wood, which being infested by hundreds of bad characters, is unsafe after night-fall. They sleep amongst the trees all the year round, even in the bitterest snow and frost.

There are four stations at Warsaw—the Petersburg, the Moscow, the Alexandrowo, and the fourth for Krakow, South Russia, and the

Crimea. Upon leaving Warsaw for Petersburg I had a first-class compartment to myself, like a little room, and was very comfortable. It is a journey of 1045 versts. In the same train was a Warsaw manufacturer, by name Rau, who told me a very characteristic story illustrating Russian patience and discipline. When about to start upon a journey to the Black Sea he telegraphed to the station-master at a junction to have a special through-carriage waiting for him, which was to be attached to his train. At the last moment he had to delay his journey for a month, forgetting to acquaint the station-master with the change of plan. At the month's end he set out upon his journey, and arriving at the junction in question a man rushed up to him, and said, "Oh, great heavens! how glad I am to see you, little father! I have slept in this carriage for the last month, and thought you were never coming." In intensely cold weather the trains in Russia stop for an hour here and there to allow the guards and others to thoroughly thaw, lest they should be frozen; the tyres of the wheels split, and travelling is rendered dangerous. The brass handles, by which the passengers hold on in climbing in and out of the trains, are bound with flannel. To touch metal at a certain temperature would take the skin off your hands. A good deal of vodka is got through by these officials during the night, for on starting the guards whistle again and again without any response whatever coming from the engine. At night the lights in peasant-huts look like glow-worms lying in the snow. The weather upon this journey was very severe, with continuous snowstorms, and the train required two powerful engines to get it through. The hacking of the frozen snow and ice from the wheels and axles which one hears at intervals all night is a sure index of heavy snowstorms. Getting in and out of the train in such weather is a difficulty and by no means safe. The steps are coated with ice, and the platform terribly slippery. The patterns made by the frost upon the windows are exquisite, broad sprays of feathery ferns, palms, and ostrich feathers, such as no sculptor could execute.

When we arrived at Gatchina the sun shone brilliantly, and the enormous birch trees in the park glittered like silver fountains in some fairyland. This was a winter of unusual snowfall, and thousands of little Finns, with their sledges and small rough ponies, were busy all over Petersburg carting it away. I was told that outside the city the snow so carted lay in hills as high as the Isaac Cathedral! The ice surrounding frozen-in ships is cut with

saws, or they would be crushed. Carriages in the summer and sledges in the winter drive out to the Neva islands to see the sunsets down the Gulf of Finland, which are most gorgeous. The little Samoyeds encamped, as usual, with their reindeer upon the Neva, add to the picturesqueness of the winterly scene. The Isaac Cathedral I found free from scaffolding on its western side, but hidden by enormous timbers on its eastern front. The building needs constant repair and pointing by reason of the severe frosts of winter. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great has been entirely cleared of the small trees and bushes which surrounded it. This was done in consequence of the German Emperor inquiring when he was here where the statue was. The Czar ordered the whole square to be cleared, and the statue, which was practically hidden, to be exposed. It was also thought well to clear away this bushy scrub, as a possible covert for nihilist attacks.

On Sunday, 5 March, I preached at the morning service, Princess Melita, of Edinburgh, being present; in the afternoon I confirmed eighty-five candidates in a church packed to the doors. A boy from Perm, in Siberia, was one of the candidates. As I drove past the Grand Duke Michael's palace he was getting into his sledge. He is the last of the Emperor Nicholas's sons. I stood near him and his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, at the Peterhof Palace landing-place in 1859, when they received the late Emperor upon landing from his yacht, who, with the late Empress, was leading the Duchess of Edinburgh, then a little girl. The Grand Duke was a fine, tall, middle-aged man then, now an old man and bent. The Emperor also drove by in a sledge to the Grand Duke Paul's palace, which is close to the Russian Company's premises on the Neva, where I was staying. In conversation with Mr. Heath, whom I met at a reception, and who had been fifteen years tutor to the Czar's sons, he spoke most highly and affectionately of the Czarevitch—now Emperor—calling him "a dear boy"; he was also devoted to Michael, who was then fourteen. He told me that not one of the three ever told him an untruth, or ever prevaricated in the least matter. This, in view of their Russian surroundings and influences, is most remarkable. When the Penjdeh affair on the Afghan frontier occurred, Sir Edward Thornton was our Ambassador here. He was supposed to have managed matters so well that war did not break out. He and M. Giers were determined that hostilities should be averted; but the English in Petersburg were pre-

paring to leave. The Russian Company had arranged to be taken under the care of the German Embassy. There is no prettier sight in a Petersburg winter than the cutting of the great yard-thick ice-blocks from the Neva, from which they are carried away upon sledges. The drivers in their sheepskins lean upon these blocks—which glitter in the brilliant sun like great diamonds—and in spite of the intense cold sometimes even fall asleep on them.

On 7 March, in 60° of frost, I went to see the Czar review a large section of his troops. The march past, as he sat on horseback in front of the Winter Palace, surrounded by a brilliant staff of all services, was magnificent. Infantry regiments of varied uniforms; cavalry, consisting of Guard Imperial, cuirassiers, lancers, hussars, regiment after regiment galloping at Russian speed in the dazzling snow, which flew up literally like smoke around them as they dashed past, shouting their wild greetings to the Emperor. The sight was worth coming all the way to Petersburg to see. The cuirassiers wore helmets surmounted by outspread eagles. These flashed in the sunlight like streaming comets of fire. Each regiment rode different-coloured horses, which added much to the uniform effect—white, black, chestnut, brown, bay. Cossacks by thousands, red and blue, on their little rough ponies, were everywhere, dashing about with their lances and naghaikie, like demons let loose from the inferno. The rush of the artillery as it rolled in clouds of snow, muffling the sound of the wheels, but shaking the ground, was one of the most effective parts of the pageant. We sat in our sledge on the edge of the Alexandra Square—exactly where the slaughter of "Red Sunday" took place twelve years later—and saw it all from first to last admirably. The ice-hills were then in full swing. I never go to Petersburg without paying them a visit. After watching the sport for a time, I wandered away into the woods to look at the lovely rosy sunset over the ice-bound gulf. The silence was as intense as the cold, broken only by the hoarse croak of the old grey crows, which sit in such bitter weather quite still upon the trees, hunched up as if they even, hardy as they are, protested against 60° of frost. As an index of the winter we were experiencing, I was told that it took seven Finlanders with their sledges more than four days to carry away the snowfall of a *single night* from the courtyard of the Company's premises, upon which my windows looked, and cost the Company £7. It may be imagined what the clearings of a winter cost! Hay barges of enormous size and

thatched, such as are used on the rivers of India, lie embedded in the ice; they stand fixed like gigantic haystacks, to be cut as required. The frozen-up vessels and steamers are roofed over in just the same way as ice-bound ships in the Arctic regions. One of the Carr boys, whose exploits on the ice-hills I have elsewhere described, had just returned from Archangel. He had been away a week, and had slept every night in his sledge. His burnt and scorched face showed how awful the cold must have been.

I lunched with Mr. Heath one day at the Anitchkoff Palace. Here he lived when at Petersburg and taught the Czar's boys. Amongst his many pictures were portraits of two of them, subscribed "from George and Michael to old Mr. Heath"—"old" in the far north being a title of respect and affection.

At the Gostinoi Dvor, or old bazaar, one may pick up all sorts of curious old things—silver, china, pictures, books, ikons, odds and ends from all parts of Russia and the East. Amongst the books I found Canon Ashwell's *Lectures on the Catholic Church* and Miss Yonge's *Heartsease.*

The frozen meat market is of another order of interest, even still more remarkable. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of fish of all kinds, sizes, shapes, colours, from the enormous fish of the Volga, sterlets some twelve feet long, which are sawn in half like trees by cross-cut saws, to little things no bigger than whitebait. As the larger ones are thrown down for sawing, they resound upon the floor like great beams of wood, the medium-sized rattling like captain biscuits. Oxen, sheep, goats, whole pigs frozen, some standing up as if alive, roebuck, wild boar, Arctic grouse, ptarmigan, pheasants, bustards, shore birds, capercailzies, birds large and small, hundreds in kind and hundreds of thousands in number, of all colours, defying the identification of any ordinary ornithologist. Boxes, crates, bales, piles—I might say without exaggeration *miles* of this frozen food—fish, flesh, and fowl. The most interesting sight of its kind, this frozen meat market, that is to be seen surely in the world.

The mammoth in the museum is one of the sights of Petersburg. It was so perfect when first dug out of the frozen ground in Siberia, where it had lain for countless centuries—and the skin, with coat upon it, so well preserved—that the dogs actually gnawed at the carcass as it was being disinterred.

Another day we had a second grand march past of infantry,

cavalry, and artillery. Different regiments to those reviewed on the former day, and therefore different uniforms. Russian uniforms are the most brilliant and beautiful in Europe. One regiment wore grey great-coats with the most perfect porcelain-blue strappings, and helmets with a zone of red fur from ear to ear, spreading in the centre. Others had the same in black, with red and yellow pendants hanging over the back of the helmet, with fur falling down behind. The cold at this review was again so severe that the soldiers wore the bashlik or woollen cover over their heads, which is allowed after the temperature falls to a certain point. At that time we were having between sixty and seventy degrees of frost, and to understand what that is it must be experienced. I was told that it had been difficult to ascertain accurately the temperature of that abnormally cold winter, inasmuch as quicksilver freezes at 40° below zero, Réaumur, and it had frozen several times. When the beaten-down hardened snow freezes very intensely driving in the streets is dangerous, for the roadway being high in the centre and falling away to the sides, causes the sledge to slip down towards the gutter. Not only do they very easily upset when so slipping, but an approaching sledge is apt to dash into another, the Russian driving like the son of Nimshi, furiously. An English girl not long since had her eye knocked in by the shaft of a sledge running against her head. One finds oneself constantly protecting one's face against approaching sledges, for a severe blow might, and probably would, prove fatal.

I dined one day with General Pamitin, a Russian officer. Russian servants seem to have a special faculty for keeping plate in good order. No plate in Europe glitters so brilliantly as that in Russian houses.

On 10 March, the Emperor's birthday, there was a grand service in the Isaac Cathedral. The public were not admitted, but when the Chief of the Police at the doors was told that an English "Metropolite" wished to enter, he made room at once through the crowd and handed us over to the ecclesiastical authorities of the cathedral, who took us within the altar rails and furnished us with chairs, a great concession, since neither the dignitaries of the church nor any of the distinguished laity had any seats provided for them. I was asked if I should like to be introduced to the Archbishop of Petersburg, but not being in canonicals, I begged to be excused. I was given to understand that the message came from

the Archbishop himself. The service—as that at which I was present six years before, and which I have fully described—was exceedingly grand, and the congregation a brilliant one. Grandees and officers, with magnificent uniforms and orders, filled the space beneath the dome. No less than ten mitred bishops, with archimandrites and other dignitaries, forming a double line between the dome and the holy gates, took part in the service.

From Petersburg I travelled to Riga. A wild snowstorm, which made us late, would have blocked the line had not an army of men been at work all night keeping it clear. In this country an engine-driver requires skill in taking his engine through the drifts; must know when to charge a drift, and when to pull up and wait for it to be cut through, for which purpose gangs of men and boys were working by hundreds all along the line. One always knows when a drift lies ahead, the engine uttering a dismal wail as it charges the barrier; at these points progress is very slow. Bird life ceases up here in the winter; not the smallest runnel of water being open, or any means surviving for their existence.

At Riga I preached and confirmed, and took the opportunity of calling upon the Russian Bishop of Courland. The chaplain invited me to meet his choir, most of them speaking only Russian or German. During the great cold of this dry, severe winter, the thermometer reached 40° below zero, Réaumur, i.e. 72° of frost. This can scarcely be beaten in the Arctic regions. Not long before my visit two women were being driven from Courland into Riga; on arrival the driver of the sledge turned to take his fare, when both were found frozen to death. Police guarding at night the great bridge over the Dwina, which is high and exposed, are not unfrequently found dead at their post in the morning. The Russian Government sets apart 80,000,000 roubles (£4,000,000) for the construction of the Siberian railway to Vladivostock. The interest was being spent annually upon the work at 5 per cent; this would be £200,000. In company with the British Consul I visited the English Club, established chiefly for the young men of the British colony. Everything is admirably arranged. The club keeps them out of mischief, for Riga is a very bad place.

Having done my work at Riga, I went on with Dr. Harris, our chaplain, to Libau. The Dwina separates Lithuania from Courland. The route lay through Mitau, its capital. An elderly lady got into the train at Mitau, and after a short while came across the saloon

carriage, and said, "It is strange to hear the English tongue in this part of Russia," and entered into conversation. She told me that her mother liked the English language, and used to speak it whenever she could. She talked of English books, *Catharine and Crawford Tait*, and asked about the Tait family. She was going to her estate, a few miles beyond Mitau. She wrote her name in my journal-book as "Baronne de Ragys, née Comtesse Bose, Annen Strasse, Mitau." She told me of two murders; one on her husband's property, committed a short time before in Courland by peasants in revenge for measures taken against their straying cattle. It seems that much bad blood is caused by this straying of cattle into the forests. As we approached Libau the snow became deeper. We passed a peasant's cottage absolutely buried to the roof, and dug out.

At Libau I was the guest of Mr. Hill, the British Consul. No less than twenty-three ships were waiting to get into Libau, unable to do so in consequence of the port being frozen; this was unusual, Libau being Russia's one open port on the Baltic. The ice in the Baltic that winter was eleven and a half feet thick. The Consul drove me down in his sledge to the shore to see what he said might not be seen so far down the gulf once in a hundred years. It was a sight well worth seeing. To the horizon stretched one vast expanse of rugged ice. Enormous hummocks, here and there piled up to a height of twenty feet; in fact, the appearance was that of a heavy sea arrested suddenly in an ice-grip, and then left to be covered by the winter snows. Five miles out lay twenty-five large steamers frozen in. Some vessels had been frozen in the port of Libau all the winter, an enormous loss to their owners. One, attempting to get out with cargo for the Chicago Exhibition, had her bows crushed, and was compelled to return; she lay here, her bows gaping open. The Consul told me that if the ice was to suddenly break-up and a gale set in from the east the twenty-five frozen-in vessels would be in great peril. They would be driven over in the pack ice to the Swedish coast. Libau is the third port in Russia—Odessa, Rostock, Libau—the main export being wheat. The restricted sale of corn, consequent upon the famine, had greatly injured this branch of trade in Russia.

From Libau to Memel in Germany is seven and a half hours' fast sledging. On the frontier are military posts which supply soldiers to patrol it; the patrols extend to the waves of the Baltic in summer, and, in winter, are posted out upon the frozen sea, meeting

as they pace to and fro with fixed bayonets and loaded carbines. The heavy ice crushers, built on the Clyde, keep the harbour clear in the winter months. It is said that the Russian Government intend making Libau take the place of Cronstadt as a naval arsenal. Large cases of exhibits for Chicago were being shipped, but no one knew when the ships would be able to get away. Travelling from Libau the main line from Petersburg to the frontier is regained at Koshedari, the train coming down from the far north like a ship out of the sea, so flat are these endless steppes. My fellow-travellers to the frontier were Baron Kleish-Keyserlingk and his wife, to whom I was introduced at Libau. She spoke English, he none. She spoke of Robertson's Sermons, and Kingsley's works, which she had read. They were interested to see English coins, sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings and sixpences, none of which they had seen before. "Ah!" exclaimed the Baronne, "and that is the leetle sixpence, is it? I have heard of it."

Wirballen, the frontier, is 840 versts from Petersburg, i.e. 560 miles, and it is 460 miles from the frontier to Berlin. When cholera, plague, or such infectious diseases exist in or out of Russia, one's clothes at the frontier are subjected to disinfectants, which ruin them, and then to a baking process in ovens which ends their existence altogether. Sir R. Morier, our Ambassador at Petersburg, told me of an English officer whose uniform was entirely spoilt by the process. My good friend Mr. Börnholdt, of Riga, had telegraphed to his agent at Wirballen who saw my things through to my great relief without any trouble. An American and his wife at the frontier were in difficulty, being unable to speak any language but their own. It appeared that they had taken sleeping-car tickets at Petersburg, and an official took them away as the train left the capital. Now they were asked for, the car going no farther than the frontier, for the inevitable reason that the gauge is different. The Americans were told that they must pay again, and that all would be made right in London, which I was perfectly certain would not be the case. Whoever got money back parted with in Russia? I helped them as far as I could, complimenting the courteous old station-master upon his few words of English, very few certainly, but the first I had ever heard a Russian railway official speak. The old fellow said, looking quite shy, "Oh, no!" and hastened away to his den lest I should discover that he had got to the end of his English.

At Eydkuhnen, the first German station, it is sufficient to say

"English" in the matter of passports to be a free man; not so other nationalities. But just then a more abrupt official confronted the passenger, for the cholera was about, and a doctor passed through the train before any one was allowed to alight, asking where we came from. Both frontier stations smelt of carbolic and other abominable disinfectants; the Customs agent accompanied me from Russian Wirballen to German Eydkuhnen to see my things through, and then took his leave. The sensation of being whirled away from the frontier towards Berlin by a real express, after thousands of versts in crawling Russian trains, is as novel as it is pleasant. An English newspaper which I got hold of commented then upon the unusually severe weather we had experienced in Russia. "The cold throughout almost all North and Central Russia continues most intense; such weather has not been known for many years. . . . A number of persons have lost their lives by exposure. In one case, in the Province of Kalouga, twelve children from the villages of Pretchistiensk and Nyschniago disregarded the advice of their schoolmaster not to return home. They were found the next morning frozen to death, having been overtaken by a snowstorm."

At Berlin I confirmed in St. George's Church. A window had been recently erected there in memory of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the subject being the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. A small window had been also erected in the Empress Frederick's Closet, representing an angel holding the shields of England and Prussia together with an Imperial crown. Poor Empress Frederick! Always staunch and constant in her love to England.

After leaving Berlin I travelled back to England via Ostend—confirming and preaching at Bruges *en route*—a small migrant at this flighting season taking advantage of our cutting the air in advance of him. When he got within measurable distance of Dover, off the Goodwins, he took leave of us, making a short cut to land.

CHAPTER XX

Seventh Conference at Geneva—Lord and Lady Dufferin at the Paris Embassy—Their world-wide treasures—Up Jutland to Friedrichshaven—A dismal, wind-swept promontory—Six hours of the Cattegat's ill-humour—A cod a yard long for 7½d.—Uddevalle—Winter rushes down from the north—"Nothing more now till next June"—The cataracts of Tröllhatten—Stockholm—The Bishop of Gottland attends the English church—Visit to Shepsta, where the King when Prince of Wales shot his Swedish elks—Gripsholm Castle on the Mälar Lake—A Viking's grave—Lund Cathedral—Visit to the British Legation at Copenhagen—The Princess of Wales attends the harvest thanksgiving service at St. Alban's, Copenhagen.

ON 11 May I was on my way again to Germany, crossing to Rotterdam *en route* for Wiesbaden, where I preached and confirmed, going on to Darmstadt for the same purpose. Thence to Stuttgart for confirmation, where I was again the guest of Count and Countess Carl von Linden, always most kind and hospitable.

From Stuttgart I went to Baden for confirmation, staying with the McCandless', the Americans, at their beautiful villa overlooking Baden and the Black Forest. Mr. McCandless drove me to Gernsbach in the Murgthal. Ottenau is a picturesque village, full of quaint old houses with carved texts upon them: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"; "O house of Jacob, we will walk in the light of the Lord." While trying to decipher another in old German, I asked quite a poor woman in German what a word meant. To my astonishment she replied in good English. She had lived in New York. I had often wondered at the enormous amount of veal consumed in Germany, and now learnt that all male calves, as well as sheep and goats, in Germany are killed, the Government supplying bulls and rams of the best type to protect the breed. How truly German! There is a tower at Gernsbach of the same architecture as those found in Palestine built by the German Crusaders.

From Baden I went on to Freiburg, to which place Mr. McCandless would have driven me with his tandem through the

Black Forest had the weather been settled. The storks are hatching everywhere, their nests full of young ones; most church towers in this region are so occupied.

After doing my work at Freiburg I went on into Switzerland. There was a terrible drought that year in this part of Europe; whole woods and forests brown, dead, burnt as by fire. The cattle sniffed about on the burnt-up ground, their bones sticking out at lamentable angles. In Switzerland I confirmed at Lausanne and Montreux. After our annual Conference at Geneva I went up to Mornex, on the Salève, to select a site for an English church about to be built by a Miss Weber, whose aunt had left money for this purpose. Mornex lies between the Great and Little Salève. There are hotels and pensions around Mornex, the air being good for nerve troubles, and the view up the Mont Blanc valley toward Chamounix is very fine. The run along the left bank of the Rhone to Bellegarde is extremely grand. The gorge through the Jura is very narrow, a mere rent in the mountains made by the Rhone, and is defended by the forts wedged into the rocky heights like martins' nests. One of these forts is actually upon the line of railway from Geneva to Bellegarde on the right bank of the river, the railway running upon a mere ledge blasted out of the rock; the other is perched upon a lofty, rocky height above the lower fort. I was now on my way to Lyons. The journey from Culoz—the junction for Mont Cénis and Italy—is through precipitous walls of rock, not unlike the Cheddar Cliffs, magnified manifold. At Lyons I confirmed, returning to Paris by the Mediterranean express, which does the four hundred miles from Lyons to Paris in eight hours with only three stops.

I had not before met Lord and Lady Dufferin, then at the Paris Embassy. He was older in appearance than I had expected, and very French in manner, taking one's hand in both of his, and holding it for some time, talking the while. He was an "adaptive" and exceedingly delightful man, doing in each Rome of his appointment what the particular Romans amongst whom he found himself did. She rather tall, slight, and dark-complexioned. I met at dinner their sons, daughters, attachés, Monsieur and Madame Waddington, and others. I had much talk with Lady Dufferin about Canada, Russia, and India. After dinner Lord Dufferin talked over his Indian life, of which topic he never seemed to weary, and showed me many valuable things collected by him through a life of distinguished

service in all parts of the world. Where usually flowers are laid amongst the central plate of a dinner table, were wreaths of gold bullion of Indian workmanship, which were hung around their necks when making their vice-regal tours amongst the princes and rajahs of India, as described by Lady Dufferin in *Our Vice-Regal Life in India*. In the centre of the table stood the gold casket in which the freedom of the City of London was presented to him, the same in size and shape as that presented to the German Emperor. Opposite this stood a solid gold image of Bhudda, set thickly with diamonds. To this Lord Dufferin evidently attached great value. It was given to him by King Theebaw. At either end of the table stood caskets of highly chased silver in which addresses had been presented. Another treasure to which he called my attention was a silver casket from Burma, in which the king kept his drinking cup, also a model in silver of an apparatus employed in building the great railway bridge over the Indus at Attock. In the drawing-room Lady Dufferin showed me a magnificent collection of large photographs in a series of albums—of all parts of India, temples, shrines, forts, cities, rivers, mountains in endless order. The French could not altogether forget that Lord Dufferin had had much to do with Egypt, and this made his position here perhaps not quite so pleasant as some of his other posts. At Paris there is always much church work to be done, visiting the Governesses' and Artists' Institutes, Victoria Home, Hertford Hospital, besides receptions, dinner and luncheon parties, sermons, confirmations, committee meetings, which, if detailed now and upon every occasion when visiting the larger chaplaincies, would weary the reader as much as they invariably weary me. They must be taken as read.

One day I drove with Lady Dufferin and her mother to the Girls' Friendly Society Lodge, in which she took great interest. In turning a corner one of the horses fell, and staggered so violently that I was afraid the other would take fright and the carriage be upset. Lady Dufferin, as those are aware who have read *Our Vice-Regal Life*, is very nervous when driving—painfully so. I got her and her mother out as quickly as I could, for the horse that was down had, in struggling, got on to the *trottoir*, and was dragging the other towards a shop window. The coachman, who was English, and therefore kept his head, could not, of course, leave the box; the footman, who was French, fled; it did not matter however, since had he stayed he would have been of no use, nor was there one in

the motley crowd which gathered around one that rendered the smallest assistance. Expletives there were in abundance; of *parbleu*, *ma fois*, *regardez donc*, *sacrés* by the score, which did not, however, get the horses upon their legs again. I kept by the horse that was still standing, but ready at any moment to bolt, whilst the coachman got down and tried to unharness the other; as he was doing so the fallen animal struggled up, and the situation, which was really a nasty one, was saved. From Paris I returned to England, confirming at Boulogne *en route*.

In the autumn I visited my Scandinavian chaplaincies. This time by a novel route, as the cholera was raging in Hamburg, and that way was closed to me. From Parkeston Quay on 4 September I left by the *Botnia*, direct for Esbjerg on the outer Danish coast. Passing along the shores of Suffolk and Norfolk on a lovely afternoon, we lost sight of land in the growing dusk, passing through a fleet of Yarmouth and Lowestoft fishing-boats. All the next day we were out upon the North Sea, with not a sail in sight, nothing around us but gulls, cormorants, divers, and other sea birds. Towards evening a haze gathered, and it was not easy to see the buoys marking the channel to the low raking coast upon which Esbjerg lies. The captain ordered half speed, the navigation being very intricate, and compassed with sandbanks, upon which he told us many a ship had been lost. He and his mate peered long and anxiously through the mist, and were evidently relieved to catch sight of the welcome buoys marking our channel, predicting a nasty night.

Esbjerg is a wretched place, only twenty-five years old, opened as a port upon the North Sea after the German-Danish War of 1864, which took everything from Denmark up to Esbjerg, this being the only outside port she now possesses. Esbjerg is not lighted with a lamp of any kind, and in dismal darkness we had to wait five hours before beginning the night journey up Jutland to Friedrichshaven. Jutland is a dreary, wind-swept promontory, as any atlas will show, the restless North Sea on one side, and the ever-stormy Cattegat on the other; a bleak, wild, weird, lonesome, uncanny sort of land. Magpies, grey crows, buzzards, and screaming sea birds abound. The houses are placed in little hollows, protected by trees, as well they may be in this wind-scourged region. The sea appears repeatedly on either side. Each house has its mill on the roof, and never, I should imagine, any lack of wind to turn them. The farm-

steads are built in squares, with courtyards for protection against the elements. The divisions of land are mostly by mounds, reminding one of the heptarchy divisions of our own country on a small scale. This mode of division came from hence, as also the quickset hedge which abounds in South Jutland—or Angleland—where the fields entirely resemble our own. In North Jutland the land is wilder and more open. The cottages built of wattle and daub, timbered and plastered, or bricked and plastered, and beautifully thatched, as in Norfolk and Suffolk. Three times a week a small steamer plies between Friedrichshaven—a little port situated at the extreme beak of Jutland on the wild Skaggerack—and Göteborg. The Skagger looked fairly good-tempered, but it is ever wicked and treacherous at heart, never reliable for two consecutive hours, and when we were well in its clutches gave the "Blenda" (the Brenda, no doubt, of Sir W. Scott) six good hours of its ill-humour. I was not sorry to get into Göteborg after three days and two nights of it. On exploring the outskirts of the town next day, I renewed the acquaintance, made when a boy, with the curious funnel-shaped holes called in Scandinavia "giant's cauldrons." They were worked in the granite rocks, by a still harder stone, when this part of Sweden was under the sea, or on the sea border. As the tide worked the stones round and round these great funnels were formed, some being three yards across and probably sixteen feet deep.

This is the season for Scandinavia: the sweetness of the climate can only be realized by experience. The air is deliciously mellow, the evening colouring superbly beautiful, the atmosphere almost nil; one looks straight through what there is into the far-away distance of mountains, hills, coast-line, islands, which stand out sharp and brilliant in colour and detail. Here I confirmed and did other work. The fish market is worth a visit, as all Scandinavian fish markets are. I saw a grand halibut ten feet long, and a cod a yard long for 7½d.

Upon leaving Göteborg I went by steamer to Uddevalla upon a visit to our Consul, Mr. Thorburn. On the way in a maze of rock-bound coast lay the Hull and Grimsby steamers in quarantine, the black flag flying, for the cholera at Hamburg was just then the dread of Scandinavia. A steamer, with a doctor on board, was cruising at the mouth of the Gotha and stopping all vessels coming in, the quarantine being five days. The first two hours of the passage is through bleak, bare, weird granite islands and rocky

promontories. Then the coast improves as more rocks and reefs are placed between the inner channels and the hungry savage Cattegat. The space between the granite rocks gradually becomes clothed with pines and patches of cultivation; wooden houses, white, red, yellow, nestle here and there in crevices and sheltered nooks. At certain picturesque points little houses are built by the merchants and residents of Göteborg for summer residence, making the wooded shores very bright and cheerful. At Uddevalla I was met by the British Consul and driven out to his pretty place Casan, situated upon a gentle slope above the fiord, the gardens as a foreground running down to the water, with the loveliest Swedish view possible across to the little hamlet of Gustafberg on the opposite shore. The prettily wooded garden and grounds with a little stream tumbling through them, the fine avenue of trees, the rough, sloping, park-like ground falling to the fiord, the brilliantly coloured rocks interspersed with pine woods on the other shore made up a rare picture of Scandinavian scenery.

Our chaplain at Göteborg travelled this summer on his bicycle from that town to Odde in Norway and back, a remarkable journey of about one thousand miles; the road mountainous, terribly lonely, and passing scarcely any one on the way. At one point of the journey he had to push his cycle forty consecutive miles, and at times was hard set for food.

While at Casan the equinox broke upon us, and in a few hours the storm, rushing down from the north, crushed all life out of the flowers in the beautiful gardens, leaving nothing but a dreary wreck-strewn scene. "Nothing now till next June," said the Consul, and it spoke eloquently of the long Scandinavian winter lying between. A very old and blind woman had been sitting daily at the edge of the little orchard knitting in the faint autumnal sun, endeavouring to warm her old bones. This blast from the north drove her away. I do not think she will feel the warmth of another summer, poor old soul; and seemed to have been making the best of the little warmth remaining in this.

Upon leaving pretty Casan, I went to Tröllhatten. Approaching the Gotha River, which has but lately left the great Wettern Lake, the train passes through black blasted rocks; suddenly emerging from their dark walls, it crosses the iron bridge which spans the whirl of rapids as they hasten to the falls. I had not seen them since 1859, and was glad of the opportunity of refresh-

ing my memory. All is much changed since those days. Then there was but a wooden inn, now a stone hotel. A large iron bridge now spans the narrowest part of the gorge through which the mighty volume of water roars and crashes its way. The best view of the falls is obtained by scrambling down upon the rocky slopes immediately under the bridge, and then climbing to a ridge of rock upon the very edge of the chasm. You are then only just above the boiling waters, which turn in great green domes over the granite rocks worn smooth by ages of their action, and then break in wild wastes of foam and mist on to the next terrace of no less than three miles of gorge and cataract. On these rocks is a fine specimen of the funnel-shaped giant cauldrons already described. The second fall is best seen from the gallery of a saw-mill, a perilous, slippery, and somewhat rotten old erection hanging just over the abyss of waters. I think it was here in 1859; no wonder it has rotted in the everlasting mist and spray. These falls precipitate by far the largest volume of water in Europe. I had just time to hurry down and look at the eight great locks which carry the canal and its ships stair by stair past the falls. The Swedes are very proud of them, and well they may be. They are the work of Ericson, the Swedish engineer. Three miles of lock and canal, the first such ever made, and the finest in the world.

From here I went via Göteborg to Stockholm, where I was the guest of Lord and Lady Gough at the Grand Hotel. The Djurgarten looked quiet and restful at this season—nearly deserted by all summer wanderers. A new theatre was being built at Hasselbacken, and being in Scandinavian style, looks like a Stave kirke. The view from the Grand Hotel upon the edge of the brilliant, clear water as it pours out from the Mälar Lake into the Baltic is the best in Stockholm. Immediately opposite is the palace and the Riddarholmen, or Knight's Island, on which stands, not only the palace, but the Parliament House, Government buildings, and the Riddar, or Knight's Church, the "Westminster Abbey" of the Swedes. The National Museum contains a good collection of the Swedish school of painting. Tideman's are always good, as are also Lindholm's sea-pieces. Tönen has a most graphic picture of a Lap boy, who, with his herd of reindeer, has been overtaken by and lost in a snowstorm. He lies dead, his reindeer around him half buried in the snow, and dead also. His arm is stretched affectionately around one of them, upon which his body partly rests. A search party has

arrived; the owners of the herd are digging the dead beasts out of the snow. The most pathetic figure is the boy's mother, who has come with the search-party, and sits by the dead body of her son indifferent to all else, and gazing fixedly with a terrible sadness at his pale, set face—the one touch of nature which makes the picture what it is. Another is the bringing of the body of Charles XII back to Sweden from Frederichshall, on the Norwegian frontier. The administration of the last Sacrament to a dying soldier in the Franco-German War is a large and very fine picture. Another, still larger, is the citizens of Wisby bringing their treasures by compulsion—gold and silver plate, etc.—and laying it all at the feet of the hated King of Denmark. The Scandinavian school deserves to be much better known than it is. Most people, even with some interest in, if not knowledge of, pictures, seem scarcely to know of its existence. A huge lift takes the passenger nowadays up to a lofty Mosenbach, from which there is an extensive view of Stockholm and the islands away down towards the Baltic. The passages about the Grand Hotel are named as streets—"Paris Gaten," "Christiania Gaten," etc. Swedish hotels only sleep you; your food you must get at a restaurant attached and belonging to the hotel. This is an inconvenience; it breaks the continuity of servants, service, etc. When I preached on the Sunday the Bishop of Gottland was present, and again at the confirmation I held in the afternoon. I was told that he paid the greatest attention to, and seemed deeply interested in, the service. Upon the island of Skepsholm, or Ships Island, stands the Admiralty building. It is the pretty, quiet resort by the waterside of the Stockholm people, who sit about under the trees and listen to the band.

Upon leaving Stockholm I went to stay at Mr. Axel Dickson's pretty place, Shepsta, about seventy miles from Stockholm. Shepsta is a lovely old Swedish place of the best type. It belongs to Baron Oscar Dickson, his brother, Mr. Axel Dickson, managing the property. Charming gardens and grounds surround the house, which is composed of a central block and two detached wings forming a courtyard. The other side of the house looks out immediately upon a large natural lake some two miles long, and bounded on either side by rocks and pine forest. The King, when Prince of Wales, stayed here when elk-shooting with the King of Sweden in 1885. Mr. Dickson tells many stories connected with the King's and Prince's visit. Prince Eugène of Sweden could not speak much

English. Killing his first elk, he came up to an equerry quite excited, and said, "I first blessed (*blessé*) the elk, and then I killed it." At dinner in the evening the Prince of Wales said to him, "Well, Prince Eugène, I am glad to hear that you blessed the elk before you killed it!"

Mr. Dickson has made a tremendously powerful shower and douche bath. Under the leat which carries the water of the river from the lake to the water-mills, a small bathing-house has been built. The bather pulls one of the two strings, when down comes either a shower or a douche bath strong enough almost to carry him down into the jaws of the saw-mills.

We drove one day to Gripsholm Castle on the Mälar Lake, passing on our way a fine example of a Viking's grave, an enormous cairn of rock and stone, sixty feet high, four hundred yards round, and situated on the wooded promontory of a lake. It has never been opened, but is supposed to contain not only the Viking's body, but his ship. The summit is depressed like an extinct volcano, upon which fir trees have sprung up. This depression is supposed to be the consequence of the large ship and other deposits having rotted.

The old castle of Gripsholm, the most historic in Sweden, is situated on an arm of the Mälar Lake. It consists of a pentagonal building of enormous bulk, flanked by four massive domed towers, each different in shape and size. It contains an immense number of rooms, and miles of portraits. Two rooms are shown in which Eric XIV confined his brother John, and in which eventually John confined his brother Eric. The castle, which no doubt stood at one time on an island, is under restoration. The quiet, dull little town of Mariefried stands by the castle, and no doubt lives—if it can be said to live—upon it.

Mr. Dickson told me that children in Sweden walk ten miles to school, which begins at 9 a.m. and ends at 3 p.m. Fancy mites of seven to fourteen years walking twenty miles a day to and from school! In the winter the schools are closed. I saw, as we drove through the forests, a great grey shrike, and two large spotted woodpeckers. The black alder grows hereabout to a great size, looking in the distance like fine old elms.

The Miss Dicksons wear the Dalecarlian dress, which is very picturesque in shape and bizarre in colour. All the employés on the estate live in cottages near by, forming quite a little street. One

sees how our English villages grew up: first the homestead, and then its dependent surroundings. Mr. Dickson's youngest son was leaving for Canada, and the family, feeling the separation keenly, wished to receive the Holy Communion with him before he went. They are seventy miles from the English church—Stockholm—and I celebrated for them. I left my kind friends of this excellent family to return southwards on my way back to England, travelling through the night, and halting at Lund to see the cathedral. A fine, cruciform, Romanesque building of the same style and date as the larger churches on the Rhine—Boppart, Andernach, Coblenz. The splendid Swedish limestone—of which in part our church at Copenhagen is built—has stood this severe climate for eight hundred years, and bears the chisel marks as plainly as the day it was cut. Two Norman towers, as we should call them, stand at the west end with three stories of small windows. These towers are capped with conical stone roofs. On one side of the cathedral is a close, planted with trees, and laid out with walks, beyond which are the university buildings. The crypt is one of the largest in Europe.

The market here, like all northern markets, is worth a visit: bread of all kinds, shapes, and colours; wild deer, capercailzies and grouse, eels, perch, pike, live crayfish, cheese of a dozen kinds, and brilliant gown stuffs, aprons, etc., such as Scandinavians delight to adorn themselves with in this their gloomy climate. Little vans bring the goods from the country; the sides take down, and the goods are exposed for sale without the erection of booths. From a hill behind the town the Sound can be seen for many miles either way, and on a clear day the Danish coast, with the towers and spires of Copenhagen. At Malmö there is not much to see. The town hall is an interesting old building, with much carved stonework. The Petros kirke, near by, is a grand type of the old churches of Schleswig-Holstein and Pomerania; red brick, but old, and toned down to a beauteous colour. Some of the lancet windows must be forty feet high. The tower is lofty but heavy. The apse gracefully supported by flying buttresses from the lower and upper roofs.

As we ran into Copenhagen we passed what was then the familiar sight at this autumn season, the *Osborne* flying the St. George's ensign. A little further on the gigantic *Pole Star*, the Czar's yacht, and lying near, the smaller *Czarevitch*. The *Pole Star* is new. She is of enormous proportions, capable of dining one hundred in her saloon. She looks like a great sloop of war, the St. Andrew's cross

flying at the fore. Upon arriving at the quay I found the Scotts' carriage awaiting me, and I drove to the Embassy, where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. (now Sir Charles and Lady) Scott. Mr. Scott was on the Delagoa Bay Railway Commission when at Berne, and told me much as to its probable settlement, in which I was interested. In the evening a telegram came from the Princess of Wales, who was at Fredensborg, asking if the service next day could be arranged for 10.45 a.m. instead of 12, or be shortened, as she had to come in with the Russian Royal Family, who were attending their own church, and then lunch with them on the *Pole Star*. Mr. Scott consulted me as to what had better be done. Not liking to shorten the service, I advised that we should begin at 10.45 a.m., sending notice to the *Osborne* and residents. On Sunday morning I drove to the English church with Mr. Scott, passing on the way the Russian church, where a crowd was gathered to see the Russian Royal Family arrive. The guard was in mourning, as was also the Czar, on account of a Russian war vessel having been lost in the Baltic with ten officers and fifty men in the gales of the previous week, and the service was of a memorial character. Upon arriving at the English church, which was beautifully decorated for the harvest festival and crowded from east to west, I robed, and then went out into the porch with the Ambassador and Legation staff to receive the Princess and her daughters. Punctually at 10.45, as arranged, they and their suite arrived in the Danish royal carriages. The Princess of Wales, who was still in deep mourning for Prince Albert Victor, stopped with the Princesses, saying with a saddened smile a few kindly words. As the choir were standing behind ready to begin the processional hymn, we then all passed in and the service began. I preached the harvest sermon, and confirmed in the afternoon.

I revisited the Thorwaldsen Museum with Mr. Scott, who then took me to the royal stables to see the horses. They have plenty of work when the Czar is here. When he drives out he seldom returns by the same route or even in the same carriage. Not unfrequently the whole party take cabs for the return portion of the drive, or plain, hired carriages, thus defeating any attempts upon his life. A large reception brought everybody together in Copenhagen—the Ambassador and Mrs. Scott, with Secretaries of Legation, the captain and officers of the *Osborne*, and a large general gathering of English and Danes. On 26 September I left my kind and

hospitable friends at the Legation, Mr. Scott driving with me to the station to see me off. I travelled over the islands to Fredericia. On a Danish goods van I saw the word "Maximal-last." Here is the Danish word used at Yarmouth to represent a certain weight of herrings.

From Fredericia I had to return to England, as I had come, by Esbjerg, in consequence of the cholera still raging at Hamburg, crossing to Harwich in a wretched slow craft, irritatingly called the *Express*.

CHAPTER XXI

Brussels—The Wiertz and national collection of pictures—Biarritz—Peninsular War memorial in English church—Drive through an historic district of the campaign—The Baronne de Gez, a noble victim of the French Revolution—Consecration of St. Andrew's Church at Pau—Two hundred miles of the snowy Pyrenees—Brief flight into Brittany—The cholera at Hamburg—Eighth annual Conference at Dresden—New church at Weimar through the interest of the Grand Duke—"Herzliche Segenswünche für die confirmation"—Professor Godet, the commentator.

THE year 1894 began with a journey to Belgium, confirming at Calais and Croix *en route*, and subsequently at Antwerp and Brussels, candidates coming from Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent. At Brussels I was the guest of Lord and Lady Elibank. But few people seem to know the Wiertz gallery of pictures at Brussels. He must have been a half-crazy, certainly a very horror-possessed, artist. The largest picture is a crucifixion. An enormous angel drives Satan and his host from under the cross at the supreme moment of the Saviour's death; Satan being represented as a *woman*, according to an old legend. "The Visions of a Head Cut Off" is enough to terrify any head into insanity. One of these horrors represents a man pushing up the lid of his coffin, and looking hideously out of it. This is supposed to have foundation in fact—the incident is said to have happened during the cholera at Brussels. A mad woman about to boil her child in a copper, and Napoleon in Hades are both surpassingly horrible. In the latter the denizens of the lower regions crowd around, and show Napoleon the misery and suffering he caused the world: shattered limbs, bodies bleeding, rent and torn, starvation, wounds, and agonizing deaths. Truly if Napoleon is living amongst these results of his earthly career, he must be shocked at, even if he has not repented of, his evil deeds. It is a relief to turn into the National Museum of Pictures, which contains a really fine collection of old and new masters. Hobbemas,

Ruysdaels, Berchems, Van der Veldtes, Honderkooters, Van Goyens. On the modern side are many worth noting. I will only name two or three which struck me as particularly good. One is Marat being stabbed in his bath by Charlotte Corday. Thomas's pictures are life-size and fascinating. Judas after the Saviour's betrayal and condemnation to death wanders alone in the darkness of that terrible night through the purlieus of Jerusalem, and turning suddenly round a rocky knoll comes upon two ruffianly, half-clad men, asleep by a dying fire. By its fading light is seen a huge cross nearly finished, the tools lying around. The face of Judas as he throws up his arms in agonized remorse is exceedingly powerful. The silence, the loneliness, the fire made of rough ends and chips of the cross, the horrible reality of it all rivets the attention. Another of his, in the same connexion, is the Saviour's body being carried to Joseph of Arimathea's garden. Barabbas runs past with broken chains still upon his legs, dragging his little boy, and followed by his wife. Terrified flight and fear are upon all three faces, especially upon that of Barabbas, as he turns and looks upon the silent face and rigid body of Him Who was condemned rather than himself, and had suffered the death which he deserved. I was so much interested in this gallery that I revisited it the next day in company with my host, Lord Elibank.

From Brussels I travelled direct via Paris to Arcachon. I had left Brussels in bitter snow and frost, and found here in less than twenty-four hours everything budding and blossoming into spring, which begins here in February. After a short stay at Arcachon I went on to Biarritz. Near Bayonne are plantations of cork trees; the bark is taken off to about six feet from the ground, which gives the trees a naked appearance, but does not seem to injure the foliage or the growth of the trees, a provision, doubtless, of nature, or the cork tree would, after the first stripping, be useless. At Biarritz I stayed several days, confirming, preaching, and doing some work for the continental branch of the Girls' Friendly Society; Lady Vincent, its secretary, being here for the winter. In the porch of the English church—which is a large and handsome building, holding some seven hundred people—is a monument recording the names of officers and non-commissioned officers who fell in this region during the Peninsular War, Vittoria, Bidassoa, Nive, Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthez, and Toulouse. It runs thus: "Pristinæ virtutis memor. This porch, dedicated to the memory of the officers, non-

commissioned officers, and men of the British Army, who fell in the south-west of France from October 7th, 1813, to April 14th, 1814, was erected by their fellow soldiers and compatriots, A.D. 1882. 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'" "Her Majesty Queen Victoria visited this memorial 30 March, 1889."

Understanding that Princess Frederica of Hanover, who lives at Biarritz, wished to see me, I called at her villa, and knowing how ill she had been, only intended writing my name in her book; being told, however, that the princess was expecting me, I went in, and sat with her some time. She is sister of the Duke of Cumberland, and daughter of the late King of Hanover. From Biarritz Lady Vincent drove me for confirmation to St. Jean de Luz, an interesting drive of twelve miles, passing the scenes of many engagements between the Duke of Wellington's and Marshal Soult's troops, with the full view of the Spanish mountains and the end of the Pyrenees continuously before us. We passed the famous Mairie, now a farmhouse, which was taken and retaken so many times by English and French. It is a picturesque old house, standing back in its own garden, and surrounded by trees. To the south lies a wood, which formed a shelter for our troops in their attacks upon the position. It may be perfectly calm and breathless here on this coast, as it was then, and yet the enormous Atlantic waves come rolling in like Sussex downs, and breaking on the *digue* are thrown high into the air, streaming over the masonry in perfectly white sheets of foam. Mr. Webster, our late chaplain of St. Jean de Luz, and then a resident at Saar, in the Pyrenees, was highly gratified at Mr. Gladstone having obtained for him a Civil Service grant of £150, in recognition of his scholarship and researches into the Basque language, of which he is a perfect master. Upon both occasions of his visits to Biarritz the Prime Minister had sent for, and interviewed him upon his historical and philosophical studies.

Upon leaving St. Jean de Luz I again visited beautiful Argéles. The finest view in or near Argéles is from the cemetery; the snowy Viscos, 7000 feet, and still more snowy Cabaleros, 8000, with their attendant peaks, look down upon this lovely resting-place. An English boy, son of our chaplain, who died of consumption, is buried here. He loved the mountains, and longed to live that he might climb them, but it was ordered otherwise. Upon his tombstone are engraved the words, "Vitam petivit a Te, et tribuisti ei longitudinem dierum in sæculum et in sæculum sæculi." He has

attained his heart's desire, and more; he lives, and has climbed infinitely higher than if he had remained here below; above the snows, storms, temptations, and evils to come of these earthly mountains. The loveliest walk from Argéles is that past the cemetery to Gez, a quaint little village perched among the Spanish chestnut groves. There we called at the house of the old Bayonne de Gez, which is only a fragment of what must have been a château of some pretension. There are remains of mullioned windows of black marble, with a doorway of the same surmounted by a coat-of-arms of the Baroness's family, with the fleur-de-lis conspicuously carved upon the shield. We mounted into a large upper room by a black marble staircase. The Baroness welcomed us, asked us to sit down, poured us out wine of the valley, and cut us bread from a huge black loaf. All was peasant-like, and severely simple, to poverty, but the old lady showed her noble descent by her still delicate features and gentle, gracious manner, which poverty and hardship had not obliterated. The fireplace was large and open; arms and fleurs-de-lis carved above it, though defaced and partly torn down by revolutionary fanatics. Thus in these out-of-the-way parts of France are still to be found remnants and wrecks of good old noble French families reduced to penury and want. Here the ruin had certainly been complete. She was married to a peasant, who cut firewood, which she took down the mountain in a little cart, and sold in the valley. Mrs. Foster, my hostess, being struck by her appearance and manner when she came to sell her wood, found her out in her mountain home, and established the acquaintance which she allowed me to share.

The view to the left of the old Baronne's house, at a turn of the road, from which the whole range of snow mountains on the other side of the valley stand up and tower above the foreground of chestnut trees, is perfect. I saw in a bird-stuffer's shop in Argéles several birds, no doubt common there, but some of them rare with us in England: three scops-eared owls, a great horned owl, a kite, a peregrine falcon, a curlew, a chough, a great grey shrike, a snow-bunting, and two or three other small birds which I did not know.

From Argéles I went to Pau, preaching, confirming in the three churches, and consecrating the new church of St. Andrew, the four chaplains of Pau and the chaplain of Argéles taking part in the service; the two churchwardens, Lord Kilmainham and Sir J. Nugent, being in the procession round the church. The Bishop

of Bedford (Billing) was spending the winter at Pau, but was too ill to take any part in the proceedings. From the Place Henri IV about two hundred miles of the snowy Pyrenees are seen, the Pic du Midi rising like a great inverted two-fanged tooth. The Vignmal, which is in Spain, just peers over the nearer ranges; the Maladetta, which is the loftiest peak, is not visible from Pau. On my way back I stayed to confirm at Bordeaux, travelling on to Paris, preaching and confirming in both churches. Halting at Boulogne for confirmation, I returned to England by Folkestone.

After a stay of only twelve days in England, I crossed the Channel again to Brittany, where I inspected the newly-built church just finished at Paramé, confirmed and preached at St. Servan and Dinard, dedicating a new organ in the latter church, and returned to England.

The Hook of Holland route was now open, and the Great Eastern steamers were dropping their through passengers there for the north and east of Europe. This was a great convenience and boon to one like myself, who always use this route when travelling to or from North Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia. On 8 May I went by the Hook boat from Harwich to Rotterdam, where I had work of varied kind. The German Government began also at this time to build fine large corridor carriages with lavatories and dining-cars, another great accession of convenience and comfort. By one of these I travelled on to Hamburg. The seats are numbered, and on some trains two marks extra is charged for the whole journey; one mark for a certain number of kilometres. Passengers can, under this arrangement, leave their seat and resume it as their freehold for the journey as they please.

This was my first visit to Hamburg since the cholera. Mr. Dundas, the Consul, now Lord Melville, whose children I confirmed, and with whom I stayed, told me that the epidemic was entirely due to drinking the contaminated river water. The point at which the water was conducted by pipes to the city was *below* the suburbs, and therefore corrupted by the suburban drains! In one day alone eleven hundred cases occurred; the highest mortality in one day being six hundred out of a population of five hundred thousand. This culpable carelessness has cost Hamburg dear, the city having had to spend £650,000 upon the new water supply. It is now obtained by the finest waterworks in Europe some miles up the river, and conveyed beneath its bed to the city, each drop being

taken for twenty-four hours through a system of enormous filters. The death-rate now is less than that of London, only 15 per cent., London being 22 per cent.

From Hamburg I went to Hanover. A Mr. Pflügel brought his boys over from Bremen for confirmation. He is an interesting man; has lived in Kamschatka and Alaska, where he was attached to the telegraph staff with Kennan, the author of *Siberian Prisons*. He is terribly frostbitten—one eye being quite gone, and his face and forehead deeply scarred. He told me that frostbite spread like a leprosy, arsenic being the best remedy. I told him that I had employed the same for the frostbites I had experienced in Russia. He spoke of the feet of his Esquimaux dogs being frozen to the ground in Kamschatka.

Leaving Hamburg on Saturday, 12 May, and being anxious to spend Sunday in Berlin, I made a good day's work of it by travelling to Hanover (150 miles) by express, confirming and attending a reception, and then finishing up the day with another two hundred miles of express travelling to Berlin. I felt, at the end of it, that I had earned my bed. Colonel Swayne, our military attaché, told me that every day during the past month he had attended the German Emperor at some review or other, and that His Majesty was much exercised as to the uniform he was to wear as colonel of the Queen's 1st Dragoon Guards. I left cards at the Emperor and Empress's palace, both being absent from Berlin. A morning rarely, if ever, passes without regiments of cavalry or infantry and batteries of artillery passing along Wilhelm Strasse, in which our Embassy is situated.

Our Conference this year was held at Dresden, and thither I went from Berlin to preside at its sessions. All was done exceedingly well, and we had a very successful gathering. At the conclusion of the Conference I confirmed the English and American candidates in All Saints' Church, and attended the usual large receptions which abound in Dresden, and, indeed, form part, more or less, of my work at all chaplaincy visitations. From Dresden I went through the chaplaincies of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Weimar, and Gotha, preaching and confirming in the churches. At Weimar, the Grand Duke wishing to see me, I went out to Belvedere, his palace, of old-fashioned German architecture, with pretty park and gardens. It is well situated at the end of a fine old avenue of horse-chestnuts. The Grand Duchess was in Holland, but I sat for some time talking with the Grand Duke about our

proposed new church, in which he was very much interested. I advised a committee of those English students educated in Weimar, many of whom the Grand Duke remembered. He gave me a list of them, and a very remarkable one it was: the Duke of Wellington, Lord Douro, Sir W. Hunter, Lord A. Loftus, Lord Harewood, Lord Aylesford, Lord Euston, Lord Chesham, Sir E. Lewis, Lord Foley, Hon. N. Eliot, Hon. F. Bridgman, and a number of others. In response to an appeal which I drew up—the King, then Prince of Wales, kindly consenting to be patron of the undertaking—we did very well, and the church was built.

At Gotha I stayed with a German gentleman, a magistrate of Gotha, who told me that he used to play, when a boy, with our Prince Consort, his brother and sisters. Upon this occasion the town lent the Stadt church of Gotha for the confirmation. The church was filled with Germans, who evinced the greatest interest in the service. My host said to me in the evening, speaking in German, for he knew no English: "I have learnt much to-day. I did not know what the English Church was; but when I saw you at the close of the service lift your right hand in benediction, holding your pastoral staff in the left, *then* I said, 'Der Englisher Kirche ist Katolisch.'"

At Carlsruhe I stayed with Baron and Baroness von Boden, she an American, he a German-American in the Baden Government. The Grand Duchess of Baden, who was not here at the time, ordered the pretty little chapel, which she lends us, to be decorated with palms and plants from the palace conservatories, and sent a telegram conveying her good wishes, ending after a lengthy preamble with, "Herzliche Segens wünsche für die confirmation." I telegraphed back my respectful thanks for Her Royal Highness's kindly message. The daughter of the Governor of Ehrenbreitstein was amongst the guests at the reception after the confirmation. She lives at Kronberg, near the Empress Frederick's Schlöss, and told me that the Empress wished me to visit her there, and to show me all she had done by way of new buildings and improvements. I sent my dutiful respects and my hope to do so some day.

Travelling by the beautiful Black Forest railway I spent a few hours at the falls of the Rhine, which I had not seen for thirty-five years, reaching Zürich in the evening, where I conferred with the chaplain and his committee upon the question of the new church. At a reception afterwards I met a Mr. Hill, who was the only European who escaped from Delhi when besieged during the Mutiny.

He had, in making a road, avoided the king's burial ground, where his ancestors lie. The king was so much touched by the respect thus shown for his dead that he effected his escape.

From Zürich I went to Neuchâtel, meeting at the confirmation dear old Professor Godet, the commentator, a beautiful old man, declining with reverent dignity and Christian grace to the grave. He spoke no English, only French, at which I was surprised; but as he said that the service had delighted him, I presumed that he understood it. Several Swiss pastors and others were present who had never seen a confirmation before, and expressed their wish that they had the ordinance in their own Church. This was the first Anglican confirmation ever held in Neuchâtel. From Neuchâtel I went to Lausanne, where I preached and confirmed, leaving afterwards for England, via Paris, Dieppe, and Newhaven.

The last visitation this year was of the Swiss chaplaincies, my route lying from Calais through a flooded country, the recent storms and hurricanes having laid thirty miles of country deeply under water. Whole villages submerged to the lower windows of the houses, the floods rushing through the streets like swollen rivers; boats here and there saving property and lives. A Frenchman told me that it had rained for seventy-five days! We ran through miles of water, at the risk of extinguishing the engine's fires; cuttings crumbling into the flood, and for some distance the line was blocked. However, we got through to Paris somehow, though late, and in due course, via Dijon and Pontarlier, to Lausanne. Here, in addition to the usual church work which awaited me, I spoke on behalf of the Bishopric in the new church room.

On 2 November I read in a Swiss paper of the Czar's death, with this comment: "Il laisse une Empire prospère, absolument homogène, dont l'influence ne peut être contre balancèe que par celle d'Angleterre."

From Lausanne I went to Territet for another Bishopric meeting. The weather was foggy, which might be expected in November, but here one can get above such lower-world troubles. One day, when we could see nothing by reason of the density of the fog, we telephoned up to Caux and asked how the weather was there. The reply came back, "Brilliant sunshine." Up we went, and enjoyed the day much, the Lake of Geneva being altogether invisible, looking as if packed with thick layers of cotton wool. We can't do that in London; to which foggy city, with no Caux as a refuge, I had now to retrace my steps, closing my travels for the year 1894.

CHAPTER XXII

Visit to the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh)—The Duke gives the Schlösschen for the English church—State banquet at the castle, Gotha—Climbing the Gothard from the Italian side—Purchase and adaptation of church at Zurich—The last senior officer of the Balaclava charge—Bishop Mackenzie's grave at the Ruo mouth—The greatest humbug in Europe—A thrice-told tale: the battlefield of Waterloo—Stettin—Ninth annual Conference at Boulogne—Consecration of St. John's Church—The Roman camp on the Saalburg.

THE year 1895 opened for me by an almost solitary crossing to Holland. The terrible collision, which sent the German liner *Elbe* with nearly all hands and passengers to the bottom of the North Sea, had created such a panic that the public seemed afraid to travel by this route. The traffic via Antwerp, moreover, was stopped altogether in consequence of the amount of ice in the Scheldt, and indeed the Maes was not much better, for that river was full of floe ice, and our progress through it was but slow. The last newspaper posters the evening of my departure (13 February) announced "Sea freezing," and it was scarcely an exaggeration. The *Crathie*, which ran down the ill-fated *Elbe*, was lying up at Rotterdam. Holland was entirely on skates and sledges, the dykes being highways of passage and commerce; ships frozen in, and cut round to prevent ice-squeeze. At Amsterdam I confirmed, leaving next day for Düsseldorf, where another confirmation. A Dutch gentleman told me that certain bills exist in Antwerp, proving that Rubens only took sixteen days to paint his "Descent from the Cross." It seems incredible. If true, it accounts for the acres of pictures attributed to him throughout Europe.

Upon reaching the high region of Thuringen, on my way to Gotha, this severe winter showed itself in a country buried unusually deep in snow, the streets of Gotha being cut through and banked on either side with snowy walls. At the Sunday service on 17 February—followed by a celebration at his own request—the Duke of

Edinburgh (Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha) was present. This was the first time he had attended the English service since his recent accession to Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, having to be careful not to seem too English. After service I went to lunch at the Schlöss. The Duke and Duchess welcomed me very cordially, introducing me to their only son, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and their two daughters. On introducing me to his son, the Duke said, "This is my son Ernest, who did *not* hear the Bishop's sermon." "And why did you not come to church?" he said, turning to him. He replied that he did not get up early enough. "Then you ought to have done so," said his father. The Duchess pointed the remark by saying that when her English servants came from church they told her that the service had "made them feel better!" During lunch I talked to the Duchess of Edinburgh of Russia. She was glad to find that I knew her country so well. I said that I remembered seeing her when a little girl (1859) landing at Peterhoff, and walking hand in hand between her father and mother, the late Czar and Czarina. She told me that she remembered it well, mentioning the name of the place in the Gulf of Finland from which they had come. The Duke of Edinburgh was very bright and pleasant, full of conversation and stories. He seemed much amused by one told him by the Prince of Wales of a boy who had lately been to a juvenile party at Marlborough House, and when asked at home if the Prince of Wales had spoken to him, said, "Oh yes!" "Well, what did he say?" The boy hesitated a bit, and then replied, "Why, he stamped on my toe," and then said, "I beg your pardon!" The Duchess in speaking of the music of the Russian church, told me that the singing at her brother's—the late Czar's—funeral was exquisite. I asked after her nephew, the Grand Duke George, whom I had met at Copenhagen, and who was then very ill at Livadia. She spoke of him as still an invalid and getting no better. In talking of the reviews by the Czar, which I had attended at Petersburg, she said she was present at them with her brother when staying at the Winter Palace.

After lunch the Duchess and her daughters went down to the ice in the park, and I went with the Duke into his study with Sir Condie Stephen to talk over the chaplaincy and its prospects. I suggested that it should be made a Foreign Office chaplaincy since His Royal Highness was now the reigning Duke. This seemed to commend itself to him, and inquiry at the Foreign Office was to be made by

Sir Condie when he went to England. The Duke spoke of the small poor room in which we held our service, and asked if I should like a little building in the park for the purpose, known as the "Schlösschen." It stands in the castle grounds, well placed and suited for a chapel and chaplain's residence. The grounds around, forming part of the ducal castle, are of course kept up by the Duke. I thanked him for, and accepted the offer. It has been put in good order, adapted for the English service, and a chaplain's residence. Sir Condie Stephen, with whom I lunched the next day, is much interested in Socialism. He took a sensible, merciful view of the question. He would have the English Government a more strict and paternal one, providing by emigration and other means for the alleviation of distress. His argument is that all are not clever and strong, or able through mental or physical causes to survive the struggle. Some must go to the wall without any fault of their own. These should be cared for judiciously, and placed where they may have a chance. I told him I wished he was in Parliament to urge those views on the country.

In the evening the Duke and Duchess gave their first State banquet upon entering into possession of the Duchy. All the officials and grandees of this part of the Duchy were present, numbering about two hundred. The old castle, which is an enormous building, was all ablaze, the staircase, landings, and corridors being lined with servants in royal liveries, holding pikes in their hands. We assembled in the large tapestried drawing-room, and dined in the great banqueting hall. I sat on the left of the Grand Duchess, the Hereditary Prince Ernest on her right, the Duke of Edinburgh and his eldest unmarried daughter Princess Beatrice sitting opposite. All was right royally done. No Court in Europe could have done it better. As we sat down the band played "Home, Sweet Home," "Rule Britannia," and then the programme as arranged. The Duke's English arms, annexed to the ducal arms of Coburg and Gotha, were to be seen everywhere, upon and amongst the plate and other ornamentations of the tables. The Duchess talked about Russia more than of any other subject. We discussed Siberia and Siberian prisons, and all the exaggerations that had been published upon them, the question also of the Jews being turned out of Russia. In referring to the then recent Mansion House meeting upon the subject, I expressed my opinion that it was ill-judged, and that the English public took their idea of

Jews from those in England, whereas they are two totally different classes of people. She said that was quite true, and the root of the misunderstanding, adding, "your English Jews are respectable, often found in high and responsible positions; ours are the lowest section of the people." We talked also of Fredensborg and its autumn gatherings; of the Lamsdorfs' palace at Kouskova, near Moscow, which she knows; and also of Sigmaringen, where her daughter had been lately married to the Crown Prince of Roumania. She spoke of it as beautifully situated over a rocky gorge of the Danube, from the heights above which the Swiss mountains can be seen. The Duke explained the various German coats-of-arms round the cornice of the hall representing the towns in his duchies, adding that the Schlöss was built after the Thirty Years' War to employ the soldiers when they were paid off. He also spoke with much interest of, and warmly commended, the "Anglo-Russian Literary Society" for extending knowledge of Russia, the Russians, their country, and their literature. The Duke was dressed in the light blue uniform of the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha regiments, wearing all his decorations. He looked exceedingly well, and was in excellent spirits. Handsome young Prince Ratibor, the Duke's Oberhofmarschal, was busy all the evening making presentations to the Duke. He was full of fun, and told me that he enjoyed, after having made the presentations to the Duke—who stood to receive them in the middle of the drawing-room—to fall back and watch the varied ways in which those presented went through the ordeal. Prince Ratibor was a great favourite with the Duke, so bright and cheery and full of humour; the Hereditary Prince pleasant and chatty. He told me much of his travels and asked me about mine. In little more than five years all three—the Duke, his son, and young Prince Ratibor—had passed away. During the evening the Duke asked me to go with him into another room, where he explained to me at length all that he wished to do at the "Schlösschen am Park" to make it a suitable English chapel and chaplain's residence. After conferring together as to arrangements of things, etc., he said, "Well, I must go back and do some talking to other people." I think he was glad to get away for a while and be quiet. Before leaving, the Duke asked me to come to the castle next morning and see the electric lighting and other things he was doing by way of improvements. He said he had also made arrangements by which my son, whom I

had brought with me to Gotha to learn electricity, should have the entrée to the Government work. Nothing could have been kinder than were both Duke and Duchess through this pleasant visit, going out of their way to be gracious and friendly to their English guest.

From Gotha I travelled via Coburg to Munich for a confirmation, and stayed with Mr. (now Sir Victor) Drummond at the British Legation. Mr. Drummond told me that when the Emperor Frederick passed through Munich on his way from San Remo to Berlin, he went to the station to greet him. The Empress said, "The Emperor cannot receive you in the carriage, but wants to speak to you." He told me it was a very sad sight, so terribly altered and shattered that it moved him to tears.

This was a most severe winter. In travelling from Munich to Meran in the Tyrol, the carriage wheels, axles, and footboards were, as in Russia, clogged with ice and frozen snow, which had to be hacked off with axes and hammers. Innsbrück was buried in snow, and all waterfalls on the Brenner Pass frozen into endless fantastic forms, the snow about the summit of the Pass reaching nearly the level of the carriage windows. At Meran I preached and confirmed. The old part of Meran is arcaded like Berne. Some of the houses in this quarter are one-sixth of a mile deep, and divided like Yarmouth rows, with queer roofs, groined windows, arches, etc. All this, no doubt, like Chester, for defence, the only difference being that the robbers came to rob Chester, Meran, and Berne from the hills, Yarmouth, as pirates, from the sea.

From Meran I travelled through Italy via Verona, Milan, and the Gothard Railway to Zürich, through the district of the Franco-Austrian War of 1859. I was all through it in 1860, and saw the wrecked remains of towns and villages, now, with the exception of war monuments and many graves of the fallen, bearing few traces of that great struggle for Italian freedom and French aggrandizement. As we left Milan in the early sunny morning, Monte Rosa in the far north-west was doing justice to her name, catching the rising sun in the east, and reflecting it in one huge, rosy glory of colour. Except Como, which smiled as if spring was nigh at hand, the Italian lakes looked very wintry, their waters black as ink, and their encircling mountains covered with snow to the very water's edge. I heard upon this journey the meaning of our apparently meaningless exclamation, "Dear me!" A yawning Italian opposite me said, "Ah, Dio mio!" from which we undoubtedly got our strange,

pointless version. Turning aside at Bellinzona, I slept at Locarno, wandering up to the church of the Madonna del Casa, which contains the well-known picture of the carrying of the Saviour to his burial. I dare say the view is fine from this point in summer, but all was then wrapped in snow, and was infinitely cold, dark, and dismal. And yet it is said to be the warmest and most sheltered spot in Italy—not *that* winter.

The Gothard Railway was only recently opened after an unusually heavy snowfall that blocked the line and stopped all traffic. It is a wonderful climb to the tunnel, different in detail from that on the Swiss side, but equally marvellous as a triumph of engineering. The staircase employed is the Ticino. The roadway having taken the best points to achieve the mighty climb, the railway has had to go as it could, shift for itself, and resort to endless tunnelling. What would railway engineers do, especially in such work as this, without these everlasting diggers of Nature, the rivers? Silent, toolless, wageless, ever working, never resting day or night, they have hewn the rocks, cloven the mountains, and prepared a way by water for a way by iron. At Faido the gasping engine rests and refreshes for forty minutes, and then plunges again for some twenty minutes from Airolo into the entrails of the Gothard range to Göschenen. At one point in a narrow gorge (the road having occupied the only possible foothold) the railway has to make a corkscrew, coming over itself at right angles, where a short, sharp incline would have carried the position. Over the little station of Airolo towers the snowy summit of the Gothard, separating Italy from Switzerland, and our *schäffner* put on his big sheepskin coat, for colder Switzerland lies only ten miles off—through the great tunnel—at Göschenen. Down to Fluellen the brakes have a hot time of it. The rush is all too short through the wondrous scenery, and all too soon we were at Zürich. The Swiss lakes were all frozen, and that of Zürich a world of happy, busy, fur-warmed skaters. I had now traversed three thousand miles of brilliant, dazzling snow-fields, and my eyes were getting tired of the constant glare. My good chaplain at Zürich, Mr. Tindal-Atkinson, cheered me up upon my arrival with a good story. An American, travelling through France and Germany to Switzerland, was unable to speak either language. Some one remarked that it must be very awkward for him. "Oh," he replied, "it is, rather; but it won't matter when I get to Switzerland. Guess I can speak Swiss right enough!"

Across the bridge where the Limmat flows out of the lake there were hundreds of black ducks with white sides—probably pochards. Swiss streets are always cleared of snow at 5 a.m. to allow children to get to school; a very sensible and merciful act. Why does not sleepy, lazy, unhappy-go-lucky, dirty old London do the same? We never have such a snowfall as I opened my eyes upon the morning after my arrival, but by school-time the *trottoirs* were all clear.

From Zürich I went to Berne. Not a cab or vehicle of any kind at the station. Nothing would turn out in such weather. So with help I had to carry my bags over the Aar bridge to the house where I was to stay in the Kirchenfeld on the Thun Road. I ran down to Thun one day from Berne and found it completely snowed up. Judging from appearances, all the inhabitants, save a few enterprising boys who were tobogganing down the deserted streets, in bed and asleep. As the boys did not invite me to join their sport, I returned to Berne by the next train.

Mr. St. John, our Chargé d'Affaires at Berne, an interesting, delightful man who has travelled far and seen much, told of it all in a most charmingly quiet and unselfconscious way. He has lately written his interesting reminiscences. His most remarkable journey was from Pekin to England by land, long before the trans-Siberian Railway was dreamed of—a wonderful feat for that day. It took him six weeks to reach the Siberian frontier, thence by sledge, with a young Russian officer carrying dispatches through Siberia to Nishni-Novgorod. They were eighteen days and nights in a sledge, travelling as hard as relays of three horses could lay their legs to the ground—and Russian horses *can* lay them to the ground. I remember Mr. J. Hubbard, of Petersburg, accustomed to Russian sledge travelling, telling me that upon a journey of only three or four days over the Ural Mountains he had to tie up his jaw tight to prevent his teeth being broken by the shocks over what are called roads! I was not surprised when Mr. St. John told me that he did not sleep for six months afterwards, and had never been altogether the same man since. The young Russian officer became delirious at the end of the first week, which terribly aggravated the difficulties and hardships of the journey.

After a reception I endeavoured to walk out upon the Thun Road, where I found Mr. St. John in almost as great a plight as in his journey from Pekin to London. He had got into a deep snow-

drift returning from the reception to his house, and would have probably remained there till a thaw set in had I not come along and delivered him out of his distress. North and Central Europe was almost impossible to be travelled over that winter except by a polar bear! However, I had a few more places to visit, and went forward for work to Lausanne and Geneva. Hither came terrible tales of the snowstorms and their perils. An hotel somewhere up in the Jura was reported as buried fifteen feet deep. From many farm-houses tunnels had to be made to cow-houses, stables, and outbuildings to feed the cattle. Whole chalets were completely buried. In one, a man and his wife were found dead; their little child was alive under a table, warmed by a big dog which had curled itself round its young friend.

A London banker, whom I met in Geneva, told me of the clever capture of a swindler. Two men of the same name banked with a certain firm. One of them, being in difficulties, called for his pass-book, and by accident was handed that of the other man of the same name. He took it away, saw that there was a balance of £3000 to credit, and finding paid cheques in the pocket copied the signature and presented a cheque for £3000 to a large business house in the city. The manager said, "You must go with me to your banker with this." The cashier looked at the man, saw light between his whiskers and his face, said that he couldn't pay the cheque that day, but that he must return on Monday. Meanwhile the owner of the cheque-book was communicated with, from whom it was learnt that he had not drawn the cheque in question. On the Monday morning the man returned, asking blusteringly why the difficulty about the cheque had been made. "Oh," said the cashier, "there is no difficulty about it, if you will just step into the private room you will be attended to there at once." As soon as he had passed in the door was locked, a policeman "attended" to him without delay, and he was sentenced to a long imprisonment.

At the reception in Geneva I met Colonel Lowe, of the 4th Light Dragoons, one of the very few survivors of the Balaclava charge. He told me that he landed with the army on 15 September, 1854 In revisiting lately the scenes of the campaign he found the very place where his tent had stood so many years previously, with the trench round it perfectly clear. The graveyard of our soldiers was enclosed, but the entrance gate and wooden crosses were gone,

taken for firewood probably, which is scarce thereabouts. There is no wanton disrespect shown or damage done, but shepherds let their sheep stray in, and they rub against the tombstones and displace them. He described the charge to me with very interesting details. He was eighty-three, and the senior officer left of the many who were engaged that day.

A gentleman was also present at the reception who had been at the then recent Durbar at Delhi. His description was most graphic. Two hundred elephants clad in cloth of gold, richly caparisoned, and bejewelled upon their foreheads, passed with their riders, saluting the Viceroy by lifting their trunks into the air. Two page-boys, one a native in native dress, the other English in the dress of a page in Charles I's time, held the Viceroy's train. The Ameer of Afghanistan, after seeing the Black Watch, was so struck with the dress that he put a detachment of his soldiers into something of the same kind!

I tried to drive to the suburbs of Geneva but found them impassable, the walls of snow so high and interspace so narrow that a carriage could not turn in them. The new Force Motrice at Geneva is most interesting. The rush of the Rhone as it bursts from the lake is used to turn some twelve enormous turbines for creating electricity. A gigantic hall has been built for these turbines, and large sluices below regulate the amount of water. Huge horizontal wheels in the water itself—stepped like water-wheels—turn the great shafts which communicate with the machinery above. But the beautiful rush of water from the lake which Ruskin used to call "The river of the water of Life" is no more.

Returning from Switzerland by Paris I confirmed there, going on to Rouen, where I was the guest of our Consul, Mr. O'Neil. He was Consul at Mozambique. He and his wife had seen much, have been up the Zambesi to Blantyre, Livingstone, etc., visiting Bishop Mackenzie's grave at the Ruo mouth. The cross still stands over it, which I saw at Havant, before it was sent out by Miss Mackenzie; but the spot is much overgrown with vegetation.

At Rouen I confirmed, candidates coming in from the English factory at Malauney. The old sacristan of St. Ouen, whom all the travelling world remembers as the greatest humbug in Europe, talked of Ruskin as his intimate friend. He pointed out a spot in a side chapel, to which the Professor instructed him to take all visitors, as that from which the finest view is obtained. He asked

after Precentor Venables, of Lincoln. When I told him that he had died ten days before, he broke out into expressions of grief so intense that, had I not known the man, I should have feared for its effect upon his mind. Writhing from side to side like a wounded snake, his whole body convulsed and distorted with apparent anguish, he exclaimed, "Oh, mon ami! Oh, mon cher ami! O Venāble, Venāble, mon pauvre ami. Ah! quelle tristesse! Oh! comme c'est misérable! Oh! mon ami, mon cher ami, est-il possible?" David hardly expressed himself more piteously for the loss of Absalom. I told him that Canon Venables was a friend of mine, and was a great student of, and authority upon, architecture. This only developed another outburst of anguish so poignant that fearing the old man would fall in a fit upon the cathedral floor, I paid him his fee and hurried out, taking the train for Dieppe, *en route* for England.

On 18 May I crossed to Ostend, and visited Bruges, where I preached and confirmed, going on to Lille for the same purpose. At Lille are pictures worth seeing. Good Van Goyens and Vandycks, and a very fine Tilburg. The new building in which they are now housed is worthy of them. Thence to Brussels for work, taking the opportunity of visiting the battlefield of Waterloo.

To tell the more than thrice-told tale will be tedious to some; these may omit what follows; others who have not seen it may care to read yet another description of what has been so often described, my apology for adding another must be that I am interested in battle-fields. Braine l'Alleurd, the best point from which to start, and now a railway station, was the extreme right of Wellington's army. From here I walked to Hougomont—situated on the road to Nivelle—a picturesque old farm-house in a courtyard, known by name and pictures to all the world. This was never taken from us during the battle. In the courtyard is a little chapel, burnt in the fighting, except the chancel. The orchard surrounded on three sides by walls, which were loopholed hastily for defence, and so remain as on the day of the battle. This orchard was taken and retaken. Patched portions of the farmstead walls show how hotly contested this portion of the field was. Thence by a footpath towards the rear of "La Belle Alliance," whence from a hollow near by—behind the little group of buildings—Napoleon sent his guards to their last attack, as represented in the Academy picture of 1894. From this hollow I turned down a lane in the direction of Planchemont, and

made my way to "La Belle Alliance," a small auberge—now evidently just what it was then—and sketched the back of it with its old well. It stands upon the great high road from Brussels to Charleroi, and bears upon its front this inscription: "Rencontre des genéraux Wellington et Blucher, lors de la mémorable bataille du xviii Juin, 1815, se saluant mutuellement vainqueurs." Thence by high road to La Haie Sainte, the extreme left of Wellington's line, which is a pretty farm-house with good buildings about it. Beyond and still upon the same high road towards Brussels stands, above a sandy cutting of the road, the Hanover Legion Monument and that called the Gordon Monument. I would have transcribed their inscription had not a heavy thunderstorm driven me to the Lion mound. To erect this foolish piece of ugliness much soil had to be taken from the ridge, irreparably injuring the configuration of this part of the field. The solitary tree to the left under which Wellington stood during the battle is gone, but the hollow behind (sheltering the village of St. Jean), from which he called up his guards, is in no way defaced. Between this position and that occupied by Napoleon, a depression in the down-like throw of the land—scarcely a valley—was the scene of the last severe struggle. Here stood the English squares, against which the soldiers of France broke, and were hurled back like waves upon a rocky coast. The French called it the Battle of St. Jean; we, Waterloo, which is far behind St. Jean; Wellington writing his dispatches from Waterloo after the battle and sleeping there gave its name to the memorable day.

From Brussels I travelled to Berlin, confirming at Köln on the way. At Berlin I preached and confirmed and did other work. The new Parliament House was then just finished. It is fine, but the dome too low and squat. The Column of Victory stands near, the bronzes upon the four sides all life-size. The first is the Danish campaign, illustrated by the charging of the German troops up the grassy slopes of the fortress of Düppel. The second, the Austrian campaign, illustrated by the Battle of Koenigsgratz, in which the Emperor Frederick—the Crown Prince—is the principal figure. The third, the start for the Franco-German War. The fourth, the entry into Paris in 1871, the French standing on either side of the victorious German troops as they march down the Champs Élysées, looking daggers at their victorious foe. The old Kaiser and Crown Prince ride side by side, Moltke and Bismarck immediately behind, followed by the staff and regiments. Above the pediment, which

carries these bronzes on its four sides, is a circular colonnade surmounted by a graceful fluted column upon which stands with outstretched wings, and blowing a trumpet, the gilded angel of Victory. Taken altogether, this is one of the most perfectly proportioned and designed works of art in Europe.

Upon this occasion I had much talk with Sir Edward Malet upon this important chaplaincy; I strongly advised a new appointment. This was duly effected. I called at the Emperor's palace, and also at the Empress Frederick's; after which I went to the old and new picture galleries, renewed my acquaintance with some, and saw others recently added. An enormous canvas representing the old Kaiser William and Crown Prince Frederick entering Berlin under the Brandenburger Thor, on their return from the war, is a very fine piece of painting, but I would rather that the attending angels and cherubs had been left in their own regions of the triumphant hosts above. They are out of place upon the battlefields and scenes of this lower earth.

From Berlin I went to Stettin, where I met Mr. Moore, of Dresden, in order to inspect the new Sailors' Institute and chapel which he has been the means of setting on foot in that busy seaport. Stettin is the capital of Pomerania, and is a fine city, with grand old gateways—such as those at Lübeck—which formed part of the old ramparts. These were spared when the fortifications were removed, and stand here and there about the city without much apparent continuity of architecture. The old Kaiser caused them to be left, and they add greatly to the interest of the place. Stettin possesses a fine old church of red brick, with a lofty spire and fine arcading upon the tower. This is one of those interesting old brick churches, such as one must go specially to Schleswig-Holstein, Mechlenburg-Schwerin, and Pomerania to see, and they are alone worth the journey along that interesting Baltic coast. The oak roof in this Stettin church is said to contain enough timber to build several men-of-war. From Stettin I travelled to Dresden, where I found awaiting me plenty of work—ecclesiastical and social. From Dresden I passed through Thuringen, confirming the churches.

When at Gotha I went out to Fredrichsroda, Georgenthal, and Rheinhartsbrun situated amongst the Thuringen Hills. The little Gothic château at the latter place—at one time the home of our Prince Consort, and to which one summer he took our Queen—is a quiet, restful little place, the only noise which broke the silence being the

frogs in the reedy, water-lilied lake. Long while I sat by its waters, enjoying the frogs, the quiet and the cool, and only sorry when the time came for returning to Gotha, *en route* for hot, crowded, dusty Frankfürt, and the work awaiting me there. Here I confirmed the candidates of Frankfürt, and others from Bonn, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Heidelberg College; after which I conferred with our British Consul, Sir C. Oppenheimer, about the church it was proposed to build. The Empress Frederick telegraphed to inquire the hour of the confirmation. I understood she wanted to see me about something. However, she did not come: the Emperor being expected from Berlin no doubt detaining her.

From Frankfürt I went to Stuttgart and Freiburg for my usual work in those chaplaincies, returning direct to Boulogne, where I was the guest of Lady Charlemont during the conference. On 18 June I consecrated the very comely little church of St. John, of which I laid the stone. The Sous-Préfet and Deputy-Mayor of Boulogne were present with other local French.

The Conference was largely attended and very successful. At its close I returned to England.

A journey to Germany concluded the year 1895. Leaving England via Antwerp, on 29 August, I travelled through to Homburg. I found Frankfürt a city of flags, garlands, and endless decorations, being the eve of the anniversary of Sedan. Shops were full of pictures of the war, and crowds were looking at them, as if the battles were current events. The historic Schwan Hotel in which Bismarck signed the peace—as recorded in an inscription upon its front—was one closely packed mass of galore from pavement to chimney-pots. At Homburg I preached on the Sunday for the Bishopric Fund, to a very full congregation, being the height of the season. In the afternoon the Prince of Wales and Empress Frederick were present. The Prince was here drinking the waters, and always came early and regularly to the Brunnen. His glass was handed to him upon a silver salver, the only difference in the water-drinking order of things, as observed by the drinking crowds. During my stay at Homburg I drove up to the Saalburg to see the Roman camp—the most perfectly preserved, extensive, and interesting of all the Roman remains I ever saw. It stands upon a pass of the Taunus range of hills, and formed a vast military centre upon the line of defence which the Romans built from the Rhine to the Danube. This *pfahl-graben*, or stockaded trench, as the word

indicates (from the first part of which we get our word "paling"), is three hundred miles in length, consisting of a vallum and intervallum, which was defended by the stockade or paling. This section extended from the Siebengebirge by Bonn to the Maine. Its date is A.D. 9, and was probably constructed by Drusus, and reconstructed by Germanicus. The camp is oblong, nearly one and a quarter mile in length, furnished with four gates, one at each side. The foundations of villas, store-houses, barrack-rooms, baths, etc., have been laid open, as well as a very distinctly marked prætorium. The camp now stands in a thick forest, but must when constructed—for Romans were too canny to build amongst trees—have stood upon a bare down with an extensive view, westwards to the Rhine, and towards the Thuringian forest eastwards. The Roman road which passes through the centre of the camp by the Decumanian Gate probably ran straight to the next great Roman fortress—which would be Cassel—on the way to Detmold on the Lippe, near which, in the Teutoburgian Forest, the legions of Varus were destroyed. The baths, built by Caracalla, the great bath-making Roman Emperor, are very large. In fact, the whole camp is on so vast and elaborate a scale that one learns from it in what formidable estimation the Allemanni were held by the Romans. Four wells still exist, from one of which water can readily be drawn. The latrines, with their scouring water-channels of stone, are perfect. Scattered all down the eastern slope of the hill on either side of the road are detached buildings. Not far from the road, and to its left upon leaving the camp, eastward stood the cemetery, or rather crematorium, the largest known, consisting of thousands of places of interment. Here ash-urns are still found in numbers, and a little chapel has been provided for them, and dedicated. This camp was called "Artaunum": "Ars," the "camp"; "Taunum," of the "Taunus." We have nothing like this in England. The nearest to it probably existed at York and Gloucester, but there, modern cities have grown up over them and destroyed their traces. Here, a wild hillside, probably bare as Sussex Downs in A.D. 9, reveals at each spadeful of earth the great military station as it stood 1800 years ago. From Homburg I went to Wiesbaden for work. The view from the Duke of Nassau's hunting château high up over the Taunus Hills, and looking far away over the Rhine towards the hills of Lorraine, is very vast.

I could not resist running up the Niederwald from Rudesheim to

see the Germania once more. That grand record of a great nation's triumph is always interesting, accentuated just then by the anniversary of Sedan. An old fellow sat amongst the refreshers—of whom there are always a good company at all seasons—and sang patriotic songs, accompanying himself on a zither.

And so back again to England.

CHAPTER XXIII

The little rivulet in the sandy waste—Warsaw sullen, resentful, and dismal as ever — Cossacks from afar, dirty, wayworn — Polish stories of Russian oppression—The Beresina—The grave of Napoleon's retreating troops—Preparations for coronation in Moscow—The Russian loan to China, and where the money went—Dean Stanley's description of Moscow—"O good, kind sirs, of your dearness, *do* give this wretched little boy one small kopek"—Tragic end to a Russian dinner party in the days of Peter the Great—Visit to the great Peresilni (exiling) prison at Moscow—Eighty-five women who had murdered their husbands—Prisoners' chains, how they are fastened—The Bishop's thanks for the Governor's kindness — A week of ecclesiastical functions at Petersburg in company with Russian archbishops and bishops—A visit to the Archbishop of Petersburg—Presentation of an ikon—A silent prayer at Alexander Nevski's tomb—Visit to M. Pobiedonostzeff—"Voilà, la peste de civilisation"—Father John of Cronstadt—Extraordinary scenes in connexion with him—*εἰς πολλὰ ἔτη δέσποτα*—Father John's book, *My Life in Christ*—Confirmation of 130 candidates—Dean of St. Isaac present—Great service at St. Isaac's Cathedral commemorating the freeing of the serfs in 1861—Father John of Cronstadt presents portrait of himself—A brave young Anglo-Saxon—Remarkable demonstration at the Baltic railway station at Petersburg—Another demonstration at Riga—The Anglican Bishop blesses the opening of a new factory—Bear's-paw soup—Visit to Sir Frank and Lady Lascelles at Berlin—Audience with the Empress Frederick—Mozart's violin.

THE year of 1896 was a year of much interesting travel. It began on 14 February, when I crossed to Holland, and found the Dutch much exasperated against us in consequence of the raid of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal. A policeman was stationed at the English church in case this outburst of feeling should be vented upon our church property. I was, therefore, not sorry to escape from the justly irate Hollanders and to get across the frontier to Hanover, where I confirmed on my way to Poland.

Crossing the little rivulet in the sandy waste beyond Otlotschin—the last station in East Prussia—we passed slowly over the frontier into Alexandrowo, in Russian Poland. What a deal of difference those few sandy yards make! Now all is absolutely changed—

language on notices and in human mouths, waymarks of all kinds, carriages, trucks, posts, rails, gates, railway plant of every kind, stations, human beings, dresses, faces, characters—all absolutely different, no longer German, as through the thousand miles I had travelled from Bentheim on the Dutch frontier. We were moreover—and this is the greatest change of all—within the dominions of the Czar of all the Russias, and no longer free to come and go and do as we please. So says, by silent action, the official in uniform who, with sabre at his side, gets up on the footboard, as the train slowly crosses the charmed line, to see that no one slips out unobserved upon Russian soil and escapes the vigilance of those in charge of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russia's frontiers.

I found Warsaw suspicious, sullen, resentful, dismally dreary as ever. My kind and hospitable friends who received me there, friendly and pleasant as ever. The most interesting objects at Warsaw are the varieties of troops in this great military stronghold. As I went out the morning after my arrival I came upon a regiment of Cossacks from afar—dusty, dirty, wayworn. At their saddles were fixed their pennoned lances; at their backs big knapsacks, hung round with pots and pans enough to furnish a small kitchen. Then in the barrack-yards beneath the great fortress on the Vistula, all ice and snowbound, were Circassian troops exercising in their quaintly handsome uniforms—the picked troops of the Empire. Then the Jews. Out of a population of half a million, one hundred thousand are Jews; and these are a "peculiar people," as were, in another sense, their forefathers. By a recent ukase they were ordered to shave off their long curls; but since they preferred not to do so, Russian officials might be seen going about the streets with huge scissors—like the man in the Streuwelpeter—snip, snipping, as they went, every unshorn Jew upon whom they came.

The palace of Poniatowski, the last King of Poland, is situated at the end of the Aleyaujazdowski—a word that one cannot master in a hurry; it requires taking to pieces. It is a rather pretty little building on a lake in a small park. In the grounds is an open-air theatre for summer use, furnished with stone seats like a semi-coliseum. This Poniatowski was drowned at the battle of Leipzig in the little River Pless, which flows through that city, of which any one may read the record if he knows where to find the monument by the riverside in that city.

A Polish lady, with whom I stayed, who has lived all her life in

Warsaw, told me some thrillingly interesting stories of nihilists and Siberia. After the Polish insurrection of 1862 thousands of Poles were sent to Siberia, hundreds being from Warsaw. One, a Lithuanian lady, upon her return after eight years' exile, came to live in Warsaw, the exiles not being allowed after their return to settle in the part of Poland from whence they were banished. She had a son whom she sent to the Warsaw University. Full of his mother's wrongs, he got in with a revolutionary set at the university, and with a number of other students was sent to Siberia. While he lay in prison awaiting his journey, his mother was in the habit of sending letters to him in baked bread and cakes. These she made herself. He, in reply, sent letters to her upon very thin paper, which he inserted between the outer and inner covers of books by opening and repasting the covers. My Polish friend and her sister, knowing him and his mother intimately, went to see him off when the convoy of prisoners left Warsaw for Siberia. Wishing to have a portrait of himself, he asked leave to be photographed; this was allowed, and he was taken in his convict's dress. He wrote many letters from Siberia to the sister, all of which she kept in a little old-fashioned chest of drawers. The house next to theirs was let to a Russian officer. In the course of conversation one day they were talking with this officer about nihilists and revolutionists, saying that there was a wide difference between the two, injudiciously adding that they knew a revolutionist and liked him very much, meaning the young fellow who had been exiled. This conversation must have been reported by the Russian officer to the authorities, for one evening shortly after their servant came rushing in, pale and in an agony of terror, saying that the hall was full of police, who were demanding to search the house. The family, of course, could not resist, and the search began. The sister was ill at the time, and taking my friend for the one implicated, they questioned her as to whether she knew certain persons. She knew none of them. Then they proceeded to search the house from top to bottom, going down even into the cellars. They then came into her room and went straight to her writing-table, which had a desk and drawers. These they opened and searched, reading every letter. They contained nothing likely to implicate her, but knowing that the letters received from the young exile by her sister were all in the little chest of drawers which stood next to the writing-table, she leaned back upon it, conversing with the police as they searched the

desk and writing-table drawers. Having found nothing suspicious, they went into the next room. Feeling faint, she asked permission to visit the lavatory. Yes, for a few minutes, though it was against their orders. She then slipped back to the drawers, took out the bundle of letters from Siberia, and terrified lest she should be discerned and stopped, walked quickly with them into the lavatory. A gas-light was burning, and there she destroyed them all. As she passed their Italian governess on her way to the lavatory, she said to her in Italian, "Take this album and get out the portrait." She did so putting it into her pocket. The police upon concluding their search left the house. Had the Siberian letters been discovered, it is not improbable that her sister would have followed their young friend into exile. My hostess was highly agitated as she related the story, and said that she could never recall that time without feeling upset.

Another lady and gentleman of good family during the Polish insurrection of 1862 were sent to Siberia, their property, which was a fine one near Warsaw, being confiscated. She had a valuable set of diamonds. These an old and faithful servant buried within the park, and upon their return from Siberia at the end of seven years—poor and outcast, and entirely without means of existence—restored to them. The diamonds were sent to Paris and sold, and the proceeds provided them with just enough to live upon.

I gave my good friend's family a short service on the Sunday (Warsaw being without a chaplain), which they, and a few of our own country people gathered together, seemed to much appreciate.

The Siberian Railway was to be opened to Krasnoyarsk in the following May. From the European-Asiatic border to Vladivostock is 8000 versts, i.e. 5900 miles. The Russian Government was at that time doing its best to get leave from China to run this railway through Manchuria. With what result we now know to Russia's cost.

Upon one of my visits to Warsaw I nearly fell under the police severities myself. I had been dining with the Consul-General, and upon returning with my host to his house, the police made their way into my bedroom, and informed me that my passport was not in order, and that I could not leave Warsaw, as I had intended, the next morning; they took down every particular concerning me, a detailed description of my appearance, my parentage, and even the village in Suffolk in which I was born. I do not suppose that the

Governor of Warsaw himself—at that time Count Shouvaloff, assassinated in Moscow in 1904—had even heard of Suffolk! It was all very absurd, but very provoking. My host, who had lived years in Russia, expostulated, and said that if the passport, which was quite in order, was not returned, with the permit to leave upon it, by ten o'clock next morning, he would go to the Consul-General and make a formal protest. The passport was returned, but so blurred, blotted, and otherwise defaced that I feared it might involve me in trouble further on. Why this action was taken by the police I never knew. Some thought it was a case of blackmailing; others that, knowing me to be an ecclesiastic of some influence, I was thought to be on my way to Siberia to report against its prison system. Anyhow, when the matter came to Lord Salisbury's knowledge, he communicated with the Russian Government, obtained an apology for the police having acted *ultra vires*, and from that date I have been supplied with a passport specially *visé* by the Russian Ambassador in England, which has freed me from all such vexatious detentions. One other case of this kind happened to me at Riga, and if I had not been with English merchants, who knew Russia and the Russians by long residence in the country, much difficulty and delay would have been the result.

On 21 February I left Warsaw for Moscow. The workmen on Russian railways during the winter live along the lines in underground dwellings, such as the Armenians and Turkomans inhabit; very snug quarters in such a climate, as our British forefathers also found them. So that the soil be light, sandy, and dry, a people who possess no impedimenta of civilization, no bed or furniture, and who never read or write, want nothing better.

Brest-Litewski, between Warsaw and Smolensk, is a very large and important fortress and garrison; even the station itself is battlemented and loopholed. What should we think in England of a fortified railway station? How would Swindon or Clapham Junction look adorned in such defensive fashion? Some places and properties in this part of Russia are three hundred miles from a railway station. Russian country cemeteries are, many of them, set with high wooden crosses, giving them a weird appearance, as if hundreds of crucifixions had taken place there.

Referring to the revolutionists in Russia, of whom I heard so much when at Warsaw, these facts must be considered. In Russia there are no elementary schools. There are gymnasia and universities, to

which any aspiring family sends a boy. This raises him in the intellectual scale. He cannot fall back into his own line of life and become a peasant or small artisan again. There are no professions for him to take up, or very few. Government will not employ such, and finding themselves well educated, but very poor, they set themselves to overthrow the Government in order to pick up what they can get in the scramble. They become nihilists, revolutionists, at best dangerous socialists. This is very short-sighted policy on the part of the Government, and as a consequence the student class is ever the most dissatisfied and revolutionary. Are we not doing much the same in India, and creating there the same danger?

Night journeys in Russia, by reason of the great distances to be traversed, are a necessity, but are very trying. Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, a great traveller in his day, called the attempt to sleep in the train "that modified form of nightmare which, in a nocturnal journey, passes under the name of sleep." Quite my experience of the nightly attempts I so frequently have to make all over North and Central Europe, and especially in Russia, where the journeys are protracted through several days and nights. But there is one blessing left in Russian night travelling. The Russians make no noise; they are the quietest and most silent of nations, moving about stealthily like panthers. They receive the train as it comes in with absolute silence; not a word is spoken; everybody and everything seems asleep or dead in and about the station, so very different from the noisy, screaming French, who shout and shriek at every station, making night hideous, though no one may enter or leave the train. Now and then you may open one eye—for it is necessary to keep one always partly open in Russia—and see a big sheep-skinned official looking in upon you, but he is quiet as a mouse about it, bows courteously when he sees you stir, closes the door as if it were velvet, and retires when he has satisfied himself that you are alive. As for shrieking like a Frenchman, he would be sent on to Siberia by next train if he did so!

I have stated that it is necessary to keep an eye always more or less open in Russian railway travel. Not only are there thieves to guard against, but there are dvorniks to keep temperature to thawing point in the matter of fires. They are given a certain amount of fuel for each journey: if any is left, it is their perquisite, thus they need stirring as well as their fires. I also have repeatedly to remind the guard that I want "chai" at every principal stopping-

station, and I demand of him when that will be. Being totally unconversable, he breathes the frost off the inner of the double windows, and with his finger makes figures — common to all European nations—which by no means always work out right or are understandable. For instance, he writes twelve, which may mean several things; it may mean twelve hours, or twelve minutes, or twelve versts, or twelve stations more before we stop, so that this "figure of speech" requires much mental arithmetic.

Upon this particular journey there are but three stations of any size through the 1200 versts from Warsaw to Moscow, viz. Brest-Litewski, Minsk, and Smolensk; all others are either by a group of wretched hovels, or out on the virgin steppe, some forty or fifty miles, perhaps, from a town. They are, in fact, stations for the district. This line of railway is interesting at some points, e.g. where it crosses the Dnieper and where it crosses and recrosses the great *chaussée* upon which Napoleon passed with the grand army—*grand* only on its outward-bound course. This *chaussée*, as all others in Russia, is not a road as we know roads in Western Europe, it is but a broad track. However this being one of importance, has been metalled of late years. The snow upon this journey was abnormally deep, for nearly a day it was, when cleared, up to the carriage windows. In the south, in the Orel district, it was even deeper, the lines being blocked for three days, the mouths of tunnels completely closed, and one hundred and thirty persons, together with a large number of cattle and horses, lost in the snow-storms and buried in the snow. The historic Beresina lies across this route, the grave of a no small remnant of Napoleon's retreating troops. The river at the time was frozen, and the wooden bridge was unable to carry the thousands of wretched fugitives who crowded upon it, flying from the hordes of Cossacks, who swept like a whirlwind of snow around the doomed army. The thaw of the following spring alone revealed how frightful the loss had been.

The "expresses" in Russia do not stop long even at the larger stations, and one is always in fear of being left behind in the refreshment-rooms, which are generally somewhat remote and difficult of access. A Russian lady told me that even Russians are not unfrequently left behind, and with but one "express" per day the prospect is appalling. Added to this there is no one to inquire of or tell you anything. The Russians call all Western nations "the silent people," because we can't talk to them; so between their own

voluntary and our enforced silence a journey in Russia is apt to be somewhat tiresome. A German, a Frenchman, a Scandinavian one hails as a near neighbour and dear brother in this far land. When the train empties itself at the large stations and promenades up and down the platform the passengers are a study. A Western can be distinguished easily by his dress, face, and step. But they are few, the passengers consisting mostly of Russian, Armenian, or Easterns of some type; always many Russian or Asiatic Jews, as can be discerned by their dark sly faces, their furs, caps, and big boots. The ladies swing up and down in huge velvet cloaks of many colours—purple, blue, green, grey—stamped with flowers, lined with fur, and sweeping the snow. The fantastic forms into which the snow is blown in the railway cuttings is a never-ceasing interest, huge roofs, cornices, domes, sometimes like gigantic waves of the sea as they curl over in a gale before breaking. The frozen ground, unyielding to the pressure of the train, makes the jar and jolting over the rails and rail joints—never particularly well laid in Russia —a terrible addition to the fatigue of travelling.

Borodino, seventy-two miles from Moscow, is the only pretty spot in the whole wild, waste journey of 1800 versts; the Moskva winding about in its deep wooded valley on its way to Moscow. Here in this broken country the drifts were so enormous that they were making walls of frozen blocks—like white marble in appearance—to break the driving snow, and keep the line clear. Hundreds of men and women were struggling to keep one line open, the other being hopelessly blocked, with signal-boxes and crossing-huts buried to their roofs. It is worth the journey to Moscow to see the great station yard on a winter's night, brilliant under the electric light. Who, upon a first arrival at Venice, has not been astonished to find the station surrounded on all sides by water close up to the trains, with a multitude of black gondolas gliding and splashing about in it? Who that has ever arrived at a large Russian railway station in winter has not been astonished also at the silent gliding in and out of the hundreds of black sledges, with their furs, their bells, their little rough horses, each with a big, bright bow arched high over his neck, each with its mujik in bright blue coat, his bizarre belt, and broidered caftan, grasping his coloured reins and soliciting in respectful Eastern earnestness the jostling passengers to take his the best of all the endless acres of sledges from which to make selection. And they are endless; of all sizes, shapes, colours, ranged,

packed, crammed, jammed together rank after rank, till all of them, their ponies, and their drivers seem a limitless wilderness. Great preparations were already in course for the coronation, which was to be one of record magnificence. Emirs, Khans, and chiefs from all Eastern, Central, and Southern Asiatic Provinces of Russia; representatives from Bokhara, Kurdistan, Turkestan, Circassia, Georgia, Armenia, Mongolia, Tartary; from the frontiers of China and Thibet, Afghanistan and the Hindu Kush.

Sunday morning is always not one of the sights, but one of the sounds of Moscow to hear. The bells of the Kremlin, whose size, weight, and number no man can number, at an early hour open their cannonade—for it is nothing else—and are taken up by the many hundreds of other churches, till the effect is that of the whole city under a bombardment. Here at Moscow I found much improvement in our church; stained glass windows almost throughout by Heaton and Butler, an oak reredos relieved by brass ornamentation, etc. On the Sunday I preached to a very full church, many of our countrymen coming in from a far distance for the services and functions during their Bishop's visitation. We went to the eleven o'clock service—when our congregations in England were going to their early celebration, at 8 a.m. Though it was according to our calendar 23 February, the Psalms were those for the eleventh day of the month, already read by me in England three days before I left.

An Anglo-Muscovite told me a good three-cornered story of "the Russian loan to China, and where the money went," as an illustration of the way in which England invariably gets the best of the money market. Russia and France would have nothing to do with England in respect of this loan. England was to be boycotted. So Russia borrowed the money from France and lent it to China, who in turn paid the amount on account of the war indemnity to Japan. Japan deposited the amount in the Bank of England, so England, after all, got the money!

At the confirmation here the church was not only packed with English and Russians, but the doors had to be guarded to keep out the contending crowd desirous of gaining admission. Afterwards I walked to the Kremlin and looked once more at that wonderful congeries of walls, towers, churches, cupolas, gateways, in endless maze of glorious glittering splendour as the sun went down. I am always thankful for being permitted to see it once again, a never-

varying pageant of Eastern splendour. I am afraid of exaggeration in any description of my own, and would rather quote that of another. Dean Stanley writes more than I dare, for I confess to a profound and unbounded admiration for the far-away old Tartar capital.

"That marvellous city," he writes, "is the very personification of the ecclesiastical history of Russia. 'Our Holy Mother, Moscow,' is the peasant's endearing name for the city, nay, even for the road that leads to it. Hallowed by no apostolic legend, not even by any Byzantine missions; cleared out of the forests which down to the fourteenth century overhung and still leave their names on the banks of the Moskva; with no other attraction than its central situation in the heart of the Russian Empire, it has yet acquired a power over the religious mind of a larger part of Christendom than is probably exercised by any other city, except Jerusalem or Rome. Look at its forest of towers, and domes springing like gaudy flowers —blue, red, green, silver, golden—from the wide field of green roofs and groves and gardens. It is a very Russian Rome, no doubt, but still like it, the city of innumerable churches, of everlasting bells, of endless processions, of palaces and churches combined, of tombs and thrones, of relics and treasures, of invasions and deliverances as far back as its history extends. Look further at the concentration of all this in the Kremlin. In that fortress, surrounded by its crusted towers and battlemented walls, are united all the elements of the ancient religious life of Russia. Side by side stand the cathedrals of the marriages, coronations, and funerals of the Czars. Hard by are two convents, half palatial, half episcopal. Overhanging all is the double, triple palace of Czar and Patriarch. Within that palace is a labyrinth of fourteen chapels, multiplied by sovereign after sovereign, till the Imperial residence has been made more like the dwelling-place of a Pope than of a Prince. The Tartar-like building in which these chapels are imbedded, itself crabbed, ribbed, low-browed, painted within and without in the old barbarian grotesqueness of mediæval Russia, is encased in the external magnificence of modern civilization and European grandeur. In looking round from the walls of the Kremlin over the city of Moscow, what are the landmarks which break the endless complication of domes and cupolas in every street and open space? The eye rests at once on the towers of vast monasteries, which at regular intervals encircle the outskirts of the whole city, each

encompassed with its embattlemented walls, forming together a girdle of gigantic fortresses."

And immediately below the inner Tartar walls of the Kremlin stands that miracle of architecture, the Basil Cathedral, which Dean Stanley thus picturesquely describes:—

"That sumptuous church remains a monument of the mad hermit (Basil). It is the cathedral immediately outside the Kremlin walls, well termed the dream of a diseased imagination. It was built according to the caprice of Ivan IV to commemorate the conquest of Kasan. Hundreds of artists were kidnapped from Lubeck to erect it; pagoda on pagoda, cupola on cupola, staircase on staircase, pinnacle on pinnacle, red, blue, green, and gold; chapel within chapel, altar above altar, to see how many could be congregated under a single roof. Day by day, it is said, he sat in the small belfry tower on the Kremlin walls to watch its completion, and when completed put out the eyes of the architect that no finer work might ever be executed. Yet in this favourite church of a worse than Ahab, was interred, as though he and his people were unconscious of any inconsistency, the body of one who was dreaded by him, and revered by the people almost as a second Elijah. He lies in the most costly of the many chapels; his iron chains and collar—which he wore upon his naked body summer and winter alike—hang over his bones; and his name, St. Basil, has superseded the earlier title which the Czar had given it, 'The Protector of our Lady,' in allusion to the conquest of Kasan, which it commemorated. Of all the buildings in Moscow, it makes the deepest impression; it stands alone as a fitting monument of the mad Czar and his mad reprover."

The atmosphere of Russia in winter, without a cloud in the air, flashes like the electric light upon everything. To a Londoner's eye it is dazzling. Every turret, dome, pinnacle, cupola, battlement of the Kremlin stands out in the peacock-blue vault like some great architectural aurora borealis. Just at that time, in preparation for the coronation, every part of the Kremlin was swarming with workmen, looking like flies far up above the lower world of Moscow, on towers, pinnacles, and points of this Oriental labyrinth of colouring and gold. It was a sight to watch these busy hundreds, working high up aloft, not in the clouds—for there were none—but in the intense cold of the upper regions, where, suspended on ropes, platforms, planks, and ladders, they looked like so many spiders. This

was for the illuminations, as well as for retouching the colouring and gilding of this wilderness of architecture. An Englishman living in Moscow told me that one night, in a severe frost, he took his latchkey out of his pocket, and having his hands full, put it between his teeth for a moment. It immediately froze to his lips, and had to be melted with his tongue before he could get it away. I am told that the snow through which I passed, between Smolensk and Moscow, had been far worse between Smolensk, Orel, and the Sea of Azof. In those regions trains had been blocked for thirty-six hours, so I had reason to be thankful that we got through as we did. Having been driven back by snowstorms when I attempted to reach the Sparrow Hills three years before, I made another attempt this time in a gala-troika of three white horses, all bedizened and bedecked, as is the manner and delight of the Muscovites. It was a grand view; the great golden dome (not gilded, for it is of beaten gold) of St. Saviour's Cathedral stood, flashing out like fire, dominating all other buildings of the Holy City. At our feet, just across the Moskwa, lay the great Novo Devitsky monastery, its red, battlemented walls, towers, and domes forming a perfect foreground.

Walking one day in Moscow, a small beggar-boy, amidst much wailing of pretended auguish, asked an alms. I did not know what his eloquence was endeavouring to convey till the friend with whom I was walking interpreted it for me. "Oh, kind, good sirs," was the burden of his long-drawn prayer, "of your dearness, do pray give this poor, wretched little boy one small kopek." Begging in Russia is a trade. If you ask an able-bodied beggar why he does not work, he takes it as an insult, as one pursuing a respectable and, indeed, honourable calling. "Sir," he will say in an injured voice, "I do not work; I'm a beggar."

The Cazalets are an old Anglo-Russian family of several generations. Mr. William Cazalet told me that his great-grandfather was murdered at old Novgorod on this wise. He was invited to dine with a party of merchants. After dinner all seemed going pleasantly and well, when they suddenly set upon and killed him. It is supposed that they were jealous of his doing well in business. This was in the days of Peter the Great.

Not believing in the sensational things published so frequently upon Russian prisons, I had been anxious for years to see one where prisoners for Siberian exile are confined; I applied to the authorities,

and found there were difficulties. Exaggerated reports had been published in England and America about Russian prisons, and my wish was looked upon with suspicion. However, after two or three days' delay the desired permission came from the Civil Governor of Moscow, and I was allowed to pay my visit. I assured the authorities that I was friendly to Russia and the Russian Government, and had no intention of publishing anything prejudicial to its prison administration. What I am about to record I have therefore thought it right to submit to the censorship of the Civil Governor. He has read what I have written, and with a few amendments and omissions made at his request, I have his permission to publish my observations and impressions.

Armed with the permission of the Civil Governor of Moscow, I went on 26 February to the great Peresilni Prison, where exiles for Siberia to the number of two thousand had been collecting during the winter for their long journey. It is a huge building surrounded by heavy, strong, white outer walls, with a bastion at each angle. The guard saluted as we drove up. A large group of men and women with children on their backs, perhaps sixty in all, were being admitted. Guards were standing at the entrance with drawn swords. We were received by officials in uniform: one the Governor of the prison, the other the Inspector of prisons. The Governor only spoke Russian, the Inspector, a sharp, shrewd, capable-looking man, spoke French. His uniform was dark green, that of the Governor black with red facings; guards stood on each side of the entrance-hall also in uniform. We were taken up first into an office where sat several officials at work, others standing about. In the corner, as ever and everywhere in a Russian dwelling, stood an ikon with a candle burning before it. Some conversation ensued, and then the Governor and Inspector asked me to accompany them. First we were shown the kitchen, very large and clean. Specimens of the prisoners' food had been placed upon a table for my inspection—soup, porridge, and bread which the Inspector tasted. The bread was black, but of good quality: the same as that usually eaten in Russia. Then to the store-rooms containing huge bales of canvas for clothing, specimens of which were given to me. The men's canvas is coarse, that of the women less so. The great-coats for both men and women are of camel's skin with the hair on. Then to the bakery, which contained stacks of black bread. We were shown about one thousand out of the two thousand then in the prison. First we went into the chapel,

which is circular in order that all the congregation may see the altar and the priest. The circular part is screened off by a heavy iron grating, beyond which, amongst the pillars, the prisoners stand for worship. This is the Orthodox Russian chapel. We were then taken to the Roman and Lutheran chapels, all three religions existing in Russia, and provided for here. The texts around the walls of these chapels are in Russian, Polish, German, and three Asiatic languages: "Turn to Me, and I will release you," "God is Love," etc. Then to the corridor-rooms where the prisoners are allowed to see their friends. These long corridors are separated into three parts. In one part the prisoners stand, and in another their friends. They are separated by two sets of heavy iron gratings from the floor to the ceiling; the space between may be two yards wide, and in this space, between the prisoners and their friends, guards walk up and down. The prisoners consist mainly of three classes of criminals. The first are those found wandering about in any part of the Russian Empire without passports. The second are called "vagabonds," by which I gathered that they could give no account of themselves, and were suspects. The prisoners are confined in very large rooms, containing, perhaps, fifty to one hundred persons. The trestle bedsteads are exceedingly rough and strongly made; there is no bedding upon them, only a thin, dark palliasse rolled up and placed at the bed head. Rows upon rows of prisoners, all in chains, were standing to receive us, each at the foot of his bed. As the Inspector unlocked each door, and threw it open, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Good morning, brothers." To which a deep roll of voices came back, "Good morning, sir," in Russian or other languages, according to nationality. Many of the faces were hardly human, brutal beyond description. All are shaved upon their heads in different ways. Some on the right side, others on the left, and in a variety of shapes not improving their appearance. Murderers and women criminals are shaved in different ways, marking their crime. Some few were working in separate rooms at various trades—button-making, shoe-making, tailoring. These were not many, but, no doubt, the work of the prisons is done by the prisoners. In one room we were shown the Tartar prisoners. These were keeping their Ramazan, being Mohammedans. "They are keeping their festival to-day," said the Governor, though I failed to see in what the festivities consisted; they appeared to be in exactly the same wretched, hopeless plight as the other criminals. The Mohammedan

women's room was exactly the same. One room possessed a terrible interest. As the inspector opened it, he turned to me, and lowering his voice, said, "Here are eighty-five women who have murdered their husbands." It came as a horrible shock. We then entered and walked between the rows of these wretched creatures, each standing at the foot of her bedstead. He stopped in front of one young woman, not at all bad-looking, and with an almost gentle expression of face, and said, "I think you poisoned your husband, didn't you?" To which she replied, "No; they said I did, but he did it himself." The boys' part of the prison was, happily, nearly empty. This was a good sign. Only some eight or ten, and they were only found wandering about without passports, and would be sent back to their homes. There are three classes of prisoners sent to Siberia.

1. Those who have committed minor offences. These are sent into the first zone between the Ural Mountains and the Lena River.

2. Those who have committed worse offences, and are sent into the second zone between the Lena and the Yenesei rivers.

3. The worst criminals who are sent to the island of Saghalien, off the Siberian coast, on the Sea of Okhotsk. These never return. This island reverting in part to Japan, will probably be now no longer available for Russian convicts.

The cells of the political prisoners are situated in the four flanking bastions. There are three tiers of them, each *étage* connected by a spiral staircase. The cells are very small, about twelve feet square, lighted by a little window about two feet high and one broad. Beyond the windows, which are double, is an iron grating, and an iron defence beyond that again. A small pallet bed, a small table and stool, an iron wash-basin and water supply complete the furniture. The door is provided with a wicket, through which food is passed. It also serves for an opening for observation.

The Governor, in response to my request, gave me a pair of chains from a huge store-chest full of them. In showing me how they were fastened to the legs, the Inspector went up to two or three of the prisoners, showing how they were riveted on. No shame appeared to be felt by them at all. But when I asked how the chains were kept up, for they are very heavy, he told a young fellow to take his chains down from his waist, which is the only part the prisoners themselves can loose. I then saw that he wore nothing but the canvas jacket and the canvas trousers. This is no hardship,

as the rooms are well heated. The chains are fastened by two iron collars, one round each leg, and are suspended upon a strap which passes round the waist. I wondered how these poor wretches got through their weary days. Sixty, eighty to a hundred in the same room, chained and sitting on their miserable bed-ends. I asked the Governor if they could not combine and overpower the warders. To which he replied, "We have eighty armed warders in the prison, and could immediately summon more help if required."

Having seen all, I thanked the Governor and Inspector for their courtesy and attention, and assured them that I was most friendly disposed to the Russian Government, and only wished, in asking permission to see what they had so kindly shown me, to satisfy myself that things were not so bad as some writers had represented. Naturally, prisons further eastward and in Siberia would not be so well appointed as this in Moscow. It would not be fair to judge the Russian prison system by our own. If things are not as we arrange them in Western Europe, we must remember that the prisoners to be dealt with are of a worse and more desperate type, and that in going so far eastward, the traveller, though he anticipates the dawn by three hours, falls back, if not as many centuries, at all events far behind our Western standpoint.

I called upon the Civil Governor of Moscow—who had given me this entrée—writing upon my card, "With the Bishop's thanks for the Governor's kindness." I also called upon the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse). When we told the mujik to drive to the Grand Ducal Palace, he said, "Oh yes, to Sergius the son of Alexander," which is quite the Russian way of putting it, though disrespectful to our Western ears. It will be remembered that the Grand Duke fell a victim to an assassin's bomb soon after "Red Sunday," in 1905.

I carefully inspected, upon this visit to Moscow, the interior of the new Cathedral of St. Saviour, built as a thank-offering for the deliverance of Moscow from Napoleon's invasion. The pictures—all by Russian artists, no foreign art being allowed in Russian churches—are very beautiful. The monk Sergius blessing Dimitri on his departure to fight the Tartars is one of the best out of a fine array too numerous to mention in detail.

On the night of 26 February I left Moscow for Petersburg, a Russian gentleman—married to an English lady—coming with his nice son, whom I had confirmed, to see me off. This, in some 50°

of frost, was very friendly. Two young Russians, my fellow travellers, were going to shoot bears. Their dress was quaint, consisting of reindeer skins and grey furs. I was told that they would have to drive one hundred miles to the shooting-ground from the station at which they would alight. The night was exceedingly cold, but having a first-class compartment reserved for me was snug and comfortable, and glad not to have to turn out and sledge a hundred miles even to shoot bears.

An instance was given me of the ignorance and superstition of the Russian peasantry. A travelling blacksmith, working from village to village in a district where cattle plague had broken out, was suspected of having exercised (like Wayland Smith) occult arts. He was set upon and killed. The Russians like the English individually but not nationally. They charge us with having crossed their path in every direction, thwarted them in every possible way, and defeated their legitimate aspirations. This may be supposed to mean that we have barred their way to India. Wood being the only fuel burnt in Russia, gives the towns when seen from a distance the appearance of steaming instead of smoking. Moscow or Petersburg, for instance, viewed from a distance, look as if they were cities of workshops in full steam, and in the clear frosty air the appearance is very beautiful. Russian cities are well protected from fire. Towers are erected all over them like lighthouses with a gallery running round the top upon which men are stationed day and night to give alarm. In Moscow there are no less than fifty such towers, for a fire amongst so many wooden houses means a great and terrible conflagration. The suburbs of Petersburg are very extensive, churches, towers, monasteries lying out all over the country round about for miles before the city itself is reached.

Upon my arrival from Moscow, I found that the ecclesiastics, gathered in the capital from all parts of the Empire for a week of elaborate functions, hearing that an Anglican Bishop was expected, had expressed their wish that I should take part in them. This was very friendly, and I, of course, accepted their invitation, expressing my appreciation of their brotherly kindness.

On 28 February Prince Andronikoff, representing the Holy Synod, came to accompany me upon my visit to the Metropolitan of Petersburg. I went, by advice of local authorities, in my scarlet robes and with pastoral staff. The palace of the Archbishop is in the Nevsky Monastery. We were ushered up into a large saloon

stocked with flowers, ferns, and shrubs, like a large ballroom, thence through another about half the size, and then into a third, the audience room, from the end of which the Metropolitan entered through folding doors. He was dressed in a long, flowing habit of black and white silk, with a white caftan upon his head, in front of which was a small diamond cross, the badge of a Metropolitan, white drapery falling from the back of the caftan. Two jewelled and enamelled orders, gold and set with diamonds, depended from chains upon his breast, inscribed with Russian words. A large jewelled pectoral cross hung between the orders from a large gold chain. We shook hands; Mr. Birkbeck and those with me kissing his hand. He motioned me to a sofa in the middle of the room, upon which we two sat, those accompanying me sitting on chairs on either side, which had all been arranged evidently for the interview. The furniture in this and in all the other rooms through which we had passed was gilt, upholstered with light-blue figured satin.

Prince Andronikoff interpreted the Metropolitan's greetings to me, and to him my satisfaction at the opportunity of seeing him. I spoke of our pleasure in having received Bishop Nicolai, of Alaska, lately in England, suggesting that the Orthodox Church of Russia should send a representative to attend the Lambeth Conference the following year to meet the two hundred bishops of the Anglican Communion from all parts of the world. If he so desired I would suggest it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He quite agreed, but said that the invitation must come through the Holy Synod, and not direct to him. He suggested the Archbishop of Finland and Helsingfors as the prelate most fitting to go upon such a mission. I warned him not to receive any one pretending to belong to our Church except through our chaplain at Petersburg. I gave this caution in view of approaches which had been made to the Archbishop by unauthorized persons. I showed him my passport from Lord Salisbury setting forth my object as a bishop duly appointed to visit the Russian chaplaincies. This seemed to impress him very favourably. It was evidently just such accord of Church and State as the Orthodox Church of Russia would entirely appreciate.

As we sat and talked a servant entered with a silver tray upon which were glasses of tea in silver sockets, with confections and sweetmeats, called in Russia and the East "comdeterskoi," to which he helped me. We talked for about half an hour entirely upon the

Russian and Anglican Churches, and the possibilities of union between them. He sent for a Russian book, and said that an Englishman had spoken recently upon the subject in England with a warmth that had much pleased him. He turned to the passage, and it was Mr. Birkbeck's speech at the Norwich Church Congress in the previous October. When he found that the man who had made the speech was sitting in the room he was much interested. He showed me photographs of Archbishop Benson, Bishop King, of Lincoln, and Harold Browne, of Winchester. Also photographs of St. Paul's Cathedral reredos. I told him that I was the bishop appointed by the Archbishop to represent the Anglican Church at the 900th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, held at Kieff in the Jubilee year, though I was unable to undertake the journey. As he talked of unity, I remarked that one of the Psalms for the day was that upon this very subject, "Behold, how joyful and pleasant a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity." This evidently impressed him very strongly. He said, "We also in the Orthodox Church recite the Psalms daily as you do." He then asked to be excused for a minute, returning immediately, and bringing with him a very handsome ikon in an oak case, which he asked me to accept. It is a picture of the Saviour set in silver gilt and enamel. Prince Andronikoff told me that such a gift is the greatest compliment to those whom the Metropolitan desires to honour. He advanced with it, holding it open for me to kiss as he presented it. Before we parted he invited me to a function to be held the next day, the opening of the Theological Academy of Petersburg, at which I should meet all the Archbishops and Bishops now in the capital. He also invited me to attend the great service at the Isaac Cathedral on the following Monday to celebrate the freeing of the serfs throughout the Russian Empire. This was arranged. I then said that I should like to visit the tomb of Alexander Nevski in the great church of the monastery built by Catharine II. This is quite the proper wish to express, and he was evidently much gratified by my expressing it. He at once summoned two archimandrites, who were instructed to accompany me. When I took my leave, he said he hoped it would not be the last time he would see me in his palace. He kissed me on both cheeks, which I returned, saying as he did, "Christ is betwixt us," the orthodox salutation between two bishops.

I then walked over the grounds in the snow to the monastery

church, those assembled in the courtyard going down as I passed to receive the Anglican Bishop's blessing. It was a very touching sight, all done so simply, so naturally. Had I declined to give them the episcopal benediction it would not only have greatly hurt them, but they would scarcely have believed that I was a bishop at all. I was taken by the archimandrites to the altar, which is situated behind the gilded gates in the sanctuary. I then kissed the altar, kneeling at it, and saying a silent prayer for the peace and unity of the Church, as the manner of the Eastern Church is to pray. Then to the tomb of Alexander Nevski. It is enormous, of massive silver, rising almost half up to the roof of the church. The altar, huge candlesticks, statues, reliefs, friezes, being all of solid silver, mined in Siberia. Upon leaving the church the people bowed for my blessing—and taking leave of the archimandrites, I drove away, a considerable crowd having meanwhile gathered outside to see the Bishop in strange dress from a far land. Then to call upon M. Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and next to the Emperor, by far the most powerful man in Russia. We conversed in French, he knowing scarcely any English, which surprised me, Russians being such fine linguists. He is a great student, speaking of several English works, with which he expressed his sympathy —Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Balfour's *Foundations of Faith*, Gladstone on Bishop Butler, etc. He has a most remarkable face—astute, shrewd, clever, unrelenting. As we passed out to his staircase, to which he accompanied me, through a lobby, he pointed to a set of telephonic and telegraphic instruments, which put him in connexion with Petersburg, the provinces, and the entire Empire, and said, "Voila! la peste de civilisation." It would suit him better to have none of these things; for he is a fossil, and, in the interests of the Russian Empire, as all fossils, utterly unprogressive.

According to arrangement made with the Archbishop of Petersburg I went on 29 February in company with Prince Andronikoff to the Theological Academy. Crowds surrounded the entrance steps and doors, going down again with bare heads to receive the Anglican Bishop's blessing. Upon entering I was taken up into a large room, where the Archbishops and Bishops were assembling, to whom I was introduced.

Archbishop Antonio, of Finland and Helsingfors, struck me as the finest and most interesting of them all. He was a youngish man, handsome, with a dignified mien and beautiful face, dressed in a

flowing brown silk habit, wearing a blue and gold enamelled pectoral cross, with orders suspended by scarlet ribbons. On his head he wore a black caftan, with flowing drapery depending from behind. He begged to be allowed to examine my pastoral staff, and asked several questions about it, which Prince Andronikoff answered. This was the Bishop I ventured to suggest should come to England. He came, and stood with us on the steps of St. Paul's at the Jubilee. I was then introduced to the Archbishop of Odessa and Novgorod, and was duly kissed by them, whom I also kissed on both cheeks. The same ceremony had to be gone through with them all.

Mr. Sabler, a member of the Holy Synod, was also present, whom I had met before, when he took me to the great service in the Isaac Cathedral commemorating the sixth anniversary of the Czar's accession. He knows England, which none of these dignitaries do, and speaks English. We then all went out to meet the Metropolitan of Petersburg, down in the great entrance-hall. He was dressed in a purple velvet robe, wearing a pectoral cross of diamonds and other jewels. All the Archbishops and Bishops wore the State orders of Vladimir and St. Anne. The Archbishop kissed me, and I him, and we passed into the hall of the Academy, which was full of officers, Army and State, and others in uniform. One end of the hall was crowded with students. Andreas, the Minister of Public Education, was present.

Music opened the proceedings, the students singing. Then came the reading of the report of the Academy, followed by a long dissertation from a Russian master of exegesis, of which I understood not one word. This lasted two hours! The ceremonies concluded with more singing, the Archbishop of Petersburg closing them with the Benediction.

Pobiedonostzeff was there in all his orders, as also Father John of Cronstadt, who came in late. To him, as to Pobiedonostzeff, the whole hall rose, except the Bishops. As Father John went out, the rush of people to kiss his hand was a wondrous sight. People broke in from outside, literally bursting through the attendants in their frenzy—I can use no other term—to touch even the hem of his garment. They simply fought inch by inch to get at him. He is said to be a miracle-worker, and is followed about, almost as our Lord was, by crowds who press about him with their sick, their suffering, their needs, and troubles. When the late Czar was dying

at Livadia in the Crimea, he was sent for by the Imperial Family to pray for and, under God, restore him to health again. As soon as Father John saw the Czar he said he could not live more than ten days, which was about the term of his life. When he is travelling, and the train stops at a station where another train is waiting, the passengers make a rush, *en masse*, to touch him and ask his prayers. As he walks in the streets he is overwhelmed by crowds who flock round and follow him. He feels this acutely, for he is a humble-minded man. He tells them that he cannot work miracles, but that God answers his prayers. Upon one occasion he tore off the robe he was wearing, which the crowd had been touching, and as he rent it in pieces told them they were committing sheer idolatry. But it is useless, he cannot restrain them. He never takes a kopek from the offerings made to him, but gives it all away. He came up to me in the Academy, kissed my hand, the cross I wore, and then saluted me on the cheek. He has a most remarkable and beautiful face.

The Dean of the Isaac Cathedral also came, greeted and kissed me; a dear old man, very friendly to us and our Church. Then followed a great leave-taking of the Bishops, and then the most interesting and striking event of all followed. The entire Academy of students came pressing through the corridors to thank me for my presence, and express their good will to me as a representative of the Anglican Church. They crowded round to kiss my hand, and spoke their kindly welcome and greeting through one of their professors. And then I spoke to them in reply, and said how gratified I was; that in England we knew how kind and brotherly the feeling of the Orthodox Church towards our Church was, and how thoroughly we reciprocated those feelings. I told them that the entire Anglican communion in England, America, India, and the Colonies, prays daily for the unity of the Churches, and how I hoped that at the Lambeth Conference the following year we should welcome a Russian bishop amongst us. They cheered and cheered again in response to what I said, and sang with really grand effect the εἰς πολλὰ ἔτη δέσποτα, the old Eastern cry, "O King (or chief), live for ever." Then they all bowed their heads to receive my blessing. It is necessary to go through all this. It is expected of a bishop, and it must do good. These young fellows represent the future priesthood of the Orthodox Church, from the Arctic Circle to the frontiers of India and China, and from Poland to Kamschatka. A very memorable day indeed, which may God bless. I then made my

way through the crowd of students, who lined the staircases and entrances, as I passed out into the crowds which had assembled to see the English Bishop. These also bowed to receive my blessing, which I gave them as I entered my carriage and drove away.

From the Academy I went to the Winter Palace, and wrote my name in the Emperor's and Empress's book. Upon my return to the Russian Company's premises I found a letter from Princess Sheramatieff, a cousin of the Emperor, asking me to visit her the next morning, but I had not a moment to spare for the purpose. A Russian officer called upon me to ask about the title of the Life of Father John of Cronstadt. He suggests *My Life in Christ.* I did not think this would do, not conveying anything indicative of Father John's career. I thought *Father John of Cronstadt; His Life in Christ* would be better. He also asked me to recommend a publisher. I suggested Cassell. Cassell did ultimately and after some hesitation publish it. A large volume, which might well have been compressed, as I suggested it should be. Upon this visit to Petersburg I confirmed 130 candidates, the Dean of St. Isaac's Cathedral showing his sympathy with us by being present in the congregation, which was a very large one indeed. Pobiedonostzeff returned my call.

The evening of that day I drove out to Coates's cotton factory on the Finland side of the Neva, and preached to a good congregation. As we returned our sledge was upset by the driver running the sledge obliquely against the tram lines. Had a tram come along at the time our heads would have been cut off, for one is strapped into a Russian sledge by a huge bear-skin apron, and if the sledge upsets the passengers are not thrown out, but the whole thing goes over, passengers and all in one inextricable bundle. As it was, a policeman got us free from the tightly strapped bear skin, abusing the driver in strong official language. To which he laconically and quite unconcernedly replied, "Nitchevo."

A Russian priest called to see me, a venerable old man, who spoke, as do all these Russian ecclesiastics, most warmly of the reunion of the Churches.

On 2 March I went to the Isaac Cathedral, as invited by the Metropolitan, to attend the great service commemorating the freeing of the serfs in 1861; a Mass following for the repose of the late Emperor's soul. Upon arriving at the cathedral I was taken behind the great brazen gates into the Holy Place where the altar stands,

and there in their full church robes stood the Metropolitan of Petersburg and Ladoga, the Archbishops of Moscow, Finland, and Odessa, the Bishop of Novgorod and of the Academy, the Dean of St. Isaac's and of the Kasan Cathedrals, together with swarms of high dignitaries. All these kissed me, and with endless bowings I saluted all present. The service then commenced; I went out with them when they passed to their places under the dome, and stood within the rails taper in hand, such as all were provided with. It was a very gorgeous function, the music exquisite. At its conclusion I was given one of the little loaves from which the bread for the Holy Communion is cut. It is stamped with a Greek cross and a St. Andrew's cross—the patron saint of Russia. Between these two crosses is "I.H.S." and the word "Nika" (Victory).

Upon returning through the gates to the Holy Place all the Archbishops and Bishops gave me the kiss of peace, and the service was at an end. The Dean then showed me over the cathedral with all its numerous shrines and treasures. The altar plate, all of solid gold, enormous, priceless, wondrous. Then followed a reception to meet the dignitaries of the Orthodox Church. The Metropolitan had called before my return. Several of those attending the great service, ecclesiastical and civil, attended the reception, including the Archbishop of Odessa, the Dean of St. Isaac's, Count Ignatieff, somewhile Russian Ambassador at Constantinople and once military attaché to England; Count Delianoff, Minister of Public Instruction; and last, though by no means least, Father John of Cronstadt, who brought for me a portrait of himself, painted on china. I had much conversation with him about his biography, the unity of the Churches, etc. He speaks no English: all had to be done through an interpreter. We went up to our church, taking these dignitaries with us, as they wished to see it. Assembled before the altar we spoke words of brotherly sympathy, and desire for unity—the invariable keynote of the Orthodox Church of Russia. Pointing to the great picture of the Crucifixion, which hung over the altar, and stretching out his arm emphatically towards it, "Behold!" exclaimed Father John, "the bond of brotherhood and unity throughout the world." Upon our return to the house I asked Father John's prayers for certain persons in whose welfare I was at that time painfully interested, and he promised he would give them. Not long before he had visited a little crippled child and prayed for it. He then left the room and went into another to speak to some

one else. The child's little sister came in and said to her, "You are better, aren't you? Father John has been here." She made an effort, got up, and found herself restored. A man came to him one day in great distress about money matters. He was a cashier on the Moscow line, and couldn't make his accounts balance by 300 roubles. He had been sent for to Moscow to account for the deficiency, and asked Father John's prayers before he started. On his way to Moscow he was walking up and down a platform in much distraction, when a gentleman came up and asked what was the matter. He told him, and the gentleman gave him the 300 roubles.

All the Anglo-Russians who have lived in Russia, many of them from their birth, told me that this outburst of sympathy and goodwill towards our Church which I have described was the most extraordinary they had ever known. The facts I have recorded of this brotherly intercourse and friendliness appeared in all the leading Russian papers, and were copied into those of Western Europe, as well as into our English papers. The *Times* of 3 March published the following upon it: "Our Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that the periodical visit to St. Petersburg of the English Bishop superintending Continental Chaplaincies has this time been the occasion of something very like a demonstration of mutual sympathy between English and Russian representative ecclesiastics. The incident denotes an increasing interchange of courtesies between members of the Anglican and Russian Churches, and has attracted some public attention. On Friday Bishop Wilkinson paid a visit to the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, at the Nevski Monastery. . . . The *Novo Vremya* described the visit as having been 'one of considerable pomp and ceremony, as well as great cordiality and friendliness. Bishop Wilkinson, in Convocation robes, with his episcopal staff, knelt in prayer at the altar, and kissed the Holy Image of the Saviour, with which he was blessed by the Metropolitan Palladius.'*

"During the visit the conversation turned upon the desirability of union of the Churches. On Saturday Bishop Wilkinson was present at the annual ceremony of the Russian Ecclesiastical Academy,

* This is incorrect, as I explained upon my return to England. The Russians have no images to kiss, abhorring images even more than we do. Nor did Palladius bless me. The Kiss of Peace given by all Orthodox bishops being probably meant. It would not have been ecclesiastically correct to have blessed me.

when all the pupils were led up to him by their professors and introduced. On Sunday Bishop Wilkinson held a confirmation service for 130 members of the British community in the English church, which was attended by several Russian dignitaries, including the Dean of St. Isaac's Cathedral. Yesterday the Bishop held a reception of the Russian clergy."

Before leaving Petersburg I visited a boy in the hospital, named Wardroper, whom I had confirmed upon a former visit. He was suffering terribly from the effects of a fire. The story is one illustrating English faithfulness and pluck. When the fire broke out, instead of running away and saving himself, he got a bucket of water, and told the Russian employés of the factory to fill and hand it up to him upon a ladder. A bucket of turpentine was standing near, which he told them to take away. This was not done, but in the confusion handed to him. He threw it upon the fire, and was in a moment enveloped in flames. Rushing out he rolled himself in the snow, and fearfully burnt as he was, made his way again into the burning factory, to save a book of great value which he knew to be in the office. He possessed himself of it, but at the risk of his life. He presented a terrible sight, his features scarcely discernible. When I arrived the doctors were changing his bandages, and the poor lad's cries were heartrending.

I then called upon Yarnisheff, the Empress's Confessor. He lived at Darmstadt, where he prepared the present Empress and the Grand Duchess Sergius for their entrance into the Russian Church. He is a dear old man, with a sweet face, and of great influence in the Russian Court.

At the Baltic station, upon my leaving Petersburg, we had quite a demonstration. A crowd was gathered outside. Upon the stone stairway leading up to the booking-hall the railway officials stood and saluted. On the steps of the portico a deputation of students from the Academy ranged themselves. They uncovered as I passed, and followed me to the train. Here a compartment had been reserved for me in the Riga train. Quite a large gathering was assembled upon the platform to wish me good-bye, consisting of English merchants, residents, and Russian students from the Academy. To these I addressed a few farewell words, which were interpreted by Prince Andronikoff. I begged them to remember the unity of the Churches in their prayers, and then I blessed them. They were most hearty in their response, pressing forward to kiss my

hand. As the train moved off, I stood at the open window and raised my hand, the crowd waving their last farewells, and even running along by the train in their exuberance of feeling. The students then raised their hymn, "εἰς πολλὰ ἔτη δέσποτα"; and this was the last I saw and heard of these kind-hearted Russians as my train moved out of the Baltic railway terminus on its way to Riga.

Upon my arrival at Riga I found that news of what had taken place at Petersburg had travelled before me, and a crowd was on the platform to see the English Bishop who had been so warmly received by the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Church in the capital.

I visited the Archbishop of Riga and Courland at his palace. The dear old man came forward and kissed me thrice, as I also kissed him. Then he kissed me on either shoulder, a mark of special friendliness. He talked of what had passed in Petersburg, and, of course, about the unity of the Churches, and of the good feeling existing between the Russian and English Churches. He told me that he had read in the papers of my doings in Petersburg, and had taken special interest in the students' hearty welcome, because he had been at one time Principal of the Academy. He gave me some books in the Russian language, and a picture of himself in his robes. Upon taking leave he expressed his intention of being present at the confirmation the following day. The next day he returned my call, but he was not at all well, and begged to be excused attending the confirmation.

During my visit to Riga I was asked to cross into Courland and take part in the opening of an English cotton factory; all such things being inaugurated with a religious service in Russia. News of what had passed in Petersburg had spread into Courland, and they wanted the English Bishop to give his Anglican blessing to the undertaking. The Russian priest of the district performed the service, the entire staff employed being present, managers, English and Russian, and the workmen; the Deputy-Governor of Riga was also present—the governorship being vacant. At the conclusion of the Russian service I said a prayer of dedication and pronounced the Anglican benediction. The concourse of people was very large, and all seemed much pleased at my having come to take part in the proceedings. The service was followed by a public luncheon, about 100 being present. The most characteristic Russian dish was bear's-paw soup, considered a great delicacy. We drank the Emperor of Russia's health; then that of the Queen of England and Empress of

India. Then my health was proposed, and I had, of course, to return thanks, when I took occasion to say that to know Russia and the Russians, and to appreciate all their excellent qualities and kind-hearted friendship, it was necessary to come and live in the country; that our countrymen who lived in Russia always spoke so warmly of Russian kindness, hospitality, and friendship, and that it was only those who did not know Russia who spoke hard things of her. This was received with tremendous enthusiasm; they were overflowing in their gratitude and appreciation. Mr. Carr, the manager of the factory, told me that nothing of the kind had ever before been seen or known, and he had lived in Russia for twenty-five years.

From Riga I went to Libau, confirmed, and held a reception. From Libau I travelled via Moscheiky, joining the main line at Koshkedari, whence I proceeded to Wirballen on the frontier. At the railway stations in this "country of vast and dreary distances" —as Dobson, the *Times* correspondent calls Russia—are always to be seen a motley set of travellers, not a few from Eastern districts with faces of dark and evil type, such as one would not care to be left alone with in out-of-the-way regions—some in costly furs, others in dirty, greasy sheepskins. One's eye keeps guard instinctively upon one's baggage. At Wirballen our passports were taken from us. I had travelled with two young Germans. When the passport of one of them was brought back the official told him it was not in order, and that he must be detained in one of the little cells above the great station till he could clear himself. He looked very pale and dismal as he was walked away, saying to his friend in German, that he hoped to meet him in Berlin. He had stayed last at Riga, and it was the Riga police who had to be communicated with. I little thought that in 1905 I should myself be an inmate of such a cell, as will be related in its place.

I travelled from Gumbinnen, a German fortress near the frontier, with a young German officer who had lately been to India. He was delighted with all he had seen, and most eloquent upon its wonders; turning to me with a mischievously arch look, he concluded his glowing description by saying, "And Russia wants to get it all." "She won't get it just yet," I replied.

Upon reaching Berlin I was met by the Ambassador's carriage, and drove to the Embassy, where I was the guest of Sir F. and Lady Lascelles. The Empress Frederick had expressed a wish that I should visit her "Governesses' Home" with Sir Frank, so we went

and inspected it. Then to the palace of the Empress Frederick, who wished to see me. She had much to say, upon all sorts of subjects. The Armenian atrocities—which were just then a European and Asiatic topic. None of the Powers, she said, except England seemed to care for the poor Armenians. She told me that she had read of my doings in Petersburg. "But," she said, "why did you visit the tomb of Alexander Nevski?" I told her that it was the inevitably right thing to do in visiting the Metropolitan. Why should we not visit the tomb of a good man and say a silent prayer at it? I had done the same in visiting that of the Emperor Frederick. Then about Prince Henry of Battenberg's death, which she spoke of as such a terribly sudden blow, and so unexpected; he was so much better and supposed to be doing well. I told Her Majesty that African fever was very deadly in some cases, that I had many attacks of it in Africa, and one was never perhaps altogether the same afterwards. She told me she was going to Athens, and would join our Queen at Cimiez. Then she opened upon the Jameson raid and the Transvaal troubles. "You can't think what I have suffered through all this time; it has been dreadful." I said I had often thought of and felt for her. Speaking highly of Rhodes, she asked why his friend had disowned him. I asked what friend. She hesitated, and I asked if she meant Hoffmeyer. She said yes. She told me that when Kruger was in Berlin a few years before she declined to see him.

Telling the Empress of my visit to Gotha, and of the kindness of the Duke and Duchess, also of the "Schlösschen" he had given and fitted up for our service, she said that he had told her about it, and how nice it all was. She then asked how long I stayed in Berlin, because she wanted me to come and dine. I said it was not possible, as I was leaving shortly, and all my evenings were engaged. She expressed a wish that I should visit her at Kronberg, as she had so often asked me to do. I said I would when next at Frankfürt. She seemed never weary of talking about England. It was always dear England and what might be passing there. "I shall be at the confirmation to-morrow, certainly," were her parting words as she came out with me into the corridor. She was always most considerate, friendly, and kind. I never saw her again. She fell into ill-health, which increased till the terribly painful end came. I met at dinner at the Embassy all the attachés, Lords Granville, Dering, Seymour, Colonel Grier, the new Military Attaché. Lady Lascelles,

who knows Russia and Persia—Sir Frank having been accredited there—was full of information about those countries. Sir Frank regretted that I had not arrived at the Embassy two days sooner, as the Emperor came in the evening and talked over the Jameson Raid and the historic telegram, discussing the whole affair for some two or three hours. The Empress Frederick was present at the confirmation, according to promise.

Upon leaving Berlin I went to Dresden, where the usual work of preaching, confirming, and attending receptions awaited me. At a concert in Dresden I was shown a violin which had belonged to Mozart. It came to the conductor of the concert through Lauterbach, the composer, and is dated 1675.

From Dresden I travelled through to England via the Hook of Holland.

CHAPTER XXIV

Lord Dufferin's last state banquet at Paris—One who knows the world and everything in it—The Astronomer Royal of the Cape—Consecration of the Church of SS. George and Boniface, Freiburg—Tenth Conference at Vienna—Visit to Sir Edmund Monson at the Embassy—Millennium celebration at Buda-Pesth—An indescribable pageant—The busy Danube—Professor Herzl, the Zionist—Salzburg and the Königsee—Christiania—Nansen's return from the North Pole—Ibsen—Bishop of Christiania invites to his ordination—The architectural region of Norway—Telemarken, the Dalen Canal, Kirkebô—Norwegian stabburs—Frederichsborg slot—A gem of architecture—Blok's pictures—Visit to Sir Charles and Lady Scott at the Legation, Copenhagen—Bernstorf—Princess of Wales at the English church in Copenhagen—Visit to the *Osborne*.

ON 19 May I crossed to Paris, confirming at Havre *en route*. Passing through Paris to Chantilly, I confirmed there, and then returned to Paris, where confirmation work again. On the Queen's birthday Lord Dufferin gave a state banquet. It was his last, and loud were the regrets that it should be so. A good many of the guests were in uniform and diplomatic dress. Right and left of our host sat Lord Anglesey and myself. Lord Dufferin was an ideal host, knew the world, everybody and everything in it, and could talk and tell you all about it: India, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Canada, and other countries and posts in which he had served. One almost wondered how all the orders and decorations he wore could find space upon his gold-laced diplomatic coat.

We dined in the great banqueting room, the table being crowded with his treasures from all parts of the world; down the centre ran a piece of plate set with three enormous candelabra. Lord Dufferin told me the history of this colossal structure. When he went up to "High Latitudes," Prince Napoleon, who was also navigating those regions in the "Reine Hortense," was helpful to him. In return he gave the Prince a four-barrelled rifle, then a rare weapon, which cost him three hundred guineas. When the Empire came to an end, and the Prince had to part with much that he possessed, Lord Dufferin

found this rifle at Christie's in London, and got it back for a mere trifle. He also found these three massive candelabra and stands, and bought them. Retiring as he now was from the service he said they would be of no use to him.

Lord Dufferin quite agreed with me as to the Jameson Raid being an outrageous act. He thought, however, that the Germans not only had their eye upon the Transvaal, but upon the whole of South Africa. It was his opinion that Lord Carnarvon made a mistake in annexing the Transvaal *when* he did, that he was too quick about it. "It is a snare we are all apt to fall into who possess power. We are tempted to force an action lest a change of ministry or our own circumstances alter, and so the opportunity of acting while in office is lost." The only two toasts after dinner were "The Queen" and the "President of the French Republic," but no word in either case was spoken.

Lord Dufferin introduced me to the Astronomer Royal of the Cape, Mr. Gill, a Scotchman, an out-and-out Imperialist; he knew Sir Bartle Frere well, and saw him off from Cape Town when recalled. He was with him also the day before he died. He was, of course, entirely on Sir Bartle's side, and very strong for British supremacy in South Africa. Gladstone and his party he spoke of with the deepest indignation. But so do all colonists throughout the world. He struck down at once upon our errors in dealing with the Transvaal. First, Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, being sent as Commissioner to Pretoria, which was an insult to the Boers, treating them as natives. And, secondly, sending Lanyon, who did not understand them. A shrewd, sharp, able man this Astronomer Royal, who knew every question we touched upon, and how they ought to have been grappled with, instead of muddled and culpably mismanaged. He spoke of it all most bitterly, its fearful cost in men and money, and worse than all, the loss of national prestige. What would he have said of our far more fearful losses when twenty years later we had to bring the whole strength and power of the British Empire to bear upon the doing of it all over again!

From Paris I went to Freiburg and consecrated the church of SS. George and Boniface. Upon arrival at Baden I found a telegram awaiting me from the Grand Duchess, asking if I could go and see her at Carlsruhe. I replied that I was only at Baden for a very short time, and had engagements, upon which another telegram came saying that Her Royal Highness was coming to Baden and

would await me by a certain train in the royal waiting-rooms at the station. My train, however, was very late, and when I reached Baden found an official waiting for me to say that the Grand Duchess stayed some time, and had been obliged to go into the town to keep an engagement. Upon arrival at the church for confirmation a messenger met me to say that the Grand Duchess was at the Prince's house not far off, and expecting me, but as the congregation was already assembled for the service I could not go.

From Baden I went to Heidelberg and confirmed, and thence to Vienna for the Conference. There is no better view of beautiful Salzburg than that obtained in crossing the railway bridge which spans the Salsam immediately before entering the station. In the station yard stood two engines, one named "Stephenson," the other "Newton." You will not find such national compliments in Germany. Melk, on the Danube, is magnificently situated. It stands upon a high rocky promontory, absolutely hanging over the swirling volume of waters, and crowned by an enormous three-domed cathedral, with conventual buildings surrounding it. At this point the banks of the Danube become so rocky and precipitous—as the river enters a dark gorge—that the railway, unable longer to follow its course, turns abruptly inland, and it is seen no more.

I found the Embassy carriage awaiting me, with the *jäger* on the platform, in his green dress, cocked hat and feathers, this functionary being a speciality of the British Embassy in the Amsterdam capital, attending certain arrivals. When the officials asked Professor Hechler who His Excellency was expecting, and were told it was the English Bishop, the said officials saluted as I left the train and passed to the carriage, for in Austria a bishop is an important personage. Sir Edmund and Lady Monson very kindly put the Embassy at our disposal for the Conference, and a very delightful time we had under their most splendidly hospitable roof. The Austrian Government sent the Minister of Education to represent itself, and all was right well and vice-royally done. Lord Halifax was to have been with us to read a paper, but was detained in London owing to the passage of his Divorce Bill through the House of Lords. Our Ambassador has to keep up more state here in Vienna than is observed in any of the other capitals of Europe. His carriages, state coach, horses, and stabling are all in accentuated vice-regal style. Sir Edmund was going to Buda-Pesth to attend the Millennium of the kingdom of Hungary. He was taking his state

coach for the procession, and asked me to accompany him. But as it would be a very long affair, and the weather was intensely hot, I decided not to go with the Ambassador, but to see it from a window secured by my Hungarian friends with whom I should be staying. I could then get away when I had had enough of it.

I left Vienna for Buda-Pesth on 3 June. Hungary consists of a vast central alluvial plain, bounded on all sides by mountains, and in summer is very hot. The route lies in part along the Danube, one of the finest points being Gran Nana, situated upon a high rock, with its cathedral and castle looking down upon the river. Here in this castle lives the Archbishop, who is a great man in Hungary. My host and hostess at Buda-Pesth were Mr. and Mrs. Plotenyi, he a Hungarian, she Scotch.

The change in passing from Austria to Hungary is complete and absolute. German, and everything German, is left behind at Presburg, or Pozony as the natives call it, for, like the Welsh, they have their own names for all their towns; everything is strictly and severely Magyar. These people are Huns from Central Asia, and will own no affinity with either Germans or Russians. There was an exhibition being held in Buda-Pesth, the park at the end of the Andrassy Strasse being a world of exhibition buildings and kiosks. Munkácsy's "Ecce Homo," which he left to his native city, has a building all to itself. Pilate leads the Saviour into an open portico, and presents him to the howling crowd gathered slightly below in a courtyard of the Judgment Hall. Some faces of the frenzied Jews as they cry "Crucify Him" form an excellent contrast with the stern inflexibility of the Romans.

A grand view is obtained from the main bridge over the Danube up the river and down to the Margerita Island. The climb up the rocky height on the Buda side to the palace, fortress, and old city is very precipitous, the zigzag being long and tedious. From the top a very extensive panorama lies around. The Danube flows at one's feet; on the other side lies the immense and rapidly increasing city of Pesth, spreading itself out into the far distance; and beyond again, the distant hills. Buda consists of the fortress, palace, and old city, much probably as it was when the Turks held it, which they did for near a century—Pesth is the modern but far larger city. A church on the heights of Buda now stands where a Turkish mosque stood during the Mohammedan occupation. Temporary wooden stands were erected everywhere for the

hundreds of thousands of spectators to view the procession of the deputies in their national dresses from all parts and provinces of the kingdom of Hungary. The sacred crown of St. Stephen had been brought with great pomp from its home—which, I believe, is in Pesth—and had been deposited in this church on the heights of Buda, to be carried on the following Monday in the Millennium procession.

The Hungarian dress is quaint and Eastern; the coachmen wear a profusion of metal ornaments, thickly bestrewing their breasts, their hats black and braided, with feather-plumes flying behind. Gorgeous four-in-hands and thousands of carriages were ever crowding along the great Andrassy Strasse to the park and exhibition, for the Hungarians are great in horses and equipages, and drive at break-neck speed. The horses have no collars, the draft being a broad leather band across the breast, the harness and trappings a blaze of metal. The breed is between Arab and English; everything English is affected and in much repute. The green, red, and white flag of Hungary is displayed everywhere, with the name of their great patriot Kossuth, whom they call Kosciuski, emblazoned on it. Hungarians put the surname first thus, Kanolky A., Kiralfy Henry, and so forth. Count Esterhazy, the great sporting and racing man of Hungary—whose stables are at Potin near by—was at the time of my visit fitting up an Anglican chapel for the English stablemen and jockeys. This, for a Roman, is very liberal. Three Hungarian bands played amongst the exhibition buildings in the park, discoursing their rapid and accurately accentuated music, which makes Hungarians the most finished instrumentalists in Europe.

I grudged being within thirty hours of Constantinople and unable to go there, but it was not to be. I confirmed in our church-room at the Hôtel Hungaria, very noisy just now and full to overflowing with princes, ambassadors, and great folks assembled for the Millennium. As I stood at the service I looked out upon the great river rolling by on its way to the Black Sea, covered with steamers plying slowly and laboriously up and swiftly down the current, with the heights of Buda beyond. The decorated streets were thronged and packed with all sorts and conditions of people, of strange type in face and dress, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Croatians, Montenegrins, Servians, Albanians, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Roumelians, Turks, quite wonderful. Mr. Greville, our Chargé d'Affaires, called

on the morning of the procession, and reporting Sir Edmund Monson's arrival from Vienna, repeated the invitation to go with him in his state coach as part of the procession to the palace. I declined again, as the heat was terrible, and the proceedings would last all day.

Early on 8 June we went across to Buda by steamer. On the Danube boats one sees all nationalities, being the highway for trade to and from the south-eastern states and provinces; some of these pedlars are literally hung round with goods and chattels for sale; quaint sticks, pipes, slippers, knives, trinkets of many sorts, colours, shapes, and devices. Hungarian mothers carry their babies wrapped in the shape of small cylinders, only their faces exposed. A half-wild shepherd clad in skins, from some remote country, stood near me and made a good foreground to the rest of the bizarre and motley crowd. We had an excellent window in Buda from which to view the pageant, just above the Danube bridge. Ninety provinces and principal towns in Hungary sent their quota of representatives, the larger provinces and towns sending fifty or sixty, the smaller less, down to fifteen or so.

First came the royal state coaches with the royalties—Emperor and Empress, archdukes and archduchesses, etc.; then the ambassadors in all their vice-regal state; then the representatives of the provinces and towns, each company marshalled by heralds in gorgeous dresses; then the representatives themselves on horseback, many being great nobles. The dresses were not *imitations* of the ancient and various national costumes as one might suppose, but real; and nothing could be more costly and gorgeous. The English newspaper correspondents—who had lately come from the coronation at Moscow—owned that this pageant was beyond their powers of description; and so it was. Furs of all kinds of animals, leopard, wolf, bear, boar, etc. Whole skins of wild beasts, velvets, cloths of gold; jewelled chains, reins, bridles, saddles, saddle-cloths; eagles' feathers, ornaments of person, and caparisoning of horses; miles, hours of this wild, stately, savage, and semi-civilized magnificence, till the mind and eye became so wearied that one longed for the end. It must be remembered that *each* of the ninety provinces and cities would have been a smaller pageant complete in itself; each such section, quite separate and apart from the rest, defiled past as a distinct company of representatives, in its own peculiar national costume and ornamentations. Croatians, Transylvanians,

Dalmatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Galicians, Carinthians, Carpathians, etc. And then the cities and towns vying with each in magnificence, splendour, and wealth. The rear was brought up by the archbishops', bishops', and cardinals' carriages.

The getting back to Andrassy Strasse when all was over would be almost as difficult to describe as the pageant itself. It was quite as difficult also to get back to Vienna. I had to stand in the corridor the whole way in dust and heat intolerable.

The Hungarian peasants wear very wide trousers, which give the appearance of petticoats; when they wish to get rid of these for work they tuck them up to the knees, looking like Bulgarians and Turks with their bare legs and feet. The acreage of the farms must be enormous. Gangs of hundreds—men, women, and children—are seen weeding the crops, all gaily attired, for the Hungarian loves colour, notably red. I saw one perfect picture of Hungarian peasant life: a sort of gipsy, attired in old, faded, but many-coloured dress, mostly brown, a mass of strange trappings hanging all around him; he carried a curious old heavy fowling-piece, and over his head—by a curious chance, and completing the wild picture—hovered a buzzard. At the frontier station the same Hungarian gipsy band which had welcomed us into Hungary on the downward journey was playing on the platform to welcome us back again.

Upon my return to Vienna I met Professor Hertzel, the Zionist, who was forming a scheme to lead the Jews back to Palestine, and who afterwards made for himself a considerable name in the world as the head of the Zionist movement. His scheme was that of a company, with a capital sum of £1,000,000, with which to purchase land and colonize Palestine. I talked with him of his book, *A Jewish State*, which I had read. He did not seem to like my speaking of his scheme as a "commercial affair," which, of course, it is. He insisted upon its being a political and national movement. I further told him that it seemed to me that his remarks upon the Jewish labour test question were involved and likely to be misunderstood. Professor Hechler, who was sitting by, turned to Professor Hertzel and said, "The Bishop has read your book with some care, you see." He replied that his language might appear obscure in English, but not in German. He was Paris correspondent of the *Wiener Neue Freie Presse*. I wished him success, if it should be desirable that he should succeed in his scheme, and we parted. I

fancied he thought me too outspoken, though we became more agreed and friendly towards the end of our discussion.

On my way from Vienna I stayed at Salzburg, which is beautifully situated in the midst of its encircling snow mountains, the fortress on its precipitous rock—the Münchburg—crowning all, the Salsam flowing through the midst of the city, and separating the Münchburg from the Capuchinen-burg.

From Salzburg I went to Berchtesgarten, and the Königsee, along which I boated to St. Bartolmy, through the finest piece of lake scenery in the world. There is no shore—the mountains plunging precipitously into the lake, which is 1000 feet deep, and of an exquisite green. St. Bartolmy is the one solitary, lonesome, inhabited little spot at the far end of the lake, and consists only of a church of onion-domed, Eastern type, a big, rambling, old religious house, now a farmstead where food and lodging can be had, and an aviary containing two fine golden eagles. Into St. Bartolmy—which is only accessible by water, there is no road—we were driven by one of those sudden and violent storms which make this lake so dangerous. It prevented our going on to the Ubersee. We were glad to get back, for the lake is very dangerous at such times, as the crosses and inscriptions upon the rocks at various points sufficiently indicate.

From Berchtesgarten I travelled via Gastein, Zoll am See, and Innsbrück, through the heart of the Austrian Tyrol, and thence by the Vor Arlberg to Zürich. Almost every house in this part of the Tyrol has its little carved-hood bell turret for ringing, I suppose, when the inmates are out in a dark night upon the mountains. At Zürich I preached and confirmed, and settled matters connected with the new church.

I then went on to Lausanne for confirmation. At Lausanne I met Admiral Boys, whose ship, the *Philomel*, was for some years on the Zanzibar station, where he saw much of Bishop Steere and the work of the Universities Mission. When his ship, the *Northumberland*, was at Kiel, the Emperor told him that nothing had ever gratified him more than being made an English admiral. Admiral Boys lowered the English flag upon the occasion, and hoisted the German, which pleased the Emperor much.

From Lausanne I returned direct to England via Paris and Dieppe.

On 28 August I left Tilbury Docks in the *Rollo* for Christiania,

and on Sunday, the 30th, put into Christiansund. It nestles, as all Scandinavian seaports, amongst and upon rocky islets and wooded inlets. The cathedral we found filled to overflowing, the Bishop preaching in purple robes, ruff, and pectoral cross. Two enormous candlesticks and candles stood lighted for the celebration, the celebrant wearing a chasuble. The cathedral is a poor modern building, the original having been destroyed by fire. The railway to Skien makes slow progress, only eight miles as yet; hard granite rocks and harder financial times concur to retard the work.

A day and a night at sea brought us to Christiania. The Museum of Northern Antiquities here—though not nearly so fine as that at Copenhagen—is interesting; the carved doorways of ancient Stave kirks are fine; also altar-pieces, triptychs, and other church furniture; ecclesiastical silver crosses, sacred spoons, rings, etc., for the Scandinavians then, as now, were great workers in silver. The flint and stone axes and arrow-heads representing the Stone Age are in enormous quantities.

All Norway was in excitement over Nansen's return from the North Pole, and great preparations were in course to welcome him home, the King coming from Stockholm for the occasion. Nansen's brother and sister are members of our Church.

In the gardens around the reservoir above the city are a large number of meteoric stones. They are placed beside the walks, and are in shape like large, slightly flattened cannon-balls. I suppose they fall here in greater numbers than in other parts of Europe, and falling upon the rocky granite surfaces which cover Scandinavia, are not buried and lost. Many are cracked and split in their fall.

Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, was at the Grand Hotel, where I was staying, and was the lion amongst the guests. The cemetery here is well kept, and planted with flowers and shrubs; nearly every grave has a little garden-bench by it. The monuments are good, and the inscriptions, many of them, very touching.

The Consul-General, Mr. Mitchell, called, as did also the Bishop of Christiania. He spoke German, but no English. He wanted me to stay over Sunday, to be present at an ordination, but this I was unable to do. I confirmed in our pretty little church, built in somewhat Norwegian style. On the Pipervik Nansen was to land from the *Fram*, and banks of seats were being erected at that point to accommodate the spectators. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the Viking ship, and the quaint old Norwegian church

and buildings at Oscarshal already described. We rowed across to the island of Hovedø, upon which are ruins of a cruciform church and conventual buildings, very rare in Scandinavia. Monks from Lincoln are said to have raised these buildings, and brought with them bones of the East Anglian saint, Edmund, king and martyr. Some of his bones are said to be on the island of Funen at Odensee, in Denmark, for the Scandinavians, having killed him at Hoxne, in Suffolk, when heathen, venerated greatly his memory when they became Christians.

After doing my work at Christiania I went into Telemarken by the Dalen Canal, which makes its way by four large locks from Skien into the Nordssøvand, and so to Ulefoss, where I slept. Ulefoss has a waterfall, and a small, rough inn. The "welcome" accorded at an out-of-the-way Norwegian inn is not particularly gushing. No one takes any notice of you whatever. Can you have a bedroom? A long, vacant stare, as much as to say, "What do you want to come bothering here for?" You repeat the question, and a big "ja" is jerked out as the frau turns her back and goes on with her work You find your way upstairs, and choose your room by yourself. Then down again. Can you have food? Another vacant stare and almost injured look, as much as to say, "What do you want food for?" Then another big "ja," and if you wait long enough—a space varying from one to two hours—the table is spread with half a dozen cheeses, tinned fish, sardines, eggs, and tea; never more than that, rarely less; for this, with a bed and breakfast of exactly the same food, you are charged three shillings. *Ex uno disce omnes*, so far as Scandinavian inns—I can't call them hotels—and their food are concerned. The only features on the Dalen Canal are its locks, the largest series being where it mounts the heights from which the really grand Vrangfos falls into a black, deep, rocky gorge. The dam and engineering works here are as fine as anything of the kind in Europe. The gorge into which this mass of water from the Telemarken lakes falls was discovered to be so profound that its bottom could not be reached. An arch had to be thrown across it, which stands under the raging waters, and carries the mighty dam of stone. Walks, well laid out, climb alongside the falls and locks, and enable passengers to enjoy a pleasant stroll in waiting for the steamer to pass through. The Fraavand is next reached, and then the Hveitvand, upon which is the little village of Kirkebø, our destination. It is entered by a very pretty passage

between wooded hills, spanned by a rough wooden drawbridge which carries the main road across from Arendal to North Telemarken.

Here with my son I enjoyed, what I so rarely get abroad, a quiet, restful week. From this point we wandered about on foot, discovering several picturesque old farm buildings and carved barns, called "stabburs," for Telemarken is the architectural region of Norway. One day we fell in with an intelligent young farmer, speaking German, but little English. He told me that he liked Shakespeare and Captain Marryat's books. He didn't care for French books, he called them "smucktische," but liked Chateaubriand. The two finest "stabburs" in this neighbourhood are at the Lundeval farm. The carving from a little distance looks quite Arabesque, and soft as satin-wood. The view from Brunkeberg, the church of this district —and they are indeed few and far between—situated above Kirkebô on the high road to Odde, and the Hardanger, is worth the time if you have nothing better to do. We walked there because it was Sunday, and was probably the only church within fifty miles. Our own service we said upon an old sledge pulled off the road amongst the bushes. As some Norwegians passed, I heard them say, lowering their voices to a respectful minor, "they are sontaging."

The Sunday dress of the Telemarken girls is bright and pretty. The front of the jacket—a breast-piece—is worked over with silk flowers of varied colours upon a black ground.

The prettiest point in the neighbourhood of Kirkebô is reached by boat to the drawbridge already mentioned, thence the walk across the wooded promontory to the Scarpstrom ferry, whence the views down the Fraavand are beautiful. An abrupt rock wooded island lies at the end of the Vand, upon which one small solitary house stands, crouching under a little amphitheatre of rock. Here on this promontory, between the drawbridge and the ferry, an hotel would do well, not perhaps just now, but later on, when this part of Telemarken is better known. Now is the time to buy woods and rocks all round. It must become an important point before many years, and a sharp far-sighted man might make a good investment of a small sum for future gain. At present the inhabitants of the few wooden huts, scattered at long intervals, alone enjoy the beautiful scenery of this profound quiet. The view nearly opposite Kirkebô, from a spot called Gustavstein, is the next best point for an artist.

One morning during our stay our landlord's son and other boys went out early upon the Vand, bringing back a grand box of very

large trout. Upon these, with wild fruits and hunks cut daily off an ox, which hung in the back part of the inn, *we*—and indeed so far as the ox is concerned the village of Kirkebo—lived. The natives came and cut their hunks daily till the beast, by the time we left, was becoming fast a skeleton. My son, who was with me, boated and fished daily with our landlord's son, and they were exceedingly happy in their friendship, one speaking not a word of English, the other not a word of Norwegian, and yet the noise they made in that boat upon the Hveitvand, each in his own language, will not soon be forgotten at Kirkebo̊.

From this Robinson Crusoe retreat I went back to civilization and Copenhagen by crossing the Christiania Fiord from Horton—the winter station of the Norwegian fleet—to Moss, and so down the coast by railway towards Denmark. Nansen had just passed Horton in the *Fram* on his way up to Christiania as we crossed, and we missed him again. Spending a few hours at Trollhåtten to see the falls once more, we continued our journey along the wild shores of the Cattegat and Sound to Helsingborg, across to Elsinore, and so to Fredensborg, which I wanted to see again, now so quiet, so different from when I last saw it, empty of its royalties, and in profound stillness. I went all over the beautiful shore-bound grounds, and then on to Fredericksborg to see the castle. This is quite the most magnificent building of its kind in Europe, exquisitely unique. The spires all diverse in style, and most graceful. The slot is surrounded by a moat and lake, which washes its walls. The castle-yards are large, the rooms grand and beautiful, and apparently endless. No mere palace this of ordinary construction; a very gem of architecture throughout, and strictly Danish. One room—the Knights' Hall—except the three halls of the Kremlin, the finest I ever saw. But they cannot be compared, each style being *sui generis*. Here in the chapel are Bloks' twenty-three pictures. They are in one of the little royal closets in a gallery overlooking the chapel from the west end. These are alone worth a visit to Fredericksborg. The gardens, parks, and lakes surrounding the slot would, without the wealth of architecture, interest, and beauty, make this a charming place in which to spend a quiet autumnal week.

From Fredericksborg we finished our journey at Copenhagen, where we were again the guests of our Ambassador, Sir Charles and Lady Scott. One day during my stay at Copenhagen I drove out to

Bernstorf Castle with Lady Scott, and wrote my name in the King and Queen's book, and also in those of the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Bernstorf is very pretty and quiet, in the midst of the endless beech woods which abound in Denmark. We drove back through Klampenborg Park, returning along the Sound. As we passed the harbour the *Pole Star* and *Czarevna* were lying at anchor as usual during the stay of the Russian Imperial Family in Denmark. A dinner party at the Embassy on our return from Bernstorf concluded the day, Commander Roxby, of the *Osborne*, Mr. Ford, son of Sir Clare Ford, one of the attachés, and Princess Kudasheff, a clever, pleasant woman, being amongst the guests.

On the Sunday I went to the church with Sir Charles Scott and the Legation staff, where we received the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria; a large concourse of Danes was gathered outside, as usual on these occasions. The Princess had driven in from Bernstorf with the Czar and Czarina who, in another carriage, had gone to the Russian church which we had passed, surrounded by a great crowd of Danes waiting to see them, this being their first visit to Denmark since their coronation. Upon alighting from her carriage the Princess of Wales with Princess Victoria and their suite passed into the narthex, where we were assembled to receive her. She came and greeted us as usual, with her ever pleasant smile, expressing a hope that she was in good time. It was the harvest festival, and the church was packed, as was also the narthex, and many were unable to gain admission. About fifty of the officers and men of the *Osborne* were present.

In the afternoon I confirmed, two of Sir Charles and Lady Scott's daughters being among the candidates. After the service we went out to the *Osborne* with Commander Roxby. The officers' quarters and cabins are very nice, as were also those of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George. Princess Maud's and Victoria's cabins are now, since the former's marriage, made into one. The cabins are lined with chintz, and the walls filled with photographs. The Prince and Princess of Wales's rooms, very pretty indeed, the best of course. His little study, sitting-room and bedroom all *en suite*, and beyond the Princess's bedroom, her "dresser's" room, i.e. the room of her Lady of the Bedchamber. This room was fitted with drawers and wardrobes. The stern of the vessel was entirely occupied by the drawing-room, and luxuriously furnished with lounge and other

chairs, sofas, settees, tables, plants, etc. The saloon in which we lunched at that memorable gathering of crowned heads in 1887 I looked at again with much interest. The chief guest upon that occasion, the Czar Alexander III, was gone. Commander Roxby had been with the Prince and Princess sixteen years. He took the two Princes when boys in the *Bellerophon* upon their cruise, when they left the *Britannia*. The officers, all picked men of course. Commander Roxby, Lord Gifford, Lambton (Lord Durham's brother), etc., all most pleasant.

On Monday, 14 September, we left Copenhagen in company with Mr. Lumley, a Queen's messenger, who has travelled far and seen much. He served in the Franco-German War, and was in all the great battles. He was also in the Austrian army and later in the Zulu campaign—knowing all my old Zulu haunts. Crossing by Gjedser and Warnemunde to Rostock we made our way to Hamburg. The route lies by the north end of the Schwerin Lake and Lübeck. As the train passes round the city one gets a fair view of its many spires. The station is close to one of the grand old gateways—massive, solid, and surmounted by two thick stumpy spirelettes.

At Hamburg I was the guest of the ever-hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, who, as so many other good continental friends, have sheltered me frequently under their kindly roof. Here I held two confirmations, one for our own candidates, the other in German for the Jewish candidates. Hamburg is a grand city: the houses, villas, and gardens round the Alster Lake, extending for some three or four miles, form a unique district facing the water, inhabited by wealthy merchants and business men. The new Rathhaus is a great success. It consists of a long magnificently carved front, surmounted by tower and spire of much dignity, spires always predominating all the world over in low-lying cities and countries.

From Hamburg I travelled into Holland by Osnabrück, an old-world city worth a few hours. It boasts a cathedral with two fine towers capped, a western tower and lantern; also three other fine churches with lofty spires. The fourth church is set along upon one side with gabled chapels. The style is Romanische. The old round towers and bastions upon the city walls remind one of Nüremberg. At Amsterdam I confirmed, returning to England by the Hook of Holland.

CHAPTER XXV

Victoria Home for Aged English Women in Paris—"Oh! sir, it was not the Prussians, it was the French that did it"—"Lammermoor," Lady Emily Peel's home at Geneva—Consecration at Meran of the first Anglican church built in the Tyrol—A run down the Rhone through Languedoc to Carcassonne—A uniquely wonderful walled town—Lourdes the shrine of imposition—Princess Frederica of Hanover at Biarritz—Bayonne and its cathedral—"These English are a strange people"—A passage to Brittany in hurricane, storm, and tempest.

THE year 1897 began with a confirmation at Calais on Monday, 22 February, and another at Boulogne on 23rd, and a third at Croix on 24th, and then to Paris for my work there. The Victoria Home of Aged English Women had recently been partially burnt. One old lady, with all her furniture and effects, was burnt to death by slow combustion, the fire occurring in the night, no one knowing of it till morning. Another old lady died from the shock to her system upon hearing what had taken place. Some of these old women are interesting, and can tell you tales of their life's experiences if you have time to listen to them. One, the widow of a Frenchman, was living during the Franco-German War twelve miles from Paris. The French ordered all the inhabitants to leave the village. She did so for a time, and on her return found that her house had been looted, and everything taken. "Oh! sir," she kept repeating, "it was not the Prussians, it was the French who did it." The Germans, she said, behaved very well, their officers used to visit her, bringing tea and wine, and all sorts of little presents. Two of them had English mothers, and for that reason took care of her. "Oh yes, indeed, sir, it was not the Prussians, it was the French that did all the mischief." She recovered her bedstead and a few things after the war was over, finding them on a common three miles away from her village. She pointed to the treasured bed with a touching love, and said, "All my children were born in it."

Upon this occasion of my visit to Paris, in addition to my usual

work there, I preached in the American church. It was a national sermon, upon the benefit to the world of the two nations going hand in hand with one another. I referred to the Venezuela question, just then under discussion, and the law of Anglo-Saxon arbitration as an example to the nations. The Americans were much pleased, and published in the American newspapers a long account of what I had said in visiting their church. In the evening I preached at the Embassy Church, and left afterwards for Switzerland. As I passed to the pulpit Dr. Noyes informed me that I had but ten minutes to spare. I preached my ten minutes, and then hurried to my carriage waiting outside, reaching the Gare de Lyons only just in time, the booking-clerk informing me that I had but "cinq minutes." A noisy French express is not a very quiet resting-place for a night and a day after a long Sunday of three services in three Paris churches, with the usual amount of meetings and talking to people between. I survived it, however, crossed the Jura in a snowstorm, and reached Geneva via Lausanne the next evening.

At Geneva I was the guest of Lady Emily Peel, who most kindly placed her house, "Lammermoor," situated in beautiful grounds upon the lake, at my disposal during my visitation of the chaplaincy, she herself being absent in Italy. The views from the gardens are lovely; Mont Blanc directly opposite, and across the lake the mountains of Savoy. A steamboat and launch are laid up in the little port at the foot of the lawns, and one turn of a button in the hall lights up the gardens and grounds with electricity. Here I held a Bishopric meeting, preached, and confirmed. Prince Jerome Bonaparte sold his house and all its contents near Geneva to an Englishman; the Englishman found a service of Sèvres china stowed away in it worth £30,000. The Prince would not go back from his bargain, and it fell to the purchaser.

From Geneva I went to Lausanne, and spoke on behalf of the Bishopric Fund; thence to Territet, where I dedicated a new organ, and spoke again for the Bishopric, preached, and confirmed. From Territet I went to Zürich, and inspected the reconstruction of the Roman church we have bought, adapting it to the Anglican service. All will be good and satisfactory when completed.

From Zürich I travelled via the Vor Arlberg through the night to Innsbrück, in most winterly weather and dense snowstorms; thence over the Brenner Pass to Meran. No passenger over the Brenner should

omit to look from Gossensass station through the enormously long zigzags up to the mountains, either to which he is going, or from which he has descended, as the case may be. A talkative young Greek, travelling with me, going to take part in the Turko-Greek War, boasted ominously of the military strength and aspirations of his country. Boasts which a few weeks later failed lamentably in their "promised largeness."

On Wednesday, 10 March, I consecrated the first Anglican church built in the Tyrol. It is a very worthy little building and suitable. The walls are coloured and covered with good painting in Tyrolese style, notably a large Calvary on the south chancel wall, which is very effective. I also confirmed. At dinner one evening during my stay in Meran I met Baroness Korff, sister of Countess Mornheim, wife of the Russian Ambassador at Paris. She told some interesting details of the Czar and Czarina's recent visit to Paris, for Count Mornheim entertained them. The first thing the Czar and Czarina did upon their arrival in Paris was to go to Notre Dame and, I presume, return thanks for a safe journey, as the manner of the Orthodox Church of Russia is. In the eyes of a republican President and Government, no doubt, quite an unnecessary thing to do.

We were invited to, and met at, Trautmansdorf Castle, above Meran, a large and interesting party of several nationalities, some Austrian officers in uniform, a member of the German Foreign Office from Berlin, a member of the Dutch House of Nobles, Countess Bentinck, Prince and Princess Witgenstein, etc. etc. Trautmansdorf is a very interesting old castle, or rather three castles welded together, perched upon a rocky eminence, and commanding grand views up the snow-peaked valleys and down to Botzen. As it snowed without intermission and we could not go into the grounds, we explored the interior of the castle, the old vaulted halls, low heavy-ceiled rooms, and stone staircases, coloured and gilded and set with endless coats-of-arms and heraldic devices. The family motto, which occurs perpetually, is a good one, "Muth und Geduld," ("Courage and Patience").

From Meran I travelled through Italy, via Milan, Turin, and Mont Cénis to Lyons. I looked with interest at Magenta, where some of the heaviest fighting took place in 1859 when Napoleon III commanded his army in person against Austria. A statue, probably that of the Duc de Magenta, stands near the station, and an obelisk inscribed, no doubt, with the names of those who fell in the streets

on that hard-fought day. I was there just a year after the battle, in 1860, and the place then was cut to pieces by the conflict which raged in and about the town. Relics of the fight were plentiful then; I bought bullets, eagles from shakos, and such like, which were offered in quantities. At Lyons, after three nights in the train, I confirmed. I visited the spot where President Carnot was assassinated, and then sat about in the gardens near by, where by a grim piece of irony stands a monument glorifying the several revolutions. On one side that of 1789, on the second that of 1848, on the third that of 1870, and on the fourth the inscription, "A toutes les gloires de la Revolution Française." I failed to see where the glory lay.

From Lyons, via Nîmes, Arles, and Avignon, I travelled to Argéles in the Pyrenees. Cette, on the Mediterranean, looks like a large Torquay, with villas covering the hills facing seaward. Here we broke into early summer; fruit trees in the gardens white with bloom, olive trees and almonds on every side, and the pastures gay with daffodils and narcissus. Beziers seemed a place worth staying to explore, a grand old walled town surrounded with towers and standing upon a rocky height. The prominent object is a large stone castle-like building, dominating the entire hill-top and giving it the appearance of a huge, brown, colourless Kremlin. As the sun rose out of the Mediterranean it lit up the spurs of the Pyrenees, which stretch away westward.

At Narbonne is a large cathedral with towers flanking the nave as at Exeter, but at the west end. Leaving the line into Spain by Perpignan to Barcelona, that to Lourdes—whither I am bound—turns westward and runs under the Pyrenees, through a country growing nothing but vines: for this is Languedoc. Lone round towers stand about on the rocky bare elevations, evident remnants of warlike times, when the Saracens were in Spain and harried this country. The very churches are perched aloft upon rocks and fortified. The gem of all this route is Carcassonne, a uniquely wonderful old walled town. It breaks upon the traveller in all its wild, savage old features quite suddenly—as the train winds along in and out of the low rocky hills—and stands absolutely alone on its rugged height. No less than fifty capped towers and gateways rise from its brown old venerable walls. It stands so compact a thing, apart from everything else, that one feels a longing to take it off the rocks with a knife, like a group of oysters. Perhaps the Americans will so take it, and carry it off to America.

Beyond this most extraordinary old Oriental town, which takes one away to Armenia or Central Asia in its brown, sun-scorched appearance and surroundings, are seen for the first time upon this route the snowy masses and peaks of the Pyrenees, a grand and fitting background, which enhances the beauty and interest of this wonderful scene. A small river flows at the foot of the old town, on the other side of which stands the modern Carcassonne, as ugly and offensively vulgar, by contrast, as an East End girl clad in her tawdry Sunday finery by the side of her Hardanger sister in picturesque Norwegian dress. The pyramidal cypress which grows abundantly through this region adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Toulouse possesses a cathedral of red stone, with a tower somewhat narrow and surmounted by a stumpy spire. From Tarbes is seen the Maladetta, the highest peak of the Pyrenees, rising to the height of 14,000 feet.

Upon this occasion I stayed at Lourdes, and looked thoroughly round and into this shrine of imposition. The church is built over the grotto, the baths beneath forming quite a system, into and out of which flow the so-called miraculous waters. Small bath chambers are constructed for one person, steps leading down to them hewn in the rock, with dressing-rooms curtained off. No towels are provided, the holy water must not be wiped off. The grotto is always a blaze of candles, with people always at their devotions, one woman demonstratively so with outstretched arms. The opening, or cave, of the alleged apparition is gained by climbing through the grotto and up the rock. A stone marks the spot where the girl Bernadotte stated that she saw the figure standing. In the opening of the cave above the reservoirs and baths is a statue in plaster of the Blessed Virgin in white robe and blue sash. The interior of the church is a pitiful sight: banners, plaques, records of alleged miracles; one being the "conversion of three Protestant sisters"—conspicuously placed at the door—old crutches by hundreds hanging around. A second church beneath has lately been built called the Church of the Grotto. It is Byzantine. Enormous semicircular approaches to the upper church have recently been erected by the Duke of Norfolk, who has been a very large contributor to the various works at Lourdes. Every street, from the town to the grotto, is lined with shops and booths, in which figures and pictures of the Virgin, the apparition, and Bernadotte are sold by the ton. The silver images of Diana of Ephesus make the heathenish atmosphere of the whole

place. A money thing from beginning to end of the most flagrant type. It is a relief to turn to Nature's lovely views up into the grand mountains; these are natural, divine, true, where only man is vile, and all around is false.

From Lourdes I drove by carriage up the beautiful valley to Argéles. Though it was but 17 March, the heat was that of August, 80° in the shade, for the African desert wind, as it is called here in the Pyrenees, was blowing and every one seemed affected by it. I inspected our church-room at Argéles, situated in the Hôtel de France; all is very well arranged and kept. If the English visitors increase we may need a church here some day; an abundance of erratic blocks brought down by the converging valleys of the Pyrenees in the Glacial Period would furnish ample stone. Granite, sandstones, limestones, grey syenite show how wide the area and remote the regions from which these boulders have been brought.

From Argéles I went to Pau, and did my usual work at the three churches of that chaplaincy, preaching, confirming, and speaking on behalf of the Bishopric.

At Biarritz I confirmed, preached, and held another Bishopric meeting, Lady Fairbairn lending her house for the purpose, and Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband attending it. One day during my stay at Biarritz I lunched with Princess Frederica of Hanover. She and her husband are both very pleasant. Baron Ramagen showed me specimens of five magnificent cinereous vultures which he had shot in the Pyrenees. This is the largest bird in Europe, and has the widest spread of wing.

Upon leaving Biarritz I drove to Bayonne, and looked carefully through the cathedral. It was built by the English in the thirteenth century. At its west end are two fine spires lately restored. In the centre of the nave stands a wooden unfinished lantern. At the east end are seven beautiful chapels, forming the apse. The style is one throughout, late pointed, somewhat that of Westminster Abbey. The roof is fan-vaulted, and touched in the groining with gilt and colour. At the west end between the towers are remnants of an old porch, and probably portions of transepts of older date than the present building. These are much decayed. The cloisters, which are probably later than the cathedral, and of decorated style, are ruined by the fine stone tracery being built up and stuck over with poor glass. They are further spoilt by being used as class-rooms. The whole building is sadly compassed with houses.

From Bayonne I went to Arcachon, where I confirmed, as also at Bordeaux, from whence I travelled through to Paris by night, waking at Fontainebleau to find a heavy fall of snow, a sharp change from the 80° of heat at Argéles and Pau. From Paris I returned to England via Dieppe.

In May of this year our annual Conference sat in London, our services and meetings being held in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the 1st of June I was on the wing again to Belgium, the Rhine, and Central Germany, pausing to confirm and to consult with Mr. Evan Thomas, the Burgomeister, and others about a new church at Antwerp, staying with Dr. Stanley. His house had recently fallen in two, caused by excavations. The Belgians in the street went into hysterics, and were well-nigh beside themselves, shouting, howling, and making the neighbourhood otherwise hideous. When they found Dr. and Mrs. Stanley quietly sitting at the end of their garden, contemplating the scene, they said, "These English are a strange people." They are indeed compared with some foreigners.

From Antwerp I went to Brussels, preaching and confirming *en route* at Bruges. At Brussels the Exhibition was making the place very busy. Mr. Drage, our Commissioner for the Exhibition, whom I met at dinner at the Legation, took me over our English section. The models of gunboats, torpedoes, liners, and yachts were its most interesting feature; an exhibition of England's shipbuilding industry admitted to be unique. The English picture section was also the best. Old Brussels out in the park was very well done. Having confirmed and done my work in Brussels, I went on to Bonn, to endeavour to set on foot a movement for building a church; but it is a very hopeless place. Thence to Frankfürt and Carlsruhe for confirmation, etc.

At Carlsruhe I was again the guest of Baron von Bodmann, where I met the German admiral, Eisendecke, who had just been appointed by the Emperor to take his yacht, the *Meteor*, to Heligoland for the race to Dover. Like all Germans in the services, he is interesting, cultivated, and well informed. Stiff at first, he thawed when he found I knew parts of the world which he had visited. Talking of the feeling existing between England and Germany, he said, "What has England to be jealous of with relation to Germany? She has the world; what does she want more?" He added truly that the newspapers did much international mischief. We spoke of the Jameson Raid, of Rhodes, Delagoa Bay, and many other topics then

under discussion. No foreigner is pleasanter than a German gentleman of education and cultivation who knows us in England and in our colonies. On parting, he said, "This has been a pleasant evening, and I much hope we shall meet again."

From Carlsruhe I went to Stuttgart, and preached our Queen's Jubilee sermon on Sunday, 20 June, at which some of the Wurtemburg Royal Family were present. The King was away, or he would have been at church. From Stuttgart I returned direct to England via Ostend, to be in my place at St. Paul's on 22 June for the Jubilee.

My next visitation was to the Brittany chaplaincies, leaving England on 1 September, and by the worst passage I ever experienced, in which our steamer, the *Laura*, was nearly lost, crossed from Southampton to St. Malo. The day had been an awful one of hurricane, storm, and tempest; the night was, if possible, worse. We lay in Totland Bay, behind the Needles, all night, and early in the morning plunged into the most awful sea I ever experienced except upon one occasion in the Bay of Biscay. The passage should never have been attempted. Battened down as we were, the sea made a clean sweep over us, and had the steering-gear gone we should, without the slightest doubt, have gone too. When twelve hours late we crept into St. Malo we were received with a perfect ovation by a crowd upon the quay, who had doubted if we could possibly live through such a storm.

At St. Servan I confirmed, and then went on to Dinan for the same purpose, lunching with Mrs. Kitchener, Sir Herbert (now Lord) Kitchener's stepmother.

Returning down the Rance by steamboat to Dinard I confirmed there, and came back to England via Jersey.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Hague and the Spanish Inquisition—"Alleen op de Wereld"—Characteristic English boy—Eleventh annual Conference at Berlin—Visit to Sir Frank Lascelles at the Embassy—Prince Radolin, German Ambassador to Russia—"All right! I'll take it out this way!"—The new railway station at Dresden—Napoleon's Stein at Leipzig—"Hier weilte Napoleon am 18th October, 1813, die Kampfe der Voelkers schlacht beobachend"—The penultimate ride to Paris—Am "schritt"—Baron Tauchnitz—An afternoon with the Duke and Duchess of Coburg at Rosenau, the birthplace of the Prince Consort—Luther's bedroom and sitting-room in the Coburg Festung—"Through the streets in which I had blacked boots I passed as Governor"—"Kommt der Teufel am Englische ufer, denn wird ihn im Teich gestürzt"—Visit to the Grand Duchess of Baden at the Schloss Baden—Stone-laying of new church at Düsseldorf.

ON 24 February, 1898, I began the year at the Hague, where I confirmed. The small picture gallery here is always a treat: the Rembrandts, Gerard Dows, W. Vanderveldes, a Van Ostade, a Bakhuisen, and three superb Hönderkoeters are alone worth a journey to the Hague to see. The old prison, used in the Spanish occupation during the iniquities and terrors of the Inquisition, is horribly interesting. Axes for beheading in many shapes; a whipping-post with iron belt, which locked the body of the unhappy victim during the operation of flogging; foot-crushers, thumb-screws, branding-irons, an instrument with which the police took their captive: it is a kind of iron fork on a pole, shaped at its base to fit the neck, and spiked; an inclined plane, upon which were laid those condemned to be flogged, thus securing their legs and necks in iron during the process. The rack has gone to Delft; but another, upon which bodies were stretched and broken, was shown, with double recesses in the beams, upon which arms and legs were stretched and broken twice with heavy blows, one fracture between each joint. One wonders how even the devil himself could invent so many refined modes and instruments of torture and death. The

cell is shown in which water was dropped upon the head, causing exquisite agony and finally paralysis of the brain. Also, in the same room, a square pan in the floor, into which dripped the blood of those from whose bodies it was squeezed. A window is pointed out from which prisoners were thrown to be torn in pieces by the mob below. Perhaps the most fiendishly wicked torture was that—referred to in Rider Haggard's *Lisbeth*—arrived at by confining victims in a cell furnished with a grated window looking across a yard to the kitchen windows. Through the small opening the unhappy wretches condemned to be starved to death could see the cooking going on as death slowly wasted them away. Is the Evil One himself capable of worse depths of villainy? I doubt it. Another cell was pointed out in which a Lutheran pastor was confined for thirteen years. It is nearly dark, heavily grated, and open to the wind and weather. The damp and cold of this cell in winter must have been truly awful; it is only those who know how raw the damp and fearful the cold of Holland is who can in any measure realize what that poor man's sufferings must have been. The de Witt room is also shown, where Johan and Cornelius de Witt were confined by the States-General of Holland, as suspected of treating with the Spaniards for betrayal of the Hague. They were led out to be executed, but were torn in pieces by the mob before they arrived at the place of execution. On the walls of their cell are drawings and writings in their blood. The quaint old red parliament buildings hard by overlook the Vivaberg, a square piece of water, across which is a promenade where Charles II lived when in exile with his wife Catharine of Braganza.

Following the confirmation was a large reception at the house of the Dutch Secretary for the Colonies, after which I left for Amsterdam, where I also confirmed in both churches.

The great gallery of old masters at Amsterdam is the finest in Europe. My host, Mr. Schwartz, went with me upon this occasion, and I could have wished for no better guide. The many large guild pictures Mr. Schwartz fully explained, several members being portraits of his ancestors. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" now stands at the end of the great central hall. Such a wealth of old Dutch masters can only be seen at Amsterdam. The modern Dutch school is good, but for finish and exquisite detail is far behind the old painters. Van Hoogh's interiors are miracles of art, and Vanderveldes, Teniers, Jan Steens, Van Ostades, Piet Glaeys, Hobbemas,

Ruysdaels, Berchems, Gerard Dows, are nowhere equalled in quality, even at Dresden. The modern Dutch painters excel in pathetic pictures, Maesdags, Israels, Mieris, Solde, Verveer, Springer, Bishof. One by Mieris, a woman in a poor cottage by the bed of her dead husband, "Alleen op de Wereld" is pathos itself.

The State church, where the kings and queens are crowned, is oppressively dismal and dreary. What can be more uninteresting than an enormously heavy old brass rood-screen, a huge tomb of de Ruyter where the altar should be, and a gigantic pulpit that took forty years to carve! Here in this dreadful conventicle of monstrosities, where calvinistic congregations sit with their hats on, the little Queen was crowned. The views up and down the canals are infinitely picturesque, many ending in old churches, isolated towers, and spires, the houses lining them being quaint, high gabled, and decorated. The Dutch deal in signs over their shops: above a chemist's stands the figure of a man's head putting out his tongue, to show presumably the state of his stomach, a dentist holds up a tooth as big as a mammoth's, and so forth. The English living in a radius of twenty-five miles from Amsterdam come in to the services on Sunday, being well looked after and cared for by Mr. Chambers, the chaplain.

Travelling circus troupes of English are found all over the Continent, even as far as Russia. One such was at Amsterdam; I confirmed one member of it, and should have confirmed another, but for a serious accident, by which he had been disabled. Several boys were in the troupe. I gave one of the young fellows my card to present to the chaplain of any place at which they might stay.

At Wiesbaden, which I visited after Amsterdam, I confirmed candidates of that place, and also from Homburg, Frankfürt, and Darmstadt. Thence to Freiburg, for a confirmation, to which Baron von Roeder, one of the Emperor's chamberlains, brought his daughter from Carlsruhe, his wife being English. He is a great admirer of England, and deeply regrets the strained relations between the two countries. The Baron is an excellent type of the German nobleman. He told me that Moltke planned invasions of and campaigns in every European country, and all so perfectly organized that he had only to "touch a button," as he expressed it, to put the whole machinery of the German army in motion. He said that the strength of the army consists in the officers; they are thoroughly disciplined, first-rate men, in every way equal to their work, entirely

dependable, and with a strong sense of duty. He argued that a German fleet was of the first importance, and that if only England would stand shoulder to shoulder with Germany, their fleets could dictate to the world. He often told his countrymen that a war with England would be fatal to Germany. England would blockade their ports, and Germany would be starved, so dependent is she upon ocean-borne corn.

He brought me the kind regards of the Grand Duchess of Baden, which I begged him respectfully to return. I told him that I should much like to see the Emperor again, as there were several things I should consider it a privilege to speak to him upon. He said he was sure if His Majesty knew when I was in Berlin he would wish to see me. He knew all about my interview with the Emperor, and had seen the African assegais I gave him in his armoury. The Baron had called at our Embassy in Berlin to see me on my way from Russia, but I had just left. He promised me an autograph of the old Kaiser to put beneath his portrait given to me by the Empress Augusta. He has but a few of his letters, and they are very precious.

After consulting with the architect about the new parsonage at Freiburg, which will adjoin the church, I went on to Zürich to preach, confirm, and confer about the proposed new church, and thence to Neuchâtel. At this season the gulls flock round the windows and balconies of houses upon the lake to be fed. I heard them when I woke demanding outside why I was not up and feeding them. Notices are put up on the Swiss lakes, "Please feed the birds." They are very tame, and no one is allowed to shoot them. Flocks of scoters were dotted here and there upon the surface of the lake. Two American boys were confirmed, of whom their mother talked seriously and sensibly.

I had no time to get to Morat, the Roman Aventicum across the lake, with its amphitheatre and other Roman remains. It is a miniature Berne, and very interesting. The castle and cathedral at Neuchâtel are worth a visit: they adjoin upon an eminence. The groined cloisters are good; one tower of the castle has some fine Norman work upon it of the twelfth century. The courtyard of the castle is picturesque, two towers with pointed roofs, and one solitary tree lends a character to the picture. Thence I went to Geneva, where I was the guest of the Consul, Sir George Phillippo. He has seen much service in Sierra Leone, British Columbia, Hong-Kong, Straits Settlements, and Jamaica.

I am told a characteristic story of an English boy living at Ostend. He saw a notice in *Tit-Bits* that a prize would be given to any one who could give the names of all the engines on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. His parents missed him; in five days he came back, having crossed to Dover, gone to Brighton, got all the names, and returned. What boy of any other nationality would have done it?

Then to Lausanne, where I confirmed and dedicated a new aisle, and on to Clarens and Territet. A typical day this of continental work, and may therefore be given. Took early service at Lausanne at 8 a.m., preached 11 a.m., dedicated new aisle; preached at Clarens in the afternoon and Territet in the evening, returning to Clarens afterwards. Not much opportunity for grass to grow between those stones! After Clarens confirmation I went back to Territet for work of various kinds.

The Empress of Austria was then staying at the Hôtel des Alpes. She was in the habit of walking morning and evening up the lane behind the house where I stayed. She was never sufficiently guarded and attended, which led to her assassination not long after at Geneva.

From Territet I went to Vevey, preached and confirmed, and thence to Thun, where I took down some interesting inscriptions from old châlets in the outskirts:—

So lang es Tag ist, müsst Ihr rästloss wirken,
Es Kommt die Nacht, da niemand wirken kann.

Durch arbeit nur und strenge
Pflichter futtung macht sich der Freiheit werth der
Rechte mann.

Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut.

Returning to Freiburg, I attended a meeting about the new parsonage, at which we resolved to build. From Freiburg I returned to England via Delle, Delemont, and Calais, through a gale and snowstorm that will not be soon forgotten by railway officials in that part of France; telegraph wires broken in all directions, and lines almost blocked. At Lille I was told that no English papers had arrived for two days. I then knew what to expect at Calais. Upon arrival I found a dismal and woeful spectacle awaiting me. For eighty hours a tempestuous gale and snowstorm had raged from the north-east. The Gare Maritime was crammed with passengers, who had been gathering there from all parts of Europe for two days

and two nights. Every available space gorged with luggage, and woebegone passengers, in different stages of misery and wretchedness, sleeping where and as they could. Sea mountains high, and bar impassable. Telegraphic communication only possible through Belgium. The boats were as crammed as the station. The captain was anxious to try the passage, though the Marine Superintendent did not advise it. The officials tried to decoy me into a train they were filling for Boulogne, promising a crossing thence to Folkestone. As an old bird of passage, I knew that if Dover were difficult to make Folkestone would be impossible, and declined the offer. The Empress Eugénie's young French priest bound for Farnboro' Hill, with whom I had travelled from St. Omer, said he should return there, and invited me to stay with him till the gale was over. I thanked him, but said if the boat went I went too, having a sermon at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, next morning. An old gentleman and his wife came up to the captain, and asked if it would be a bad passage for a lady. "Yes," replied the captain, "and for a gentleman too!" "Do you advise me to remain here?" he asked. "Certainly, if you can do so." At 4.30 p.m. the captain gave the signal, and on the crest of a big wave the *Calais* went over the bar, and plunged into the big seas awaiting her outside. After two hours' battling, the gale being full aft, we got over, made two shots at the Admiralty Pier, and were three more hours getting away to London.

On 19 May I crossed to Antwerp, *en route* for Brussels. I am getting such a well-known character in my part of Europe that I rarely cross the Channel, or take a journey on the other side of it, without some one coming up and claiming acquaintance, or at least *eyeing* me as much as to say, "I know who *you* are." At Brussels Sir F. and Lady Plunkett invited me to dine with them upon the occasion of the Queen's birthday dinner, always a gala occasion at an embassy. I could not, however, stay for it, only remaining for confirmation work and Sunday sermons and then to Berlin for the Conference, confirming at Hanover on the way. Upon my arrival at the Embassy I found Sir Frank Lascelles at the top of the short flight of steps leading up into the hall, standing to greet me in all his diplomatic magnificence, having just come back from the Queen's birthday dinner with the Emperor. The Conference met in the great ballroom of the Embassy, Sir Frank having kindly put the Embassy at our disposal for the sessions. All was most kindly ordered and hospitably arranged for us.

On the evening of the first day we sat down, between thirty and forty, at a state dinner, at which I proposed Sir Frank's health and he mine. All the attachés, Dering, Spring-Rice, etc., were at dinner, including Colonel Grierson, the new military attaché, who is partly German, and speaks German as fluently as English. The Emperor was holding a review the next day at Tempelhof, to which Sir Frank would have taken me had I not been engaged at the Conference. Early next morning I was awoke by the troops marching along Wilhelmstrasse to the review. Each regiment as it passed gave a few bars of "God save the Queen." It is, of course, the German national anthem, and might therefore have no significance in passing the British Embassy. Sir Frank told me that His Majesty was delighted at the way his brother had been received by the English in China. "Henry," he said, "gets on so well with the English, they all like him." Talking to Sir Frank about Crete, the Emperor remarked, "I know what you English said when we left: 'It is a good job that those ruffianly Germans are gone.'" "No, your Majesty," replied Sir Frank; "we said that we wished they had told us they were going." In driving along Unter den Linden we met the three young princes also driving; nice-looking boys, apparently in high glee as they bowed their best to the crowded pavements.

The Conference concluded by a very large reception, at which Sir Frank and I stayed for nearly two hours.

The Berlin cabs are now provided with dials or taxameters, which indicate the distance travelled by figures showing the number of pfennigs to be paid. The dial starts with a fixed figure of fifty pfennigs; that fare must be paid for any course however short up to eight hundred metres. When the passenger has travelled four hundred metres more the figure 60 springs into the place hitherto occupied by the figure 50. When another four hundred metres has been travelled 70 springs into the place of the 60, and so forth. Four persons can ride for the same fare. It would be an inestimable blessing if this taxameter system obtained in England. How much cabby warfare it would spare the public. One day at the Embassy Prince Radolin came to lunch. He was German Ambassador at Petersburg, and a very interesting man, full of information about all parts of the world. He begged me to come and see him when next in Petersburg. He admired our Queen, our countrymen, and our country. He has been Ambassador at Constantinople, and speaks highly of the Turks. He agreed with me in

thinking that the Armenians had sorely provoked the Turks to the late atrocities. When we parted we had talked so much of Russia and the Russians that he jokingly took my hand, kissed it, and then feigned to kiss me on the cheeks and shoulders after the manner of the Russian hierarchy, saying, "That is the orthodox way, isn't it?" "No," I replied, "put your fingers into my right hand, as I hold it out to you thus, and then kiss my hand." The Prince is a jovial, happy-minded, pleasant man.

After confirming at the close of the Conference, I left Berlin for Dresden, where all the usual work and social engagements awaited me. The church has been much beautified by mosaics and other additional ornamentation. The new railway station is wonderful, perfect in its arrangements, and marvellous in its architectural features. It extends for nearly one-third of a mile, and is more striking even than that at Frankfürt.

A young officer, by name Edwards, lately back from India, was staying at Dresden. He is a brother of the now historic Edwards, who with Fowler was shut up by the Ameer in Chitral, and were the cause of the Chitral campaign organized for their relief. He was staying with a Mrs. West, whose only son fell by young Edwards' side. He had come to tell the widowed mother of her son's last moments. I had confirmed Edwards at Heidelberg some few years before when at the English college. Mr. Moore, the chaplain, said that he spoke of me as *his* bishop! He set an excellent example here, always at church and Holy Communion, and yet has been stationed far away on the northern frontier of India, where no church privileges exist. He is in command of Gurkhas there and longing to get back to them. We shall hear more of him, I am sure. He is a fine fellow, a good type of an English soldier and gentleman, quiet, unassuming, and intelligent.

Two large receptions closed my visit to Dresden, at which I met a host of delightful people—the Crasters of Craster in Northumberland; the Dowager Countess Beauchamp and Lady Kingston, the latter just from Petersburg and Moscow, and delighted with Russia; the two daughters of the Bishop of Richmond, and a gentleman resident in Russia, who told me that Russian sentries guard the frontier from the Baltic to the Black Sea so closely that they can see one another. Recently a man had attempted to cross between them near Eydkuhnen. They gave him three warnings to stop, and then shot him. Here is a story typical of Anglo-Saxon independence.

A young Englishman living in Dresden was riding lately in the Grosse Garten. Coming to a rail barring his way he leapt it. A policeman appeared immediately from amongst the trees and demanded a fine of a mark. He gave him a two-mark piece and asked for the change. The policeman could not give it. "All right," he said, "never mind, I will take it out this way," and he leapt the rail back again. The policeman looked at the Anglo-Saxon, and, filled with wonder, shrugged his shoulders at the incomprehensible conduct of these strange Englanders.

I can never resist an hour or two at the galleries when in Dresden. Though I know every favourite by heart they always bear, like old friends, another visit. Van der Werf's "Judgment of Paris" and "Expulsion of Hagar," Gerard Dow's "Hermit," Hobbemas and Ruysdaels, and other gems far too numerous to name in detail. The modern gallery has been considerably added to. "A Music Lesson" is quite fascinating, "Der Schwerer Schickfal" a sadly solemn picture. A mountaineer peasant has been killed, and is brought home on a sledge. One of the escort, a messenger, comes to announce the arrival of the body, which lies covered over at a little distance. The poor young wife kneels, half-fallen in the winter snow, just outside the cottage, her head hidden in her hands upon a rough bench, the frightened children looking furtively from out the door; the dog with starting eyes stands by them. Another fine picture of Norwegian scenery—the "Nœrofiord"—has been added. "The Battle of Borodino" is another new one, and also an Amsterdam landing-place. The Canalettos, some fifty in number, and formerly in a room by themselves, are now dispersed amongst other pictures.

Upon leaving Dresden for Leipzig I had opportunity to look into the arrangements of the new station, which are admirable. The old low level within the station is retained for local trains starting from and returning to Dresden. The two new high levels on either side of the old low level carry the through trains running to and from Berlin, Leipzig, and Austria. The booking-hall, dining and refreshment rooms, luggage and other offices, as at Frankfürt, are at the end of the platforms, and passengers pass from these direct to the trains. Where our station hotels in England stand and block the traffic to and from the platforms, all these halls and offices connected with the business and traffic of the station lead directly, as arteries, to the trains. A good dinner of eight courses can be had for two marks,

and less at a smaller price, very different from the wretched stuff with which the British public is served at an exorbitant cost at English railway stations.

At Leipzig I confirmed and did other work. Leipzig is built on a marsh, which is drained by three small rivers, the Elster, Pleissen, and Parthe, which run swiftly in their stone channels through the city. These rivers were a source of much trouble and loss in the Battle of Leipzig, when Napoleon was defeated by the Allies in 1813. After a reception I drove to the Napoleon Stein, a square block of pink, polished granite, enclosed by a railing, and surmounted by a bronze sword, cocked hat, etc. It marks the spot where, upon the slightest possible elevation in this dead level country, Napoleon witnessed the battle. Upon one side of the stone are these words: "Hier weilte Napoleon auf 18 October 1813, Die Kampfe der Voelkers—Schlacht beobachtend." On the reverse side, "Der Herr ist der Rechte Kriegsmann, Herr ist sein Name, 2 mos 15, 3." From this disastrous battlefield and almost upon the anniversary of his departure from Moscow to commence the fatal retreat, Napoleon turned his back for ever upon the east and retreated to the Rhine, nothing now remaining but Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena.

I tried to realize the figure as it stood there, contemplating the end of his iniquities, the hands tucked behind the hunched back, the green *redingote*, the cocked hat, crushed well down over the forehead above the sinister face, black as thunder; and then the start upon the penultimate ride to Paris. The second, and last but one, of the three historic rides to Paris, off defeated battlefields.

The new Reichsgericht is a very splendid stone building, with façades of graceful pillars, and a grand dome. It is probably one of the finest modern buildings, as the Rathhaus is one of the most picturesque, in Germany, and far superior in point of architecture to the Parliament House in Berlin. Police are placed at every church in Germany during service to prevent conveyances disturbing the congregation. All must go "am schritt" in passing. What a contrast to our country, where Salvation Armies are allowed to blare and bellow along, going out of their way to annoy the services of the Church. But we in England are far, far behind Germany in almost everything relating to law, order, and discipline. In their house outside Leipzig I dined with Baron and Baroness Tauchnitz, and met an almost entirely German party.

From Leipzig I went to Gotha, and confirmed in the very pretty

little chapel, fitted up for our service by the Duke of Edinburgh, in the Schlösschen am Park, and lighted by electricity. The chaplain's house, under the same roof, all forming one building, is more than ample in its accommodation, and is surrounded by beautifully wooded grounds, which being the castle gardens, cost the chaplain nothing.

From Gotha to Coburg the railway winds amongst the wooded hills of the Thuringen Forest, a journey of perhaps a hundred and fifty miles. At Coburg I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, whose son I had confirmed at Gotha a few years before. I left cards upon the Duke and Duchess out at Rosenau, the Duke being at Potsdam with the Emperor. Coburg is a pretty little place; the square in which the large and small palaces stand is well arranged with trees and grass, leading off into all sorts of cool glades. These grounds were laid out by Duke Ernest, brother of our Prince Consort, who was very clever in this as in many other directions. The Rosenau is the birthplace of the Prince Consort, and was visited by the Queen in company with him in their younger days. She records that when sitting in the hayfields around, an old woman, who was haymaking, came along and said in German, "Well, my dear, how are you, and how are the children?" It is a small gabled house, though a good deal enlarged and altered from its original size and style, and stands upon a slight eminence in the midst of woods and hilly pastures.

My host, Mr. Nicholson, has a very good collection of pictures; one, an exquisite copy of the Dresden Holbein "Madonna," and a good many originals of considerable value. He told me that there was a doubt as to which was the original Holbein "Madonna," that at Dresden or that at Darmstadt. Smidt, the Berlin expert, said, when asked to give his judgment, "Why do you compare the pictures, you can't tell that way; look at their backs, that will tell the tale. That painted on deal will be the original." That at Dresden was painted on deal, that at Darmstadt on oak, and this decided the question.

The Festung is situated on a lofty and abrupt eminence, dominating Coburg. The rooms are fine and filled with ancient armour and weapons. Two rooms are shown in which Luther lived, one his sitting-room, the other his bedroom. The bedstead, chair, and table are those he used; the former an old rickety, painted thing of German make, whittled much away by admirers who have taken

cuttings of it. There is a legend that, in days long gone by, bears made their way into the fortress, and entering the dining-hall, began to clear the tables, till led out, enticed by food at the hands of the lady of the castle. This scene is depicted in a large fresco. Since that time live bears have always been kept in pits within the fortress. The view from the walls is very extensive, southwards into Bavaria, northwards to the Thuringen Hills, westward to the far distant Rhineland, the Maine flowing in the near distance. Eastward is a little hillock joined to the fortress by a neck of land, upon which the Swedish army, under Gustaf Adolf, was encamped in the Thirty Years' War. The way was thus kept open for supplying the fortress when besieged by the Austrians, under Wallenstein. I have entered thus freely into my description of Coburg because so few English ever visit it, and in consequence of its now double connexion with England it is a place of interest, not only in its picturesque self, but as connected with English history of our own time.

Upon the Duke's return from Potsdam, an invitation came to lunch out at Rosenau the next day. In the neighbourhood of Coburg I saw a crested lark. It ranks as a British bird, but is exceedingly rare in our islands. It is larger than our lark and bears a crest upon its head, which it raises and depresses as the lapwing and other crested birds. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh told me there were many in this neighbourhood.

One night when at Coburg a daughter of Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and her two daughters came to dinner. Baron and Baroness Stockmar were also invited, but the loss of a relation, to my regret, prevented their coming.

The next day I drove out to Rosenau, and found the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh in the garden. She was most kind and affable, and said she was very pleased to see me again, especially at Coburg. The Duke, who was far from well, limped up, leaning on a stick, and said that he did not know I was at Coburg till I had called. We sat out in the garden, and talked of his recent visit to Egypt. I expressed a hope that it had done him good. He said he was much better, but that Hallouin, where he had been for the baths, was "an awful place!" The Duke's voice was soft and clear, like the Queen's, and especially so now that he was not well. I told the Duchess about my late visit to Russia, and of the visit of the Archbishop of Finland to England for the Jubilee. When discussing with the Duke the relative longitude of Berlin and

Coburg, he maintained that Coburg was due south of Berlin. I said I thought it was south-west, but deferred, of course, to the Royal Admiral of the Fleet as to points of the compass. In referring to a map he found that it *was* south-west. The Duke was greatly interested in the Gotha chaplaincy, which he had helped so kindly, and talked much about it and its prospects, adding that Coburg was so small and out of the way that no English visited it to make a chaplain necessary.

We lunched out in the garden, the weather being fine and warm, the Duke saying before we sat down, "I like the good old English custom of grace before meals." We had grayling caught by the Duke in the Etsh, the little stream flowing through Coburg. I remarked that there were no grayling in the eastern counties. But he corrected me, saying they were found in the Norfolk Broads, of which we talked. The Duchess had never heard of these, and wanted to know what broads were. After lunch the Duke took me all over the Rosenau. It is very quaint, and historically interesting. The views from the windows are very pretty. We went quite up into the old gabled roof, supported by gigantic timbers, to see his father's and uncle's little rooms. "Here," he said, taking me into three small rooms quite in the roof, "here in these three rooms my father and uncle lived; in this room on the right slept their tutor, in this middle room they lived and studied, and here in this little room on the left they slept. Come in and look at it; it is now my daughter's bedroom." We went in; it was very nicely but plainly furnished, small and low, for the sloping roof of old beams came down very close to one's head. The Duchess followed us about all over the house, adding her comments as we passed from room to room. She then asked me to come and see her own special room, very nice and pretty, in some features perhaps, in its furniture and arrangements, more Russian than English. They seemed pleased when I said that the quaint little Rosenau was far more interesting to me than a great stiff rectangular palace, with big rooms and slippery floors, and chairs all covered up, with no interesting personages about. She said, "Yes, I know so well what you mean by chairs and furniture all covered up." In asking the Duke his opinion as to the relative cold of Petersburg and the regions reached by Nansen, he agreed with me in thinking that Nansen had experienced no greater cold than Petersburg could record. The Duchess is quite Russian in her kindness of heart and

thorough friendliness; she has never been appreciated in England as she deserves to be.

Before leaving, the Duke said he wanted to show me a small house with grounds where his father and uncle used to carpenter, and getting into my carriage, which was waiting at the door, he drove down with me to a small garden in a clump of shrubs. On one side of this garden stands the little wooden house, painted green and white to imitate a tent.

In course of conversation I had referred to him as an authority in nautical matters, which he repudiated, adding, "Talking of being an authority, when young I was at Balmoral once when Dizzy was in attendance upon the Queen. Some one asked me, 'as an authority' on tropical travel, what a mangostine was like. I had never seen one, but feeling that I ought, as a sailor, to give some information about it, I said I believed it was like a mango. Dizzy said, 'I thought they were as unlike as could be,' and I found out afterwards that he was quite right"! At the little house in the grounds we parted, the Duke saying, "I am so glad to have seen you at Coburg and to have shown you the Rosenau."

Upon leaving Coburg I went to Munich for confirmation. In that most ecclesiastical of all Bavarian cities I noticed that officers as they passed me in my bishop's dress saluted. Very right, no doubt, from their point of view, but embarrassing to me. Imagine French officers doing so!

I met a gentleman at Munich one evening whose history is an interesting and, I should imagine, a unique one. He went out to British Columbia in 1857, landing at Victoria with 25s. in his pocket, had to black boots, and got into an office at ten dollars a month. He was eventually offered the post of secretary to the Colonial Office at a salary of £500 a year. He made it his practice never to enter a public-house or a billiard-room, to be always half an hour before time at the office, and also to stay an hour after office hours. Whenever any extra work was required it was known that he was in the office and ready to do it. The then Governor of British Columbia found him so useful that he offered him the headship of police at £800 a year. He was then offered a Government appointment in Sierra Leone. When in England on leave he was staying with the Secretary for the Colonies, who offered him the Governorship of British Columbia. Through the streets in which he had blacked boots he passed as Governor, surrounded by all the insignia and

dignity of his office. He told all this quite naturally, and without the least boastfulness, merely saying that he had tried to make himself wanted, and was consequently employed. His success, he said, had nothing to do with any ability on his part; he merely tried to be useful, to be wanted, to do his work well; and was highly favoured and prospered in the doing of it. He spoke of British Columbia as a grand country with a great future. When I said I had heard there was little work and no openings for young men there, he raised his voice to excitement pitch, and said, "What! no work, no openings! It is the finest country in the world for a young man. As to Victoria, there is no city in which fortunes are more surely made."

In conversation with a lady I met in Munich I remarked casually that there were so many places in Germany connected legendarily with the devil, teufels brücken without end, teufels steinen, teufels walden, etc.; in fact, it was a country of very evil repute in that respect. "Ach," she replied, "aber, Sie haben teufels orten in England auch; nahe Brighton findet sich ein teufels ort; da ist eine teufel's brück, nicht wahr?" "Ah nein," I said, "das ist teufel's *teich;* aber, kommt der teufel am Englische ufer, denn war ihn im Teich gesturzt." "Ja wohl, Ja wohl!" she exclaimed delightedly, "das ist ganz gut gesaght."

Sir Victor Drummond, our Chargé d'Affaires, was in London receiving his C.B., and left behind him kind messages of regret at his absence. After lunching with Lady Drummond, I went out to the Nymphenberg Palace, a huge building after the fashion of Versailles, with park and gardens in the same style. Here lives Prince Leopold Ferdinand. The canal in front of the palace is said to have been dug by Turkish prisoners taken by the Bavarians two hundred years ago. The Pinakotek of old masters has some good pictures, but the Munich galleries are greatly overrated. There is much very poor stuff in both this and the modern gallery.

After having done my work at Munich I ran for two nights up to the Kochelsee in the Bavarian highlands, but as it poured the whole forty-eight hours I saw little and suffered much, sleeping in a farmhouse over the cows, and amidst swarms of mosquitoes.

From the Kochelsee I travelled to Baden, sleeping at Constance. The Consiliums Saal, where the Council of 1414 was held, is a heavy building with an enormous roof, much *en évidence* from the lake; to the right is the large and very picturesque Insel Hotel, formerly a religious house, situated upon an island, as its name indicates, surrounded by gardens and wooded walks. The house in

which John Huss lived is near the Steinthor. He and Jerome of Prague were burnt outside the town, the spot being marked with a large boulder stone. Arenenburg, where Napoleon III when Prince Louis lived with his mother, Queen Hortense, is behind Constance, over the hills and out of sight. On the bridge under which the Rhine flows from the lake towards Schaffhausen into the Lake of Zell are figures of two archbishops, Conrad and Gebhard, both bishops of Constance at the end of the tenth century. Constance Cathedral is Romanische in architecture, dating from A.D. 1300, with lofty tower and ungraceful, modern, carved stone spire.

From Constance I travelled by the Black Forest Railway, striking the Danube at Immendingen, and running up to its cradle at Donaueschingen. Myriads upon myriads and miles upon miles of small steel-blue dragon flies, an exquisite insect, swarmed in clouds over the meadows bordering the river which form a perfect garden, carpeted with flowers. The sources of the Danube are disputed, Donaueschingen claims several quellen springing from its orchards. But the real source is at Sommerau, scarcely large enough at its birth to turn a child's toy mill. Close to it is a tunnel, as might be expected, on the other side of which is the watershed towards the Rhine. At Triberg I stayed a few hours, and walked to the waterfall. It is pretty, but scarcely worth the break of journey.

At Baden I confirmed, the arch-priest of the Russian Church being present, upon whom I afterwards called. After the confirmation I drove up to the castle, and sat some time with the Grand Duchess, who, hearing of my coming, wished to see me. She spoke much, as she always does, of her brother, the Emperor Frederick, the anniversary of whose death, nine years before, had occurred the previous week. Her Royal Highness spoke sadly of the inscrutable mystery of his being taken away when all seemed so full of promise for his reign. We also spoke of the Empress Frederick, with whom she had been staying at Kronberg a fortnight before. Then of the present Emperor, wishing so much that he was better known and understood in England. "So good and right-minded." I said I knew it, and always urged it, but there was so much ignorance and misapprehension as to his true character. She expressed her regret that we no longer held our services in the palace at Coblenz as in her mother's time, but the room was now wanted for a bureau. She asked, as usual, how the English church in her Grand Duchy was prospering, and if she could do anything to help it. The Grand

Duke was away at Bretten unveiling a statue of Melancthon, and had left a message of regret at his absence during my visit to Baden. I asked Her Royal Highness to kindly interest herself in getting land near our church at Baden for a parsonage, which she promised she would do, and would also speak about to the Grand Duke. Her three grandchildren, sons of her daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden, were staying with her. "They go back to Sweden this afternoon, and I shall not see them again for years," she said sadly. In talking of her brother, the Emperor Frederick, and how he was beloved in England, she listened with much earnest interest, and was much moved. It is a subject to which she constantly reverts, for she is most kind-hearted and sympathetic; a face sorrowful and sad, but sweet and resigned.

From Baden I went on to Heidelberg, where I found the Grand Duchess again in company with the Grand Duke opening an observatory and exhibition of astronomical instruments, to which she told me she was going the next day. Here I stayed with a Mr. Chisholm, an Anglo-Indian in the employ of the Gaekwar of Baroda, a most cultivated and interesting man. He is an artist, a potter of no mean skill, and knows much about many things. He took some of his Indian art pottery to an eminent pottery firm in England. The head of the firm called his manager, and said, "What about this pottery?" "Well, sir," replied the manager, "it is our make, of course, but I cannot say when we made it!" The head of the firm told Mr. Chisholm that whatever he might think of the pottery, he could not recognize it as stone china. "I will not say it is stone china," he said; "I cannot and will not allow India to come into competition with me."

After confirming the boys at the English colleges, I left for Düsseldorf, where I confirmed and transacted other business. The modern pictures at Düsseldorf are always interesting, and, as an art centre, it is always adding to its collection. Andreas and Oswald Achenbach's pictures are the best of the modern school. Peter Janson's "Going to the Battle of Worringen, A.D. 1450"—a place between Düsseldorf and Köln—is a magnificent canvas. A monk, in his habit, bestrides a white horse; he leads a rabble of life-sized figures to battle, armed with bludgeons, scythes, etc. The horse steps out of the canvas; it seems almost possible to touch its head.

On Friday, 24 June, I laid the stone of a new church in the Consul's garden at Düsseldorf, and then left for England, via Ostend.

CHAPTER XXVII

Ghent—Abbey of Bavon, built when we in England were yet pagans, St. Augustine not having yet landed at Ebbsfleet—A buried village in the sand dunes of North France—The monument at Ambleteuse to commemorate the *intended* invasion of England — Château Montataire and Henry IV — Twelfth annual Conference at Lausanne—Colossal statue of the Kaiser William I at Coblenz—Darmstadt—Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein—Alterations in Princess Alice's mausoleum—Stone-laying of Château D'Oex church—An historical chalet.

ON 9 March, 1899, I left England for Ghent via Ostend, where I confirmed; upon this occasion, I saw more of Ghent than in all my previous visits. The churches are grand, notably the Cathedral of St. Bavon, with its fine apse jutting out upon a canal, as the delight is of the Romans to build; and it is very effective. I know many so placed. They have done the same at Bath, with their modern church in that town. St. Jacques has two of the rare Romanische western towers—like Boppard, Andernach, and Coblenz on the Rhine. These are capped. Five chapels stand, roofed and pointed at the east end; in the centre a lofty spire. This is the gem of Ghent. St. Pierre is also a fine church. Then there is the celebrated belfry, a far finer piece of architecture than that at Bruges, surmounted by its gilt dragon, said to have been brought from Constantinople. In the old part of the town is a grand old castle, the Château des Comtes, enormous, massive, and grim beyond description. It is washed by water on one side. Here our "time-honoured Lancaster," John of Gaunt, or Ghent, was born. Then beyond is the venerable Abbey of St. Bavon, a mere relic, but most interesting. One sees, by the remains of its fine groined cloisters and immense banqueting-hall, what it was. Here stood this grand ecclesiastical foundation when we in England were yet pagans, and St. Augustine not yet landed at Ebbsfleet. I had no time to go to the Rabot, a gateway with towers round and pointed,

such as that at Lubeck. One fragment of the old castle of Ghent still stands with a very picturesque little turret. Wellington lived for a time at Ghent during the hundred days, and Louis XVIII, poor weak fool, opposite. He used to drive out with four cream-coloured horses, and when he passed the Duke would nod condescendingly and shake his three feeble ringed fingers as a don would recognize a schoolboy.

At Brussels I dedicated the chancel of Christ Church, preaching in both churches and confirming. Sir Francis Plunkett told me that Rhodes had been at Brussels recently; he met him when dining with the King. He was on his way to Berlin to see the Emperor, whom he was to meet at dinner at the British Embassy. He would consult with him upon concessions through German territory for his Cairo to Cape Town Railway. Every one was wondering at this change of front towards Rhodes. I met at the Legation the new military attaché, Colonel A'Court, just back from Egypt, the first ever appointed to Brussels. Talking with him about the date of the first train from Cairo to Khartoum as promised by Kitchener, he said, "Whatever the Sirdar promises he fulfils." Sir Francis knew nothing of the report that the Great Eastern Railway contemplated running a line of steamers from Walton-on-the-Naze to Ostend, sixty-four miles, but thought it improbable.

In going from Brussels to Dunkirk I travelled through a strange region of sand dunes, small hills in fact of sand of enormous extent, three miles deep from the sea inland. A number of small houses nestle amongst and behind these hills, a shelter from what in winter must be bitter storms and blasts from the North Sea. Now and then sandstorms envelop and bury not only houses, but entire villages. The frontier village of Furnes was some years ago absolutely so buried to a depth of seventy feet, all being covered but the top of the church tower. The village was dug out, and seems none the worse; the gardens only looking as if they wanted scraping. The search at the frontier is very strict, being lonely and near the seashore. At the time of the Fashoda incident Dunkirk was in a frenzy of panic. The inhabitants contemplated removing with all their property to Berg, a place inland, where the shot and shell from the English fleet, said to have been seen in the offing, could not reach them! The French practised rifle fire so continuously on the exercising ground behind St. Malo-les-Bains, where I stayed, that the inhabitants were distracted with the noise.

An English vessel, the *Fashoda*, came into Dunkirk, and the French authorities instructed the dock labourers to have nothing to do with her cargo! O foolish Galatians!

Here I confirmed and attended a meeting at the Sailors' Institute, an important institution, Dunkirk being the fourth port of France, though situated nearly due north on a wild, bleak, dangerous coast. The French are exceedingly strict about people approaching the fortifications. A young Norwegian sailor not long since returning to his ship at night lost his way, and got amongst the ramparts. He was challenged, but not understanding French, did not stand and reply. The sentry—a raw recruit who ought not to have been left to act upon his own discretion—shot him dead.

The cathedral is a fine building, pointed, with double aisles, and apse of much dignity. The tower is detached from the nave, and being lofty must serve as a good landmark. In the "place" stands an animated statue of Jean Bart, the patriot, who defended Dunkirk against the English. I dined with our Consul, Mr. Taylor, who is an authority upon the Belgian Ardennes and the region over against Sedan. He told me that at the Hôtel de la Poste at Bouillon the Emperor Napoleon slept on his way from Sedan to Wilhelmshöhe. The old ruined castle of Godfrey de Bouillon was roofed to accommodate the hundreds of wounded French after the capitulation, Sedan being only twelve miles distant. Malo-les-Bains is growing into quite a large French bathing-place, and promises to stretch several miles along the coast towards the Belgian frontier.

From Dunkirk I went to Boulogne for confirmation, sermons in our two churches, and other work. Our Queen had passed through here not long before. She showed herself, with perilous freedom, on deck all the way from the entrance of the vessel into the harbour mouth through the narrow passage between the harbour piers, which were packed with people. She sat on deck for some time upon arrival at the quay talking to officials and the Admiral of Cherbourg.

My bedroom looked out upon the Napoleon monument erected to commemorate his *intended* invasion of England. In driving out to where the Grande Armée lay towards Ambleteuse, we passed the remnant of a château where our Henry VIII stayed with Francis I for the pageant of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which lies farther inland. The English coast looked perilously near; one could see the cliffs so plainly that they seemed almost like a bend of the

French coast. I was told it is rarely seen so clearly. From Boulogne I returned to England.

I was away again across the Channel on 24 April, confirming at Dieppe, where I met at dinner "John Strange Winter," the authoress. I confirmed also at Havre. For my work at Chantilly I was a guest at Château Montataire, near Creil, which stands conspicuously upon a height, and dates from the tenth century. This castle was much frequented by Henri IV, and is full of memorials of that king. The beautiful old carved bedstead of black oak, in which he slept, and the coverlid, like an old cope, under which he lay, crusted with bullion. In this historic room I was lodged. It is oak-panelled, full of life-sized portraits of the King and family, Elizabeth de Bourbon, Monsieur Sully, etc. The great *salon* is also filled with panel portraits of the entire Medici family. The view from the ramparts down upon the Oise is very extensive. Old chain and iron armour everywhere. The Schultzes, the present owners, inherited the property from the Barons of Condé, being descended from the kings of Sweden. In the evening there was a dinner-party in the old baronial hall, full also of fine old panel-portraits of the kings and queens of France. The castle slopes are covered with acres of lilac, which attract large numbers of Parisians when in flower. Beneath the ramparts are sandstone caves, in which it is said that Julius Cæsar lodged on his way to and from England; quantities of Roman urns, lamps, etc., have been found in these caves, and dug up in the grounds. A hermitage is cut in the rock, where it is said that Peter the Hermit lived. It consists of a bed hewn out of the rock, with a Calvary above it, fireplace, windows, etc. Over the rock-hewn dwelling is an inscription, "Hic stetisse Petrus eremita" (*sic*). The figure of a hermit, dressed as such, kneels in the dark part of the rock-hewn cave, and gives it a weird appearance. On the spot where the church now stands he is said to have preached his first crusade. Amongst the treasures of the castle is a little clasped vellum book, very old, the binding set thickly with precious stones, in which the names of all the celebrities who have stayed here are engrossed in illuminated colours and gold. Henri IV stands first: he was a frequent guest; and then follow the royalties and great people of France upon successive pages.

We have lately opened reading-rooms and a club for the English lads and jockey boys employed in the racing stables at Chantilly. Upon leaving Chantilly for Paris a trainer brought his boy whom I

had confirmed to the station to thank me for what I had said in church to the candidates. "Sir," he said, "I shall never forget the words you spoke to those young people to-day." This was gratifying, for he was a plain, blunt man, and very evidently in earnest. Thence to Paris for all the usual Paris work. Sir Edmund Monson was at Nice, the Queen being there, so I was not with him at the Embassy upon this occasion.

From Paris I travelled to Switzerland for our Conference at Lausanne, which was well attended; Dr. Gibson, Vicar of Leeds—now Bishop of Gloucester—giving us the addresses at the final meeting. From Lausanne I returned by Paris and Dieppe to England, passing Beachy Head just as its lighthouse gleamed out, telling us that it was nightfall.

On 15 June I crossed to Ostend, and travelled through to Coblenz. A young Roman Catholic priest expressed a wish to Canon Curran, the chaplain of Coblenz, to see me upon "social questions"—a shrewd, intelligent man, who had lately visited England. He talked much of the terrible vice of the London streets. I told him we were just then making special efforts to suppress it, that I had obtained statistics from Berlin as to police regulations in that city, and had put them in the hands of Bishop Barry, who had asked me to attend a meeting upon the subject in London at Lord Kinnaird's house, to meet Cardinal Vaughan and the Bishop of London. It was doubted if such regulations were possible in London. We had much talk upon Anglican and Roman orders. I found that he did not know the many questions involved, had been with very Low Churchmen in England, and only heard one side. I invited him to attend the confirmation the next day; he would evidently have liked to come, but was afraid it would be known in Coblenz. Bismarck's attitude to the Roman Church after the Franco-German War was considered to be disastrous; but since he reversed his policy all has gone well with the Romans in Germany.

A statue of the Empress Augusta in the Anlagen Gardens, which she did so much to extend and beautify, is strikingly lifelike. It is placed near the spot where she used to sit in her Bath chair listening to the band, and receiving those whom she summoned to her audience. It is life-sized, and represents the Empress sitting, clad in royal robes, the spiked cap upon her head. Winged colonnades run along each side. Upon the lower right panel the tending of the

wounded in battle is sculptured, representing that work in which she was much interested. On the left panel Coblenz—her favourite place of residence—appears in the background, in the foreground her beloved Anlagen Gardens. I remember how she used to brighten up when I noticed any little improvement in them; the last being a little duck island, with duck houses upon it, of which she spoke with almost childish delight. The new equestrian statue of the old Emperor William upon the Angulus Terrarum, between the Rhine and Mosel, is the finest thing in Germany of its kind. The Kaiser, in full uniform, rides a stepping horse, which is led by Peace, a winged angel. He inclines to, and seems almost to salute, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which towers above across the river. The statue is of bronze. It was getting dusk, and I had to ask some young soldiers standing by to help me to read the inscription, which they did, evidently delighted to assist the Englander in such a work. It runs :—

Nimmer wird das Reich zerstoret
Wenn wir einig seid und treu.

The statue is placed upon an enormously massive granite colonnade and platform, with granite steps leading up to the platform, and inside to a gallery surrounding the statue, from which beautiful views up and down the two rivers are obtained. The ground upon which the monument stands is reclaimed from the rough junction land of the Rhine and Mosel, and is laid out in shrubberies and gardens. Massive stone steps descend on either side to both rivers. Under the statue is inscribed, "Wilhelm dem Grosser." Beneath again, a colossal winged eagle's head in granite. Enormous serpents lower their heads and coil their bodies representing war; two evil spirits of war with awful faces flee from the feet of the Emperor as he advances. The position is unique, the work grand, massive, and charged with life.

At Coblenz I confirmed and preached. Here I met an interesting man, who lives in Corsica. He farms property outside Ajaccio, and speaks of the climate as beautiful, mild, and bright till Christmas, then a wet fortnight or so, after which a bright spell, another break, and then summer. The mountains of the interior rise to ten thousand feet, and are covered with snow all the year round. A fast service from Nice is to do the passage in eight hours.

From Coblenz I went to Darmstadt. Our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Buchanan, was away, and the Grand Duke ill with small-pox.

A bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Louis of Hesse had been recently erected; the likeness is good, and the smile upon the face pleasant. In the forest I passed a piece of water, in which Princess Alice used to swim. Then it was kept clear; now it is very reedy, and filled with water-lilies and other plants. The forest is full of wild boar, of which I saw many. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Christian's son, came to dinner. He being the only guest, we had plenty of conversation together. He never seemed weary of talking over his school-days at Charterhouse. He inquired about the present ritualistic crisis in our Church, adding that the Emperor was anxious to be informed upon it, and asked where he could obtain the best account of the controversy. I promised to send him copies of C. Brook's *This Church and Realm*, one for himself, the other for the Emperor. He asked if I could not find time to go and see the Empress Frederick, offering to telegraph to her about it. I said I was due in Stuttgart, and had no time at my disposal. He accompanied the Emperor to Norway in the autumn. He asked my opinion as to the Sunday question—how it should be spent. I told him that the Emperor set the best Sunday and week-day example possible, and that his influence in Germany for good was priceless, an example that is evidently bringing God's blessing upon his reign and country. He said that the Emperor could not stop Sunday bands and concerts as the people liked them. To which I replied that I thought them harmless, as also Sunday bicycling, boating, and skating, so long as (1) labour was not employed, (2) they were used as recreation by *bona fide* hard workers during the week, and (3) part of the Sunday was given to God's service in church; but that the rich idlers had no right whatever so to use Sunday, with all the week at their disposal. In this he entirely concurred.

I confirmed in the chapel of the old palace candidates of Darmstadt, Frankfürt, and Heidelberg, at which the Grand Duchess Melita was present. I drove out to Princess Alice's mausoleum, calling to write my name at the new palace in the Grand Duke and Duchess's book, and then to the old palace, where I wrote my name in the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece's book. The mausoleum was not much altered since I had last seen it. At the head of the Princess's recumbent figure, which is touchingly beautiful—the child from whom she caught the fatal diphtheria laying its small hand on its mother's breast, which the mother holds in hers—is inscribed: "To

the memory of Alice, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, by her loving brothers and sisters, Albert Edward, Victoria, Alfred, Helena, Louise, Arthur, Leopold, and Beatrice." The mausoleum is lighted by one window in beautiful glass, evidently English. The subjects: visiting the sick—her great gift—our Lord carrying a lamb, the royal arms, and under all, in German, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." At the foot of the statue stand the two coffins; the late Grand Duke Louis', added since I was last here. The two coffins lie side by side. When I last saw Princess Alice's coffin it was in the central chamber of the mausoleum, which consists of three portions, connected by a colonnade, and was then wrapped in the Union Jack, by her special desire. I did not see the Union Jack upon it this time; it may be there, but if so, is hidden by the number of wreaths laid upon it. On one I noticed "From sister Victoria." In the central portion of the mausoleum stand the coffins of the two children, the boy who fell out of the window, and the little sister who died of diphtheria just a month before her mother.

As I drove into the old palace the house was pointed out to me in which Louise, the old Kaiser's mother, was born; she was a Hessian Princess. It is white and old-fashioned; one of the simple Darmstadt palaces of that day. As I drove back I passed the new Russian church being built, at the opening of which the Czar was to be present in the summer.

From Darmstadt I visited Stuttgart, where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, most hospitable Americans. Here I preached and confirmed in our beautiful church of St. Catharine. I drove out to "Die Solitude," a palace of the King of Wurtemberg. It accords well with its name, standing away in a forest seven miles from Stuttgart, dismal and *einsam*.

From Stuttgart I travelled through to Château d'Oex to lay the stone of the new church, driving from Bulle, fourteen miles, and arriving just as the clock of the little parish church perched on its green knoll, chimed midnight. I stayed in one of the fine old chalets for which the valley is famous. A beautiful view from my windows down over the hay-meadows, and across the village to the great range of mountains—like the Matoppo Hills, under which Cecil Rhodes is buried. At the stone-laying six chaplains assisted in the presence of a large concourse of English and Swiss for so small a place. The Swiss expressed themselves as much pleased with the

function. The stone is thus inscribed: "To the glory of God, and in the faith of Jesus Christ, this stone was laid by the Right Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, D.D., Anglican Bishop of N. and C. Europe, June 28, 1899."

At Rossinières in the gorge of the Saarine is the finest of all the old carved and painted châlets of this district. It is 150 years old, the largest in Switzerland, and was taken as a model of a Swiss châlet for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Here in this châlet Victor Hugo wrote some of his works, the room in which he wrote being shown as historic. In the garden below is a picturesque summer-house used as a library with many old and some valuable books bound in vellum. Saanen is an interesting village in the other direction seven miles up the valley, the châlets nearly meeting across the little street. Here is a foundry for cow-bells. We saw the process. Some are a foot high and very heavy. The weight must be most oppressive for a cow to carry.

A terrific storm of wind, sleet, and snow broke upon Château d'Oex during the Sunday I spent there, under the blasts of which the old châlet throbbed and groaned as if suffering the pangs of a living creature. I was told that I could not get away via Sepey and Aigle as the pass was snowed up; but I did, and the drive, which is a grand one at any time, was grander under the circumstances of weather; black, savage, bleak, and snowy.

On the way I turned aside at Sepey, and slept at Diablerets, but all was darkness, storm, and tempest, and I saw nothing; the amphitheatre of mountains, the Oldenhorn, and Col du Pillon opening out only now and then to be plunged again and again into riven cloud and darkness. I was not sorry to regain the metals at Aigle and the shelter of my ever-kind, hospitable friends' house, the Lomas', of Territet. Mr. Lomas showed me a series of photographs of most grotesque animals and birds carved in stone, upon the summit of Notre Dame, Paris. They represent the virtues and vices, 120 in number, and about four feet in height. Often as I have visited Notre Dame, and looked at it in passing since I was a boy, I never even knew of their existence. The rocks above Territet contain choughs—the Cornish choughs of our island—in considerable and noisy numbers. Though it was the end of the first week in July, much snow had been and was still falling in the mountains. A sad record had been placed in the little cemetery since I was last here.

"In loving memory of John Hopkinson, M.A., F.R.S., born in Manchester, July 27, 1849, and of his three children, Alice, aged 23, Lena Evelyn, aged 19, John Gustave, aged 18, who were killed (by a fall from the Petite Dent de Veisior), August 27, 1898. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Was ever such a tragedy recorded? The wife and another daughter were staying at an hotel near where the terrible accident occurred, and brought the four bodies here for burial. The grave, which is a large one, is edged with alpine flowers, alpine rose, edelweiss, etc.

From the garden and terrace of Princess Woronzoff's villa high above Territet is a superb view of the lake, the Savoy Mountains, and Dent de Midi. On my way from Territet to Freiburg, in Baden, I looked with painful interest at the new bridge over the river at Münchenstein, where the disaster of a year ago occurred. A train full of people, who were returning from a festival at Basle, was precipitated into the deep, treacherous little stream, a large proportion being drowned. Then the bridge was one span of iron, now a pier in midstream supports two sections of iron. At Freiburg I confirmed, staying for the first time in the new parsonage, which is very conveniently constructed and adjoins the church.

I met at dinner, upon this occasion, Mr. Jerome, the author, and editor of the *Idler*, like myself a travelled man. He told me amongst other interesting things that the Arc de l'Etoile in Paris is only slabbed, veneered with stone, and that the cornices are but wood and plaster. How French! The tram here at Freiburg is called a Querbahn, i.e. oblique, traverse, queer. A "queer person" is an oblique or cross person.

Breaking my journey at Köln, I visited Düsseldorf, where I did my work, and visited the annual exhibition of pictures. One room entirely devoted to Schram's works, a versatile Viennese painter, producing portraits, landscapes, sea-pieces, and architecture all equally good. Auerbach and Duntze exhibited good pictures, the latter had five Norwegian scenes.

From Düsseldorf I returned to England via Ostend.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A sleepy morning on the Dutch coast—The quiet Danish language, the mild Danes, the little custom-house, and half dozen a people to be examined—Visit to Sir Edmund and Lady Fane at the British Legation at Copenhagen—Harvest service at St. Alban's—Visit to the Imperial yacht *Pole Star*—Call at Bernstorf Castle—Visit to Sir Francis and Lady Pakenham at the Legation, Stockholm—The "Skansa," a remarkable collection—Germany's war monuments—"Den tapferen Söhnnen der Vaterland."

ON 13 September of this year (1899) I crossed to the Hook of Holland on my way to Denmark and Sweden. I was up on deck just as the grey dawn of the 14th stretched itself wearily over the sea, and a dull browny-red lay over Holland. A few fishing and other boats were about as we passed to the south of the red lightship off the mouth of the Maes. The low, raking, brown shore-line of Holland looked like an old Dutch picture, with its quaint landmarks, look-outs, tall mills, and other items that go to make up the quaintness of a Dutch landscape. A wealth of bird-life at this early hour as the train made its way over the marshes—herons, plovers, shore birds of all kinds fishing and feeding in the dewy morning.

Past Utrecht with its grand triple tower; past Deventer with its two spires, lofty nave, and chapelled apse, and away to the spires of Bremen, which loom up over the great marsh-land through which the Weser cleverly makes its way. Resting a few hours at the house of our kind Consul-General and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. (now Sir W. and Lady) Ward, in Hamburg, I resumed my journey by the night express to the Danish frontier. I awoke at 4 a.m., and hearing the quiet Danish language, knew that I was in Jutland. All so tiny and simple, the little custom-house, the mild Danes, the half-dozen people only to be examined. So unlike the crowd and bustle of Central Europe, and the stern officials of big Imperial Germany. All was still and quiet also on the shore at Fredericia

by the Little Belt; the still, fresh September air, so mellow in Scandinavia at this season; across the two Belts by steam ferries, the two islands by rail, and past Roskilde with its red-brick cathedral and twin spires, the burial-place of the Danish Royal Family, and so into Copenhagen. The country traversed from England is so flat that I do not think there are a dozen overhead bridges between the Hook of Holland and Copenhagen! I asked an old Dane what the crowd at Roskilde station meant. "There has to-day found itself a commercial gathering," the old gentleman said. To which I replied, "Market day, I suppose." "Yes, yes, market day, market day," glad to get the right expression.

At Copenhagen I was the guest of Sir Edmund and Lady Fane at the Legation. Sir Edmund had been in the service more or less all over the world, and was well-informed and most agreeable, a good story-teller, and keenly enjoying a joke. To illustrate the light-fingeredness of Italians—of which we had been speaking—Sir Edmund told me of an Englishman who was robbed of his gold snuff-box when dining with an Italian nobleman. He reported the loss to his host, adding that he would point out the gentleman who had taken it. "For goodness sake," his host exclaimed, "don't make a fuss about it, that's Prince So-and-So, at the head of our society here; leave it to me, I'll get it back presently." Before long the host came and slipped it into his hand. "How did you get it?" he inquired. "Oh, I went and picked his pocket as he picked yours; he will quite understand such a concurrence of circumstances." Sir Edmund was much amused at his butler—who is German—calling me "Euer Eminenz."

Lady Suffield was staying at the Legation, being in attendance on the Princess of Wales, no room existing for her at Bernstorf. Sir Edmund told me that when the Emperor of Germany was staying with his cousin, Lord Lonsdale, at Lowther, he was most pleasant and courteous. Upon coming down to breakfast he used to take old Lady Lonsdale's hand and kiss it, doing the same to young Lady Lonsdale. The Emperor gave Lord Lonsdale a magnificent stained-glass window for the great staircase at Lowther Castle, the subjects being historical figures, with the German royal arms. The Emperor admires Lord Lonsdale for his sporting habits, being the best rider in England, a splendid shot, and a good yachtsman. There are seven miles of terraces at Lowther overlooking the lake mountains, the property running down to the shores of Ullswater.

The Crown Prince of Denmark told Sir Edmund that the late Emperor of Russia, when walking in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen upon one of his autumn visits, being tired, asked a Danish countryman to give him a lift. As he approached Bernstorf, he requested the man to take him to the castle. "No," said he, "I should not like to do that." "Oh," said the Emperor, "it's all right; I'm the Emperor of Russia." "Are you really," he said. "And I'll tell you who I am, I'm the Emperor of China." "Well," said the Emperor, "just take me to the park gates then, and you will see if the guards salute me or not." He did so, and when the guard turned out, the old Dane nearly fell off his trap with terror.

On Sunday, 17 September, I drove with Sir Edmund to the English church, and received with him, at the doors, the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. As on former occasions, she came and spoke a few words, as did Princess Victoria, and passed into the church. Both were in deep mourning for the Queen of Denmark. I preached the harvest sermon. The church was prettily decorated for the festival, and crowded with English and Danes. The Jubilee window I had not seen. The idea is our Queen's choice of a good life. Beneath are the words, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Prince Albert Victor's window bears the text, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? To the glory of God, and in memory of Albert, Victor, Christian, Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who entered into rest Jan. 14th 1892. Dedicated by present and former members of the congregation of this Church."

In the afternoon I held a confirmation. The Legation has been entirely renovated, redecorated, and refurnished by the British Government, and all is now very handsome, being lit throughout by electricity. After the confirmation I went with Sir Edmund Fane and Lady Suffield to the Russian Imperial yacht, *Pole Star*. At the historic landing-stairs a launch from the yacht was awaiting us manned by Russian bluejackets. On the way we passed the *Standart*, another of the Czar's Imperial yachts, built for the Black Sea trips, as the *Pole Star* for the Baltic. They are both enormous, the St. Andrew light blue cross flying aft. A Greek man-of-war—the King of Greece being at Bernstorf—was lying near; also a large Russian turret warship and gunboat. All these made the picturesque harbour, with its well-kept lawns and trees—from which the spire of our beautiful English church rises—look its festive

best. The green islands, always so emerald green at this season, dotting the offing, and far away on the sea horizon the Swedish coast. To the north lie old wooden hulks of men-of-war which engaged Nelson a hundred years ago, and gave him, as he told us, as much as he could do to silence. The old dragon spire of the Hall of Commerce in the background filled up the panorama and perfected it. Upon our arrival at the gangway, a Russian officer received and helped us out of the launch, preceding us up to the deck, where we were received by another officer and a line of bluejackets. Shortly after the commander appeared, apologizing that he was not quite ready when we arrived. He then proceeded to show us all the wonders of this most wonderfully sumptuous vessel. He and the other officers spoke French. First the great dining saloon, which seats sixty persons. The whole of inlaid, highly-polished, light-coloured wood. A grand piano stands at one end. At the stern of this saloon is a smoking-room, sumptuously furnished, and set around with gold dishes highly enamelled in blue. The bread and salt vessels of the East standing conspicuously in their places, offerings of Eastern subject-potentates, probably Central Asian emirs. Amidships are the Empress's private rooms, lovely and costly beyond description. A perfect little suite of drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom, writing-room, etc.; in fact, the rooms and roomlettes seemed endless. Then the rooms—one cannot bring oneself to describe them as cabins—occupied by the late Czar, kept just as he left them, and no longer occupied. Then followed the present Emperor's rooms; then those of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar, whom I remembered at Fredensborg in 1887 as a little boy in a sailor suit. We then descended to the rooms occupied by the suite; they are almost the same in size and number as those above, but, of course, much plainer, though beautifully furnished. Going on deck again, we were shown what is called the Veranda. It is a most luxurious place to sit in when the weather is fine; it looks astern, is covered, and supported by pillars. The sights shown, we fell into general conversation with the commander and officers, one of whom inquired about the Boers and prospects of war with the Transvaal, then supposed to be imminent. He was interested to hear that I not only knew the Transvaal, but his own country also. The commander was a tall, serious, Orientally-frigid, though most polite man, evidently very proud of showing us the magnificence of his

splendid vessel, and pleased at the gratification we expressed. We then took our leave amidst much saluting and many assurances of goodwill. Passing through the bluejackets again, who formed up for us, we descended to our launch, and amidst more bowings and farewell salutes steamed away to the harbour.

Upon landing I drove out to Bernstorf, and wrote my name in the books of the Princess of Wales, Emperor and Empress of Russia, Dowager Empress of Prussia, and King and Queen of Greece. Bernstorf, which is far inferior in every way to Fredensborg, was looking quiet and peaceful in its autumn dress. The only sound in the profound silence reigning around was the rattle of the guards' muskets as they saluted the Ambassador's carriage.

In the evening I met a large number of English and Danes at a reception given by the chaplain and Mrs. Kennedy. Sir Edmund was far from well, suffering from influenza, and yet he insisted upon going about unselfishly with me everywhere, although I begged him not to do so. This was the beginning of an illness from which he never recovered, passing away some five months later.

The pay here is £5000 a year, with a pension of £1300. A full ambassador's pension is £1600, a first secretary £700. They can retire at sixty and get the pension.

On 20 September I left my kind friends and all their pleasant hospitalities, little thinking that I should never see Sir Edmund again, and that he would be so soon lying in the western cemetery here at Copenhagen. I tried to persuade him to come with me to Stockholm, but much as he would have liked it, he could not leave his post whilst the Princess was at Bernstorf. Crossing to Helsingborg from Elsinore, we ran all day up the desolate shores of the Cattegat to Gothenburg; rocks, moorland, forest—forest, moorland, rocks, nothing else, and yet it always fascinates me. At Gothenburg I confirmed, preached, and attended a reception at the Sailors' Institute of the commercial English of Gothenburg. The Zander Institution for treating rheumatic and other muscular complaints is a very chamber of horrors, with its various machines like the torture instruments of the Inquisition.

The pictures at Gothenburg are indifferent, even the Scandinavian school being very poorly represented. Adolf Tidemann's four pictures — "Courting," "Trying on the Bride's Dress," "Going Away," and "The First Baby"—are good. Bradelius has a good landscape; Trozen and Mols some good cattle; Hans Gude a fiord; Plagemann "The North Sea," dark and frowning.

From Gothenburg I went to Stockholm, where I was the guest of Sir Francis and Lady Pakenham at the Legation. Here I stayed a week confirming, preaching, calling upon many of our people, and enjoying the hospitality of my kind host and hostess, which enabled me to meet and become acquainted with all the English residents, and not a few Swedes. Stockholm had much grown even since my last visit of three years before. Since I first knew it forty years ago it has leapt up from a town of wooden houses and ochre-stained shanties to a really grand stone-built city of immense streets and avenues of fine houses. Lady Pakenham told me that on her brother's property in Lincolnshire a Viking ship was dug up on the shore, of much earlier date than that at Christiania. It is rough-hewn, from the trunk of an enormous oak, forty-six feet long, and wide enough to seat three men abreast. It is supposed that the invading pirates were killed on the Lincolnshire coast, and their vessel left the sole survivor of the invasion.

Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood were here, he Secretary of Legation. I remembered him at his father's, Lord Dufferin, when in Paris. In less than six months after this he was Lord Ava, in consequence of his brother's death in South Africa, and two years later Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Another attaché, Mr. Herbert, great-nephew of Baroness Bunsen, whom I had met in other posts, was stationed at Stockholm. Lord Terence Blackwood lived out at Djursholm amidst pine woods, granite rocks, and water—the sole features of a Swedish landscape. The size, shape, and colour of the endless villas in national style in the environs of Stockholm is most quaint and bizarre. The varied bright colours light up the sombre pine forests, from which they flash out in the sun like coloured lamps hung about amongst the dark woods. One very striking and large villa, eminently Swedish, white walls and black roof and dome upon an island of its own. In a part of the Djurgarten at Stockholm called "Skansa," a collection of much interest has been placed, consisting of Swedish architecture, houses, farmsteads, old inns, cottages, church towers, Lapp encampments, Esquimo houses, Swedish animals, bears brown and polar—these last in fine deep rock-hewn chasms of water—wolves, seals, foxes, grey, red, and white; birds—eagles, buzzards, hawks, ospreys, owls of all kinds, eagle owls, snowy owls, owls with ears, owls without ears—a Scandinavian zoo in short; ancient Swedish carriages, carts, sledges, boats, agricultural implements, etc. etc. An owl in Swedish is

"uggla," our ugly, no doubt. Skepsholm, the island upon which the Admiralty buildings stand, was very busy with crews arriving and being paid off for the winter, and a band was playing. Ordinarily its quiet, grassy, shady walks are silent as the tomb.

Mr. Luck, an English merchant in Stockholm, is a sportsman, and has a property up in Jemtland. He has all the Swedish owls but two; there is a sparrow-owl, no larger than the bird from which it takes its name. He told me that one morning between two and three hundred golden-crested wrens were picked up under the light-house at Landsort, outside the islands of the Baltic around Stockholm. They were flighting southward, and were killed by flying against the lantern. He believes that three-fourths of the birds of Europe are bred on the backbone separating Norway from Sweden. It is hard to credit this, but he is an authority.

At Stockholm I confirmed and preached on the Sunday. The picture gallery is most interesting, and a visit is always a pleasure. It contains the best of the Scandinavian school of painters. Cedarstrom's "Bringing the Body of Charles XII back from Frederickshall" is a grand picture. Hellquist's "Deputation of Reformers," Hagborg's fishing-boats and beach. Two ospreys with their talons upon a great northern diver is most graphic and lifelike; you are there with them on those dark savage waves. Tidemanns and Gudes are always interesting, and the four Van Goyens the best in Europe.

At the Legation were boughs of lilac, apple, etc., *packed round with ice*, and in flower. I cannot explain this phenomenon.

I left my kind host and hostess with much regret that I should not find them here again when next I visited Stockholm; his service time expiring in 1901.

From Stockholm I travelled down to Malmo, where I slept, crossing to Copenhagen in one of the autumn storms ever violent in these regions, and so on via Gedjso—in a hurricane which none but an Englishman or a Dane in such a cockleshell could have weathered—to Warnemünde, and thence to Hamburg. The route lies by Rostock and the Schwerin Lake—upon which, at Kleine station, an old woman was selling baskets of raw dried eels, which the third-class passengers were rushing for and eating greedily, as children might munch sticks of barley sugar. Twenty pfennigs for an eel as long as the sea-serpent, so abundant are they in these broads. Near Lübeck I saw a stork's nest, upon a very low house—a peculiar situation; the storks were gone, but a sparrow sat upon it as caretaker.

At Hamburg I confirmed, preached, and accomplished all the rôle of hospitalities always awaiting me there, by which I have the opportunity of seeing the English and American residents of that chaplaincy. At one of these gatherings I met a Northumberland gentleman who had lived for thirty years near Fredericksrühe; he knew Bismarck and his property there. It was given him by the old Kaiser after the Danish War, and consists of some six thousand acres of forest. Denmark in those days ran down to Altona, and this property is in Langenburg, which up to 1864 was Danish, a tiny river forming the boundary. The mausoleum, like a little village church, stands near the great historic fir trees, under which was Bismarck's favourite seat. There rests "the man of blood and iron' —the great Chancellor—in his sarcophagus.

Our Sailors' Institute at Hamburg is exceedingly well ordered and arranged; it is under the same roof as the Consulate. Hamburg at the time of my visitation of the chaplaincy was building one of those gigantic railway stations which are growing up all over Germany, the glory of her wonderful railway system, and the admiration of the world. It stands upon the rampart gardens, and unfortunately ruins them. The Alster Basin is the outcome of the dams raised to protect Hamburg in olden days, as the dams and waters of Holland protect the towns of that country. Stakes were driven in down the middle of it to make the passage across more difficult. In these rampart gardens stands the Kriege Denkmal, raised by the people of Hamburg in memory of their fellow-citizens who fell in the Franco-German War. It is a very touching and pathetic monument in bronze upon a marble base. The front figure represents a young cavalry officer dying upon his fallen horse; on his right a young infantry soldier, a private, fallen and evidently dying; on the left a bearded gunner also dying, with his broken gun-rod in his hand. Over the three stands an angel, stretching a wreath above the gunner with her right hand, and a palm branch above the infantry private with her left, while she stoops to kiss the young cavalry officer as he lies before her. Around the marble plinth are recorded the names of those of the Hamburg regiments who fell and the actions in which they met their deaths. Upon the marble base are inscribed these words: "Den tapferen Soehnen der Vaterland, 1870–1871." Why should Germany be full of such beautiful, touching memorials of her fallen sons, and we in England have not one such? The art and patriotic poetry of these monuments have

a tremendous influence upon national life and character. The youth of a nation is stirred and elevated by such memorials. One invariably sees a continuous stream of all ages—especially the young—grouped around them. I was told here that on Oulton Broad, near Lowestoft, a man was heard calling a frog a "frischer"—this is, of course, German. I never heard one so called in Suffolk.

At Hamburg I preached and confirmed twice: first the English and then the German Jew candidates in German.

Upon leaving Hamburg the tunnel at Kloster Thor station was pointed out, where a few days before a terrible and extraordinary accident had occurred to soldiers leaving a train. Only a narrow space exists between the tunnel wall and the rails. They were getting out when another train came in, and in the narrow space were crushed to death, some having their clothes ripped off.

From Hamburg I went to Amsterdam, and was the guest of my kind friends the Boissevains. A very bitter feeling existed here about the Transvaal and the war which was imminent. No one spoke of it to me; it was a tabooed subject. Flags were flying, being Krüger's seventy-second birthday. I went to the modern gallery and renewed my acquaintance with Israels and other artists. His early painting is very good, but not so his later. Bisschop's are always good; his Marken scenes admirable. Springer is another well worth notice, and, of course, Alma Tadema. Klinkenberg's "Siege of Leyden" is horribly interesting.

From Holland I returned to England by the Hook, on the very day, 11 October, upon which Kruger's forces invaded Natal.

CHAPTER XXIX

Bordeaux — Miles of claret — A friendly German whistles "Soldiers of the Queen"—The German Emperor, our ever faithful and valued friend, salutes the British flag—Visit to Sir Frank Lascelles at the British Embassy, Berlin —The silent Russian frontier, the gate to the Far East—Trans-Siberian and trans-Caspian railway works at Riga—Effect of Cossack whips in a Russian riot—Service in the Russian cathedral at Riga—Posting the guard on the Russian frontier of two thousand miles—At Geok Tepe with Skobeleff —Visit to Sir Edmund and Lady Monson at the Embassy for Paris Conference—The Borghese rooms at the Embassy—The Paris Exhibition of 1900 —Completion of Mr. Street's church at Lausanne—The Territet-Montreux-Clarens-Vevey world—A run into Brittany—Effect of "Vive la France" upon drowning German—"I knew the Colonel would soon put things to rights!"—Confirmation at Davos in 48° of frost—An eye-witness of the assassination of the Empress of Austria at Geneva—The Empress Frederick's last illness—Kind invitation to visit her at Kronberg—Fifteenth annual Conference at Antwerp—The proposed new English church.

ON 7 February, 1900, I began my year's work, after a most painful and severe illness, with a visit to the Pyrenees. In much suffering I travelled nine hundred miles through without break of journey. Since I returned from Scandinavia in October I had not been able to walk from acute inflammation of the sciatic nerve, and was now a mere wreck. However, I was enabled to get through what I had to do, and broke no engagement, which was the main point.

At Pau I confirmed and preached in one or other of the three churches. Whilst there I took a short drive one day to Lescar, once the seat of a bishopric, suppressed at the Revolution; the cathedral is now the parish church. The nave is Norman; the rest of the building transition work to early English. Henri IV's mother is buried here. It is a wretched, dreary place, "Ichabod" and "fuit" being written up and down the dismal little street, which ends in a gateway on the hill-top, by which stands a ruinous tower of thin red brick, which might be Roman. On the way I visited

Bishop John Selwyn's grave in the cemetery, who died at Pau two years before: "In loving memory of John Richardson Selwyn, Bishop, son of G. A. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield and New Zealand, died Feb. 12, 1898, aged 53 years. A servant of Christ; a preacher to the Gentiles."

From Pau I went to Biarritz, which I found a hornet's nest of disaffection, some taking one side with the chaplain, some the other side against him. I presided at a meeting, and tried to be fair and impartial, for, in my opinion, grave injustice was being done to the chaplain; but they would not hear. I will say no more upon this painful subject—the one and only serious opposition to my ruling through twenty years of happy harmonious work. This action of a certain party at Biarritz I have never ceased to regret, because it injured the chaplaincy more even than the chaplain. I drove over to St. Jean de Luz and confirmed, returning afterwards to Biarritz. I find this entry in my journal: "Heard of the relief of Kimberley, which outweighs all disagreeables."

From Biarritz I went to Bordeaux, where I stayed again with my kind and hospitable friends the Dobsons. His wine caves are a wondrous sight, miles of all sorts and conditions of claret. The wine, I was told, is exceedingly sensitive. If the air of the caves becomes foul, the wine becomes tainted; if kept at too high a temperature, it ferments and is spoilt. St. Emilion, from which place the celebrated claret takes its name, is four miles from Libourne, and is a very interesting medieval town and fortress. The cathedral is absolutely hewn out of the live rock. It is well worth the one and a half hour's journey from Bordeaux.

From Bordeaux I travelled back to England, staying at Lille, Croix, and also Calais for confirmation, being the guest at Calais of my kind and hospitable friends the Stevensons.

On 11 March I was away again working my way to Russia through Belgium and North Germany. Crossing to Ostend, I confirmed at Bruges, and also at Antwerp, preaching, visiting the Sailors' Institute, and meeting the church committee, going thence to Brussels for the usual work and social gatherings there. At Sir Francis Plunkett's I met, amongst many other interesting guests, one of the Transvaal Legation, who is quite on our side in the South African War, as is also the King of the Belgians, and most of the upper classes in Belgium. I understood that Muravieff, who was Russian Ambassador at Copenhagen, had been in Paris early in this year, and, it was supposed, not in our interests.

As I left the Gare du Nord at Brussels, I read in a Belgian paper, "Prise de Bloemfontein." As I bought the paper I said to the man that we should hear next of "Prise de Pretoria." To which he sulkily replied "Pas encore." Here at this station, not many weeks before, Sipido attempted the life of the Prince of Wales.

At Herbesthal, the frontier, I got into a German carriage, and found a young Teuton whistling "Soldiers of the Queen." "Ach!" I said, "I didn't expect to hear *that* in Germany, and from a German too; I should have expected a Boer tune." "Oh, no," he said, "I have just come from England, and am not at all on the Boer side—quite the reverse." He then took from his pocket-book some rather good lines upon the pluck shown by the Irish Fusiliers in the war, with which he seemed much delighted. "No," he said, "well-informed people, who know the whole story, couldn't be on the Boer side." When I bid him good-bye at Köln I said I was glad, at all events, to find a second German on our side in addition to the Kaiser.

At Hanover I stayed and confirmed. The lads at an army crammer's here hoisted the English flag at the relief of Ladysmith, putting a notification of it in their window. The Germans broke the window, tore down the flag and destroyed it. Not very long after the German Emperor was in Hanover, and passing the same house where the lads were cheering him and the British flag flying, he saluted it in gracious and marked respect. Ever our good staunch friend, he stood by us loyally all through the Boer War.

At Berlin I was the guest of Sir Frank Lascelles at the Embassy. Lady Edward Cavendish, Sir Frank's sister, told me the number of relations their family had at the front; young Egerton, son of her sister, Lady Louisa, being among the first killed at Ladysmith, when working one of the guns of the *Terrible*. Also young Grenfel, who was shut up in Pretoria. Some ten relations in all. In talking of the war, our Queen said to Sir Frank in a decided way, when he was staying at Windsor, "The war must be carried through to the end; the Boers have abused the liberty I gave them, they have invaded my territory, and they must be driven out of it. What I gave them, and they have abused, must be taken from them." She sent a telegram of condolence to Sir Frank, when his nephew, young Egerton, was killed. She sent such to numbers of mourners, with extraordinary knowledge of each particular case and relationship. Sir Frank told me that the Queen kept up the spirit of all those about her during the darkest days of the war with a sure confidence

that all would come right with us, but she felt for the Empire intensely and suffered most bitterly.

On the Sunday I preached and confirmed. During my visit to Berlin I took the opportunity of talking over the trusteeship of the Berlin Endowment Fund, advising as trustees, Sir Frank, the American Ambassador, the Bishop of London, and Lord Ashcombe. Lord Gough, who is attached to the Embassy here, told me that the Lutherans who refused to blend their Lutheranism with Calvinism under Frederick William III were imprisoned for thirteen years, and liberated by Frederick William IV. But they are still persecuted.

I left my kind friends at the Embassy on 19 March for Russia, travelling as far as Insterburg with Mr. Mason, of Memel, who told me that the chaplaincy endowment at Memel is about £2500, but the English colony is falling away very much. At Dantzig, he added, a fund started for poor English 150 years ago was lodged at the Bank of England, and now reaches a considerable sum. It is in the hands of two quasi-trustees, but if they die the trust dies with them. Mr. Mason, who has lived many years at Memel, on the Russian frontier, warned me to be careful of theft when in Russia. A friend of his not long before was asleep in a railway carriage, and was robbed of his purse and watch. The guard was supposed to have committed the theft. He told me that an enormously powerful ice-breaker, the *Yermak*, made by Armstrong of Newcastle, had lately been off the coast at Riga and Cronstadt, breaking ice six feet thick.

Queen Louisa and Kaiser Wilhelm were at Memel for a year and a half in 1807, driven up into this corner of Prussia by Napoleon, who behaved most insultingly to her. The meeting between them was at Tilsit, not far off. After the treaty, Memel was chosen as their place of refuge, being near the Russian frontier and on the sea, to facilitate retreat if necessary. Mr. Mason was full of frontier stories. Upon one occasion he took an old passport into Russia over a small frontier post; the officer in charge told him he must be detained for some days, and took the old passport away pending inquiry. He got away, went back to another frontier post, said he had lost his passport, and asked to be allowed to go out. The officer refused. At last he saw an official who knew him, gave him a bribe, and was allowed to slip back again into Germany.

When I crossed the frontier at Wirballen it was so dark that I

could not see the stream nor the sentries, a good opportunity for a runaway to get across. Silence is the main feature of an arrival at Wirballen, into which one glides silently and is received silently in this mysteriously silent country. Then passports, roubles, and tea follow—the occupations of the silent two hours' halt—whilst officials glide about like panthers and leopards, appearing to take no notice, but noting everything and everybody. What a total change that small stream and that line of sentry-boxes make! The silent station, the gliding officials, the lowered voice, the muffled tread, the Tartar face, all telling of the entrance gate to the Far East, through which we have passed.

I awoke next morning to a grand change. Berlin and Prussian-Poland had been dark, sleety, dismal. Here near Dwinsk a glorious, brilliantly blue Arctic sky, not a cloud above, and a white world below to the horizon. The great church towers of Dwinsk white also as snow, their gilt domelettes and huge crosses flashing in the dazzling sunlight; the big Dwina, a solid mass of ice a yard thick, upon which the Letts with their thin brown sledges were rushing along in strings one after another, like khaki flies upon a burnished sheet of ground glass. The scene as I woke upon it made one blink like an owl. A short stop at Dünaborg for tea, coffee, and the sweet cake called "baklava," so dear to the Russian, and then away for Riga. One solitary candle still lights, like a diseased glow-worm, even the first-class carriages, as when railways in Russia were first constructed, half a century and more ago. Russia seems to progress in no other direction than in extension of empire. The carriages are precisely the same as when I first saw Russia in 1859; not only does the dismal candle still gutter along the various compartments of the train to prevent passengers from hopelessly stumbling over one another, but the three bells for starting the train still clang drearily through the day and night, nor does the pace of the ordinary express exceed the primitive thirty miles an hour. It still takes three officials to manage the ticket department by night: one opens the door and makes his bow, the second holds the light, the third snips. All is done in stately Oriental dignified silence; in silence they bow, in silence they snip, in silence they retire, in silence they close the door, and are no more. Turning out to walk up and down the platform it is apparent that the sun bears no more power than an iced warming-pan, and one is glad to creep back into the well-heated train.

At Riga I was the guest of my kind and hospitable friends the Bornholdts. I was told that the Russian papers and people were most bitter against us. When it was reported in the theatre at Moscow that Cronje had cut off Lord Roberts and destroyed his force—one of the many legions of continental lies of that period—the audience rose, and amid wild cheers for the Boers shook hands with one another.

The winter this year in Russia had been continuous and severe; there had not been one break in it. The gulf closed the middle of December, and had been frost-bound ever since; it was quite the sight of the season to go down to the shore, and see the enormous hillocks of block ice stretching out to sea as far as the eye could reach.

Talking of the corruption of Russian officials, I was told that a million and a half was said to have been expended in building a tunnel upon the trans-Siberian Railway which did not exist. One contractor said to another, "I have come upon a bog, and shall run the line through it." To which the other replied, "You're a lucky fellow, a bog swallows up any amount of money." These great railways through Siberia and trans-Caspia cannot pay for a generation, but they will pay eventually. Meanwhile Russia is employing her exchequer in making them, and needs a long period of peace to develop them.

Mr. Bornholdt confirmed Mr. Mason's warning about robberies in the train. Near Riga a case had lately occurred. A cigarette mixed with a drug was smoked, a drugged handkerchief used, and the victim robbed. My host has a polar bear's skin nine feet long from tip of snout to end of his rump, the finest I ever saw.

In company with Mr. Bornholdt I visited one of the great factories where the trans-Siberian Railway plant is being made. It employs 4200 hands. The man who showed us over had been three years in England at Swindon, Gloucester, Crewe, and Sheffield. He did not speak English, or rather I could not get him to do so; only German. The first-class "luxe" is wonderfully comfortable, heated by steam apparatus, toilettes, and *dienst coupés*. The coupés are double, with sliding doors to isolate; two beds in each; the upper bedstead catching up with a spring. The carriages are fifty-six feet long, each holding but sixteen passengers. The third-class is *excellent*, all bare boards, but with good toilettes and sleeping-bunks. The wheel factory is vast and most interesting, and was in

full, busy operation. The church carriages, which will be fitted up for the Orthodox service, I did not see, but photographs and plans, as of all the other plant, were given me. The services will be not only for the passengers during their fourteen days' journey, but for the railway employés, and all who in the neighbourhood of the line like to make use of them. Wherever the train stops for half an hour a service will be held. This will be a great boon for the district traversed by the railway, for churches in Siberia are few and far indeed between. The first-class carriages are of walnut wood inside, the second of ash or beech, the third of pine. The first are painted outside a deep, burnished blue, the second yellow, the third polished pine. The furnace in each carriage for heating purposes is tremendous. Close by the furnace is the toilette, its water-tank touching the furnaces, or all in winter would be hopelessly frozen. The woodwork of every carriage is double, and between each layer of wood a three-quarter-inch layer of cork is placed for warmth in winter. The air-passages above the trans-Caspian carriages are a foot deep, strangely contrasting with the heating arrangements for Siberia; an index of the variety of climate in this enormous empire. In this factory alone thirty men were killed by Cossacks during the riots of the previous year. The Cossack whips (naghaikis) are leaded at the ends, and inflict terrible wounds. They use them at full gallop amongst the crowd in time of riot and rebellion. I was told by the chaplain of Libau, who came over to see me, that the British flag hoisted in that town at the relief of Ladysmith was torn down and destroyed.

The Saturday evening services in the Orthodox Church of Russia are very imposing and are always crowded; indeed more so than the Sunday services. I went one Saturday evening to the cathedral, and was placed in the centre within the altar rails, the Archbishop conducting the service. The congregation was enormous. I preached and confirmed on the Sunday; our church was packed, many Russians standing to the west door.

From Riga I returned to Dwinsk, and so to the frontier at Eydkuhnen again, travelling with a Russian gentleman, who thought that the South African War would soon be over; he said we began with too small a force, as was the case with his own country in the Turkish War, when the Russian army was held so long in the Balkans, and lost so heavily.

Upon a dismal morning, just as dawn crept over the lonely horizon,

we crossed the little stream, as the guard in their grey great-coats was being set along the two thousand miles of frontier, from the Baltic to the Black Sea: a dreary scene upon a dreary morning. The long pull of five hundred miles to Berlin is always a heavy last feather after the weary versts of a Russian journey, but it must be done to get back again into Western life and civilization. The Oder, which is very broad at Custrin, is crossed by a series of bridges spanning its triple stream, broken by islands, and strongly fortified.

After a night's rest I got on to Dresden, where I did my usual work of preaching, confirming, and attending receptions. Sir Condie Stephen, the British Minister, had kindly come from Coburg for my visit, at whose house I met several foreigners: the Russian Minister to Saxony and his wife, Countess Lilian Krone, who was a Wodehouse, cousin of Lord Kimberley, with whom much talk about Norfolk, etc. Sir Condie has seen much of the world on its interesting side. He was on the Afghan Frontier Commission at Penjdeh with Sir Peter Lumsden, being at the time accredited to Teheran, and rode with the news of the boundary settlement from Herat to Teheran, a very record and remarkable ride. He was also at Geok Tepe with Skobeleff. The Russian commander would not allow him to remain in his camp, but sent him over the frontier into Persia; from the hills bounding that country he saw the operations against the great fortress. He told me that after its capture the whole plain, far as the eye could reach, was covered with flying Turkomans.

From Dresden I went to Weimar, via Gera and Jena. The country around is so intensely broken by precipitous rocky hills that one wonders where the great battle could have been fought.

At Weimar I confirmed in the new church, which is good of its order; but at present in the fields outside, to which the town will grow. I also visited Gotha and confirmed there. I was compelled to send a message to the Duke of Edinburgh to say that I was so lame with sciatica that I could not get up to the castle to pay my respects. He sent back word that he was very sorry to hear I was ill, and that he himself was so unwell that he could not get down to see me. He was indeed terribly ill; I little knew how near the end was.

From Gotha I went to Frankfürt and confirmed candidates of Frankfürt, Heidelberg, and Wiesbaden, and from thence returned direct to England, via Ostend.

On 1 May I crossed to Paris, and was again the guest of my ever

hospitable friends Sir Edward and Lady Monson, at the Embassy, where we held, by their kind invitation, our annual Conference. He showed me with evident pleasure the rooms I was to occupy during my visit, known as the Borghese suite, and containing the furniture of Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon I, whose palace the British Embassy was, and from whom it was bought by the Duke of Wellington. The bedroom furniture is of great value. The large gilded bedstead is still surmounted by an immense gilt eagle, with outspread wings, the rest of the furniture of that date, to match, of heavy gilt and red. The pier glass alone is valued at two hundred guineas.*

We met daily for conference in the great ballroom, and the sessions were well attended. One evening Sir E. and Lady Monson gave a banquet, fifty guests, in the state dining-room, all being most handsomely and hospitably done. Another day our kind host and hostess gave a large reception of the Paris-English; the gardens were looking their best, and were filled with visitors. Mr. Bartlett, whom I remember at Vienna, was attached here; and some new attachés whose acquaintance I made—Mr. Lister, brother of Lord Ribblesdale, Sir Douglas Dawson, the military attaché, and Mr. Herbert, brother of Lord Herbert, of Lea, soon to go to Washington as our Ambassador, and shortly after his appointment to die. I confirmed the American candidates in the American church, and also at St. George's and the Embassy Church.

We made a rapid run through the Exhibition, but it was in a very unfinished state. The view from the Alexander (Russian) Bridge up and down the Seine, lined by the pavilions of the nations—modelled typical buildings from all countries—was the best point for a general view; these pavilions extended from the Trocadero to the Place de la Concorde. The Tartar walls of the Kremlin were admirably reproduced, the elevation being much the same above the Seine as the position of the real Kremlin is above the Moskva. The travelling platforms, fast and slow, were very ingenious.

From Paris I went to Lausanne. The bridge over the awful gorge outside Vallorbes was still under repair as the year before, and made one shiver to cross it upon such an unfinished spider's web. At Lausanne I preached, confirmed, and dedicated the new aisle which completes and greatly improves the church. Thence I went on to

* King Edward during his visit to Paris in 1903 occupied this Borghese suite of rooms.

Territet, where I had my usual work and attended the usual receptions and social functions in which Territet abounds. Territet-Montreux is a very large centre of English resort, and my ever kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Lomas invariably invite the Territet-Montreux-Clarens-Vevey world to meet me.

From Territet I visited Neuchâtel, where I did my work, and met the English colony. Neuchâtel belonged to Prussia till 1848, when it was given back to Switzerland. A group of statuary on the lake shows Neuchâtel asking to be given back to its own country. A youthful Swiss sits below.

I returned to England from Switzerland via Laon, Delle, and Calais. It was a biting north-easter, and we struck the bar twice in coming out over it, breaking electric globes, glass, crockery, etc., in the operation.

In August I went to Brittany, crossing to St. Malo, and visited the chaplaincies of Paramé, St. Servan, and Dinard. As we dropped down the Solent we passed the *Norman* coming from the Cape, with our invalided and wounded soldiers on board. At all the three chaplaincies I preached, confirmed, and did other work. Returning to England I did no more continental work that year. My long trying illness had made the year's work sit heavily and painfully upon me.

The year 1901 opened with a visit to Switzerland in February, crossing to Ostend and taking my work at Freiburg in Baden on the way. The cold was intense and snow covered the Continent. It was days before I thawed, sitting and scorching by a German stove, for Russian cold in Western Europe is not provided for as in Russia. I was told a good story illustrating the feeling in Alsace between Germans and French. An Alsatian drowning in the Rhine called upon a German policeman in French to save him, but with no response; calling again in German, with no better effect. He then cried out at the top of his voice, "Vive la France!" when a policeman plunged in immediately and arrested him.

The war monument at Freiburg is near the Martinus Thor. Victory stands on its summit, holding a wreath above her head. Round the base stand four soldiers, a foot soldier presenting his bayonet, a gunner with his rod, a cavalry soldier down and standing defiantly on his guard, the fourth struck and staggering from a wound. Above the soldiers, and grouped around the base of the square pillar on which the Victory figure stands, are four boys, representing the future German army. All the figures are bronze.

An old Dienstmann in the town, who knew and liked Colonel Roberts, the army crammer, who had recently returned to England from Freiburg, said when he heard of the turn of affairs in South Africa, "Ah, I knew when the Colonel got out there he would soon put things to rights!"

From Freiburg I went to Zürich, to settle a tangle in Church matters.

Our Consul-General, Mr. Angst, was a staunch friend to England in this day of her trouble. He told me that he had sat between Balfour and Chamberlain at dinner in London lately, and told them that although he knew England cared nothing for continental opinion, it was nevertheless a great mistake not to get the foreign papers on our side, instead of allowing Leyds to subsidize them with Transvaal gold, and thus poison the minds of foreigners against us. He quite thought with me that but for the staunch friendship of the German Emperor there would have been a continental combination against us.

At Zürich I held a confirmation with much difficulty, owing to the deep snow. I travelled thence to Davos. If the cold was bitter and the snow deep in low-lying Switzerland, in Davos—6000 feet up—it was Arctic. I stayed with Mrs. Symonds, whose house is full of her husband's (John Addington Symonds) books, pictures, etc. He was a prolific author; his works fill one entire shelf, and a long one. Davos is a sad place, and I came upon a sad story on arrival at the station.

A young man, with a bad cough and wan, anxious face, came to the door of our covered sledge, and asked if we would allow him to drive with us to the hotel to which he was going. "I am ill," he said, "and the long journey from Basle has tired me." Thinking he would inconvenience us, he said he would sit outside. This we would not allow. After much hesitation he got inside, and we then learnt his sad tale. He was from Manchester, had to work hard for his living, and to support his widowed mother. He had been in Colorado, and would return there if Davos did not cure him. "It was difficult," he said, "when my father was alive; now I have to work hard, very hard, to make ends meet, and you can understand how anxious I am to get well." There was no complaining, only an intense sadness. I doubted if the poor fellow would ever be well again, or ever leave Davos. I went to see him next day; he was in bed, and his temperature very high. Six weeks later he passed

away. There are many such sad cases at Davos, and there could be no better work than the founding and endowing of an institution where such cases might be received, either free, or at a nominal cost.* There had been sixty degrees of frost lately; this is Russian. The very natives were ill in consequence. How these poor sick folk of all kindreds, nations, and tongues can exist, sleeping with their windows open at night and sitting or lying out on chairs and couches by day, passes my comprehension.

I attended a large reception of 200 at the Victoria Hotel. They were all either themselves affected, or were the friends of patients wintering here! Lady Balfour of Burleigh, with her Eton boy, brought here at short notice, a son of Freeman the historian, a nephew of John Morley, etc. etc., mostly young. Davos had grown since I had been here twelve years before from a mere village to a large and important resort, full of hotels, pensions, and villas.

The late Mr. Furze, R.A., son of Archdeacon Furze, was here, painting his picture of General Sir A. Nairne, which received such a distinguished reception at the Royal Academy. It was indeed the picture of the year. He was also painting the spandrels for Liverpool Town Hall; the trade of Liverpool at the docks being the subjects. Mr. Furze was an ornithologist as well as an artist. He told me that he knew of an instance of young swallows being tied by their feet to the nest with horse-hair; they were cut free, and re-tied. If this is to prevent their falling out of the nest, why do not all birds which build shallow nests so tie their young? He also told of owls as hatching time approached laying pieces of mice, birds, etc., on the edge of the nest; and as they become decomposed, sweeping them off and renewing them. As the owl takes its prey by night, and the young ones might be hatched at dawn, when no food could be obtained, they would perish without such instinctive provision, young birds requiring to be fed every few minutes.

On Ash Wednesday I went out to the early service in forty-eight degrees of frost! The sun was lighting up the southern snow mountains, which lie away in the Austrian Tyrol. The stillness and grey paleness of death reigned all around, with returning life and pink light stealing back upon it from the higher peaks of snow.

Tobogganing was the great amusement, and one had to take care not to be swept into space by the sledges that whizzed and whirled down every hillside, the warning "Achtung" often coming too late.

* Queen Alexandra has since then interested herself in providing such a home.

I confirmed the patients who were able to get to church, and others unable to do so. One a boy, whose mother, two sisters, and little brother were at Davos with him. She lost another here at the age of eighteen, and now this one is going, yet she is cheerful and uncomplaining; a lesson of Christian faith and patient resignation. The English home was very full, the bedroom windows never shut day and night, and the cold intense. To see the hundreds upon hundreds of these poor souls lying out in the verandas and balconies in their fur bags like rows of seals on the Arctic ice is a strangely sad and depressing sight. The snow and ice *fest* was just over, but the figures and groups of ice and snow were still standing; porticoes, pillars, busts, polar bears in and around ice-caves, all modelled in snow and ice.

A long journey in very great cold and snow brought me to Berne. The young bears in the bear-pit were up the tree, which, the Bernese say, is a sign of bad weather. A fine new bridge had been built over the Aar, and a large handsome Palais Féderal next the Münster Platz, from which I obtained the finest view I ever had of the Bernese Oberland.

From Berne I went to Geneva, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd at La Grande Boissière. At Geneva I preached and confirmed. My hostess was a witness of the assassination of the Empress of Austria. She was in the same steamer upon which the Empress expired. Seeing a rush and commotion on the quay, and two ladies hurrying towards the boat, one with a very dusty dress, she thought there had been a bicycle accident. When the steamer got nearly out of the little port, the lady with the dusty dress was brought out of the cabin on to the deck. Mrs. Lloyd seeing that something serious was the matter, asked if she could render any assistance, remarking, "This lady seems very ill." The lady in attendance was in great agitation, wringing her hands and sobbing. "Oh," she said, "you do not know who it is; this lady is the Empress of Austria, and she has been stabbed!" Even the Empress herself did not know this at first, thinking that the man had knocked her down to get her watch. She repeated twice, smiling as she spoke, "I think he wanted to get my watch, for he struck me here," pointing to her breast. When she got on board a small wound was discovered in the region of her heart; notwithstanding, she sat up on the deck-seat, till falling back she expired. All this occurred within ten minutes. The body of the Empress was laid on a

stretcher made of oars and cloaks, and carried from the steamer—which was put back to the quay—to the Beau Rivage Hotel, which she had so recently left to join the steamer. The wretched assassin had watched her all the previous day, when going to lunch with the Rothschilds, and when she went out shopping. He failed, however, that day to find a suitable opportunity for the deed. After he had struck the blow, which was dealt with a sharp file, he ran away up the square by the Brunswick Monument, and was followed and captured by one of the cabmen upon the stand by the quay.

While at Geneva I attended a meeting at the Consulate to consider the position of the chaplaincy, followed by a large reception at La Grande Boissière. From Geneva I went to Lausanne, where I did the usual work required in that chaplaincy, and thence to Territet for confirmation and other work, staying as usual with my ever kind and hospitable friends Mr. and Mrs. Lomas, at St. Jean.

From Territet I returned to England, via Ostend, and going to Caterham was told this strange story by the rector, the scene of which lay at Lausanne, which I had just left. His aunt when at Lausanne was attended by a young Swiss doctor during an illness. A diamond ring, worth £150, was missed from a table in her bedroom after one of his visits. He was suspected, but not charged with the theft. A fortnight after he was drowned in the lake, and the ring was found upon him!

On 3 May I crossed via Antwerp to Brussels, whence, having done my usual work, I travelled to Düsseldorf, and thence on to Wiesbaden, where I confirmed the Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Frankfürt candidates, and attended two receptions.

From Wiesbaden I went to Homburg for work. The Empress Frederick, hearing I was there, sent an invitation to lunch next day at Cronberg. This was very kind and thoughtful, for she was terribly ill. She feared she would not be able to be present at lunch, but hoped to be equal to seeing me afterwards. The next day a telegram came to say that the Empress was unable to receive me, and so the last opportunity of seeing her passed; the end, after long and terrible suffering, came in August, just three months later.

At Heidelberg, my next point, I confirmed the English college boys and preached on the Sunday, a good proportion of the recently confirmed receiving their first Communion at the early service.

From Heidelberg I returned to Antwerp for the annual Conference of chaplains, where I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Evan

Thomas. Golden orioles frequent, and build in, their garden. This is a very rare bird in England, just ranking as British. I had never seen it before. The male is a brilliant yellow, with black wings; the female not unlike a green woodpecker in plumage. It is a very shy bird, only visible when flying from tree to tree. The note is a liquid, continuous cry, quite unlike any English bird, and not to be mistaken when once heard.

The Conference was well attended and every way successful, reflecting great credit upon the newly-appointed chaplain, Mr. Kearney. I stayed at Antwerp a few days beyond the Conference in order to further the long-talked-of project for building a new church. We were enabled to make a most satisfactory start, forming a strong building committee and arousing much enthusiasm. After confirming, preaching, and visiting the Sailors' Institute, I returned to England via Harwich.

CHAPTER XXX

Start for Russia—Count Bülow speaks of our soldiers as "wissen zu sterben"—Sixteenth annual Conference at Petersburg—Lenten music in Russian churches—"Pierced by a supreme note of pain"—Visit to the new cathedral being built upon the spot where Alexander II was assassinated: an ecclesiastical wonder of the world—Audience with the Empress of Russia at the Winter Palace—Bariatinsky's opinion of Port Arthur—Moscow riots—Nine hundred university students locked up—An English relic of Napoleon's invasion of Russia—Start of the trans-Siberian train upon its six thousand miles to the Pacific—Exchanging calls upon a long journey in a Russian railway train—The oil of the engine freezes—Crossing of twelve historical rivers on one episcopal visitation—Zygmund Moczarska gets himself imprisoned in the fortress of Warsaw—Count Apponyi shows the new Houses of Parliament at Buda-Pesth—Professor Vambéry, the Central Asian traveller—His opinion upon Russia: "She has swallowed a large portion of the world, but she cannot digest it"—"Buss und Bet Tag," first and foremost—England's good friend the Hungarian Premier, Count Szel—A miracle of terrible luxury—Visit to Sir Francis and Lady Plunkett at Vienna—Chapel in the Embassy much improved—Sir Moses Montefiore's travelling coach—Via Prague through the Saxon Switzerland to Dresden—Visit to Lord and Lady Gough at the Legation, Dresden—"England without a murmur breaks her gigantic money-box"—"Let our finances perish rather than our prestige"—A superb spectacle of constancy—Leipzig a city of many interests—Weimar—"Gott war mit uns"—Confirmation of English boys of Heidelberg colleges—Dedication of English church at Aix-la-Chapelle—And consecration of Christ Church, Brussels—Visit to Sedan, Bazeilles—Donchéry—"La maison de la dernière cartouche"—The weaver's cottage—"Le veritable escalier par lequel l'Empereur et M. Bismarck firent l'ascente"—Visit to Sir Edmund and Lady Monson at the Paris Embassy—Consecration of church at Château d'Oex.

THE year 1902 opened with a start for Russia on 30 January. I reached Berlin on the 31st, confirming the next day, and preaching on Sunday, 2 February. I had much conversation with Sir Frank Lascelles upon many interesting topics. Just then Count Bülow's speech in the Reichstag was uppermost in the minds of Germans and English. Slighting things had been said of our soldiers. Bülow reproved the speakers, and said such things ought not to be spoken

of an army which contained men who "wissen zu sterben." The Emperor told Sir Frank that no higher honour could be paid to any army than that which Count Bülow had paid to the British army when he used that expression, "wissen zu sterben," in his reference to its containing men who "know how to die." The Emperor repeated the expression again and again, impressing the fact upon Sir Frank that it was an expression used amongst Germans to indicate heroism and bravery.

On Sunday night, 2 February, I left Berlin for Russia, arriving at Petersburg on Tuesday, 4 February. This year we held our annual Conference at Petersburg. The attendance was not large, the distance to be travelled being great and the weather severe, but it was successful, and marked by a good attendance of local laymen, who took part in the discussions. A good gathering of ladies also attended the sessions. Much hospitality at the Embassy and houses of the resident English, who received the members of Conference most kindly.

I was glad upon this occasion to see the Scotts again, whom I remember at Berlin, Berne, Copenhagen, and now found here at the British Embassy. Much talk with them over old Denmark days. This was a very cold winter in Russia. One day I saw a cow being hurried along the street, its udder packed in carpeting bound with oilskin. It seems that they have to be kept in heated cow-houses during the winter. Their udders would freeze if exposed to the cold, and the cows be killed.

The music at the Russian churches, especially during Lent, is worth alone the journey to Russia to hear. It entrances me as does no other ecclesiastical music. Madame Longarde de Longarde, in her *Suprême Crime*, gives—so far as it can be described—the best description of it, "coming from singers so young, so clear, so vigorous, and yet all pierced by a supreme note of pain; that Divine despair which the voices seem to betray." It always seems to me the outpouring of the intense sadness of the national soul.

One day during my stay in Petersburg I drove with Mr. Blessig to the cathedral being built upon the spot where the Emperor Alexander II was killed. The architect is a Russo-Englishman of three generations—not an Anglo-Russian, for he is far more Russian than English—a Mr. Polland. He and his brother showed us over all the workrooms—a very factory of workshops—in which the mosaics, etc., are being made for the whole of the vast interior. It

is to be absolutely encrusted with them. To describe the building and its exceeding magnificence would be impossible. It defies description, and a detailed account of what Russian art and wealth through twenty years has accomplished would fill a volume. I told the architect that he ought to publish such a work to inform the world of one of its greatest architectural wonders. He said he had thought of doing so. It is in some points rather like the Basil Cathedral at Moscow upon a gigantic scale, being many times larger, grander, more gorgeous, and magnificent. The spot upon which the Emperor fell is to be canopied by an exquisite little chapel of solid green and pink Siberian jasper, an igneous stone of great beauty. This is surmounted by a large and superb cross of amethysts and topaz. The very footmarks where the wounded Emperor walked to look after his Cossacks—thrown to the ground and shattered by the bombs which killed him—are to be marked on the pavement of the little chapel. These marks must, of course, be apocryphal, but the idea will please the pilgrims.

The interior of the building was a forest of mighty scaffoldings, by which we climbed nearly to the roof to see the mosaics being laid upon the walls. They consist of enormous slabs weighing, perhaps, a ton or more each. In the apse the largest finished subject is placed, the Saviour giving the Holy Sacrament to the apostles, who stand bending, as the manner of the Greek Church is, to receive. Our Lord is handing a salver of small loaves to St. Peter on His right hand, and the cup to another apostle on His left. The others are coming up, bending their knees, and inclining their bodies to receive in their turn. The exterior of the building consists of a central tower and spire as far as the Greek Church employs such. It is a termination to a tower rather than a spire, such as one sees on Moscow churches and gateways. Four domelettes, as usual, stand around the central dome; three are quaint, of the rough pine-apple shape, like those on St. Basil at Moscow; the fourth smooth and gilt. All are enamelled, the only work of such colossal size in the world. Hearing that an Anglican Bishop was visiting the building, the authorities gave orders that the great bell of seventeen tons should be rung. A graceful act of brotherly feeling, which is an index of the strong and close attachment of the Russian to the Anglican Church. The great deep booming continued all the time I was going over the building, and as I went out it continued till I reached my carriage and drove away. It will probably take twenty-

five or thirty years to finish this marvel of ecclesiastical architecture. The architect gave me a photograph of the exterior; but being uncoloured it loses much of the beauty and brilliancy of the reality. It is nothing without the gorgeous Eastern colouring.

I took my pectoral cross to what is said to be the largest jewellery and enamelling shop in Europe, to inquire about an enamelled medallion as a centre ornament. They advised me not to have it touched, the cross being, in their opinion, correct in every respect.

Colonel Beresford, our military attaché, called upon me during my visit, and talked of his projected journey to Central Asia. He had arranged to go to Samarkand and Tashkend, sledging for three weeks between the end of the trans-Caspian Railway at Tashkend and the nearest point of the Siberian Railway. But as Mrs. Beresford was not strong enough for such an undertaking, they were going instead by the Siberian railway to Port Arthur and Pekin, a twenty-seven days' journey.

On the Saturday evening I went to the Isaac Cathedral to hear the music, which is always the best service in the week, especially during Lent. I was conducted within the altar rails and accommodated with a seat.

I met Lord Dunmore one evening at dinner at the Embassy. He has seen much of the world, having been, like myself, a lifelong traveller. Although he has written a book upon the Pamirs, and therefore knows that part of the Russian Empire, this was his first visit to its capital.

The Czarina hearing that I was in Petersburg informed Sir C. Scott, our Ambassador, that she had known me in her Darmstadt days, and wished to see me. An audience was therefore arranged at the Winter Palace for 10 February. On the Sunday I preached and confirmed, the Dean of St. Isaac's Cathedral lending his cope for the occasion. The material was purple silk, brocaded with cloth-of-gold, set round at the bottom with bells. It was so long that two choir-boys in surplices held the train as we walked up the church singing the processional hymn. A notification was sent in the evening from the Winter Palace, fixing 11.30 a.m. the next day for an audience with the Czarina. The next morning therefore I drove to the Winter Palace. It was quite worth the journey to Russia to see the wonderful Eastern, combined with Western, pomp and grandeur with which these Russian crowned heads are surrounded. I alighted at the Empress's entrance, and then, a Court

official attending me, began a journey of what seemed quite a quarter of a mile of white marble stairways, corridors, and state-rooms before the great Lady at the end of all things was reached. First came guards in gorgeous uniforms, with fixed bayonets, at the foot of each flight upon flight of staircase. In addition guards on each landing, also fully armed, who might have been so many statues. Then when the top of these well-defended heights was gained a guard-room had to be crossed, occupied by a detachment of soldiers in white uniforms standing at salute behind a highly burnished field-piece upon an elaborate carriage. The gun looked as if made of silver—what the metal was I do not know. It stood apparently ready to sweep a wide central corridor that dwindled into the far distance and was thronged with Court officials, officers in superb uniforms, and ministers of State in every variety of costume, moving along and across the corridor from endless rooms that lay to right and left. Passing through the guard-room I entered this corridor. It was lined on both sides from one end to the other with officials; a closely set avenue of burnished cuirasses—with helmets of silver and silver gilt surmounted by huge double-headed eagles—all at the salute and flashing with drawn swords. Solomon in all his glory could hardly have walked those two hundred yards without wincing. Having run the gauntlet of naked blades and glittering bayonets in safety—and thankful to find my head still upon my shoulders—I was received by the Master of Court Ceremonies, more magnificently attired than any hitherto encountered. He received me with much circumstance, speaking in English, and conducted me to a circular room guarded by soldiers with drawn swords, who rapidly reversed their blades as we passed. There, in the circular room, we waited and conversed, passing on after a little while between two enormous negroes in brilliant native dresses, into a very magnificent saloon of great length—a ballroom I should imagine—looking out upon the Neva. Here at the extremity of the state apartments we sat and talked of England, the Coronation, my visit to Russia, etc. At the end of this saloon were doors guarded by another solitary colossal native. Presently these doors to the private apartments were opened, and the Master of the Ceremonies, leading me into them, retired with the information that I should find Her Majesty the Empress in the second room. I was now alone, and upon entering the second room the Czarina rose and came forward and greeted me with all the kindness of old Darmstadt days. Moving to a seat near the open

English fireplace, she asked me to take a chair at her side. These private apartments were very lovely, not unlike her private apartments in the Kremlin at Moscow. She began at once to talk of the visits I used to make to Darmstadt in her father's time, reminding me that she used to attend the confirmations with her father in the palace chapel. As we talked about the Darmstadt people and the many changes that had taken place there, she said, "It is so nice to talk over those old Darmstadt days." I asked if Her Majesty's sister, Princess Heinrich—whom I had not seen since those days—would be at Kiel when I returned from Copenhagen in the autumn, as she had asked me to call and see her. The Empress could not be sure where she might be then, possibly she would be at the German autumn manœuvres. I also asked after her sister the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Sergius. "You will see her, no doubt," she said, "when you are at Moscow." She spoke much of our Queen, and of her funeral. "What a loss to England, a great loss indeed; she was always so good and kind, so thoughtful to every one." She also spoke of her visit the year before to Copenhagen, adding that the Czar would not be there that year. I told her of the projected new English church at Frankfürt, in which I knew she would be interested, Frankfürt being in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. I said that the Empress Frederick would have laid the first stone had she lived, and that I should be very glad if she would now do so instead, when at Darmstadt in the autumn. She said she could not promise, but would ask the Emperor about it. Talking of the new Russian cathedral in memory of the Czar, I was surprised to find that she had not yet seen it. I related how magnificent it all was, and that the consecration—which she and the Emperor would no doubt attend—would be a very grand function. We then moved, the Czarina assuring me that she would not forget to consult the Emperor about the stone-laying at Frankfürt, which she did, sending a message afterwards, through our Ambassador, consenting to do so.* At the conclusion of the audience I made my way again, ushered by the Master of Court Ceremonies, who was awaiting me, through the state apartments. He took leave of me at the entrance to the great corridor, and I passed through the same display as marked my coming back to my carriage.

I then drove out to a private confirmation at a house upon one of the islands of the Neva. There I met one of the officers of the

* Circumstances rendered the carrying out of this kind promise impossible.

Pole Star, a brother of Prince Bariatinsky, who had been in the Russian navy before his appointment to the royal yacht, and therefore knows the world. We talked of Copenhagen, of the Cape, and Simon's Bay. He told me that when the trans-Siberian Railway was finished it would be only ten days or a fortnight's journey from London to Pekin! He also told me that Port Arthur was a bad anchorage, that the mountains on the north poured down gales of wind upon the bay before which ships had to clear out to sea. He hoped we should meet in the autumn at Copenhagen.

From Petersburg I went to Moscow. One evening while at Moscow I dined with a Mr. Bezant, a Suffolk man, very interesting and well informed. He worked as civil engineer upon the first section of the Siberian Railway between Moscow and Samara on the Volga. Because he would not become a Russian subject, Witte, the Minister of Ways—the late Prime Minister—dispensed with his further services. William Cazalet told me that Prince Galitzin, Master of the Czar's Hunt, stayed with the Luttrells at Dunster for Exmoor stag-hunting, and enjoyed it immensely. Every night during my stay in Moscow mounted detachments patrolled the streets. Riots were feared amongst the workpeople; it was supposed they would break out in the spring, not only in Moscow, but in Kieff and South Russia.* Great precautions were being taken, newspapers suppressed, etc. The whole country was, more or less, in a very restless state; soldiers are kept in reserve out of sight at such times in the great riding-school at Moscow, said to be the largest building in Europe. It is opposite the university, and was used when the students broke into revolt the previous year. Nine hundred were locked up in it; many who were then arrested had never been heard of again; some, it was supposed, were banished to Siberia, others taken to Petersburg and drowned in cells of the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, for which purpose the waters of the Neva are admitted.

One of the married daughters of Mr. Gibson, who has large works at Moscow, has lived four years at Krasnoyarsk, 4000 versts into Siberia, on the west side of Lake Baikal. She told me that it is dangerous to go out at night, so much criminal blood existing there, in consequence of the generations of exiles who have been banished into those regions. The scenery in Baikailia is

* The outbreak occurred at Moscow soon after I left, also at Kieff and in several provinces of Russia, in which many people were killed.

beautiful, but summer only lasts two months. Many English flowers grow in Siberia, even the fan palm is indigenous, and several orchids. This seems strange, for the frosts of winter are so intense that Lake Baikal is frozen beyond the power of an ice-crusher to break. The trans-Siberian Railway was at this time completed to Port Arthur, but was very unsafe, having been so hastily put together. From Chita, the junction for Vladivostock, there were still about 3000 versts to be made.

I met an English lady at Moscow who had lately visited the Crimea. She told me that not only are Livadia and Yalta beautiful, but also the country round Sebastopol. Kist's Hotel at Sebastopol, kept by a German, has a lovely garden, looking on to the bay. The excursions are numerous: to Balaclava, with its land-locked harbour; to Inkermann, with its monastery cut into and out of the precipitous rock, round which the railway now runs from Bakshe Serai to Sebastopol; to the English graveyard about 30 versts distant, which is beautifully kept. The cottage in which Lord Raglan died is shown. From Sebastopol to Yalta by sea is four hours; but the most interesting and picturesque route is to drive twelve hours up "the valley of death," i.e. the valley of the Balaclava charge, and through the gates of Bida. Sebastopol is only forty-eight hours from Moscow. February is the best month in which to visit the Crimea; it is then pleasant and spring-like.

I am told that every tenth letter leaving Russia is opened. If it contains anything against the Government it is destroyed. When at Moscow the news reached Russia of the alliance which we had concluded with Japan. The English of Moscow were delighted; it was looked upon as an effective checkmate to Russian aggression. The Russians, naturally, were displeased, but the papers did not comment much upon it.

In 1893 there died in Moscow the last of three sisters, a Miss Coard, who was twelve years old in 1812, and remembered being taken away with her family and all their belongings many miles to the north-east of Moscow when Napoleon and his *Grande Armée* won the Battle of Borodino, which laid Moscow open to his advance. She would not, by reason of her youth, have had much to say about events of that date, but must have been interesting merely to look at, as having taken some part in that remote historical event.

Saturday, being preparation day for early Sunday Mass, is always

one of much booming of bells in Moscow. The sound is that of thousands of gigantic cockchafers, as large as the dome of St. Paul's —if such a simile be possible—droning and roaring through the air. The great bell of Moscow weighs 440,000 lbs.; the largest in use 128 tons. Our Big Ben weighs 13½ tons.

A Moscow lady told me that she travelled lately from London to Bristol in one hour and a half, adding with astonishment, "And it must be at least 150 versts!"

In the region of Lake Baikal, I am told, the mountains are not very lofty. In the Altai range—600 versts to the south-west of Baikal—they attain a considerable height, e.g. Katunsk is 12,790 feet; in Kashgaria 21,000 feet, in Kamschatka 15,825 feet. I left my card upon the Archbishop of Moscow, but did not trouble him with a personal visit. Russian bishops only speak their own language, and it is irksome to interview them through an interpreter, unless for some special reason.

One evening during my stay in Moscow I went with Mr. Besant to the Sebastopol station—a fine new building—to see the trans-Siberian train start upon its 6000 miles journey to the Pacific. He knew the officials on the route, having been engineer on the first section of the line. We were therefore shown everything under good auspices. The train consisted of ten carriages, such as I saw being made at Riga two years before. It seemed full of passengers, mostly second-class. All were Russians, Easterns, or foreigners of some kind; not an Englishman amongst them, or apparently a Western European. I thought how dreary it would be if I were going that journey in such a company. It takes twenty-seven days to reach Port Arthur, for at present the journey is a broken one, the service over Lake Baikal being effected by steamer. When the line is completed round the south end of the lake, passengers will be able to occupy the same carriage through the entire journey, which will take about a fortnight. The corridor passage-way seemed to me too narrow in proportion to the carriages, the dining-car too small; but I was told passengers can and do take meals in their compartments. Each first-class passenger has a compartment to himself, like the cabin of a ship. There is a bathroom, which I should think, judging by the appearance of the passengers, an Englishman travelling by the train would have entirely to himself. In it is a dummy cycle, on which to take exercise on getting out of the bath. An engine for making electricity stands in a van

next the locomotive. Each train carries its own doctor and a manager, who has his own cabin or office, to whom all reference or complaint is made. A bookcase full of books and a piano are provided to while away the tedium of the journey. When Siberia is reached a church car, fitted for the services of the Orthodox Church, is attached to the train. Services are held at every station where the train stops for half an hour; any one in the train or in the neighbourhood can attend them. In the first-class waiting-room of the station stands a very large ikon, railed in, and set round with plants and evergreens. This is for passengers to perform their devotions at before starting upon their long and lonesome journey. An ample lady, much be-furred and be-velveted, was performing her devotions before it as I sat there; and an officer in uniform entered, crossed himself before it, bowed, and went out again. It was with a feeling of almost awe that I heard the third and last bell sound, and saw the last embraces given upon the platform; then the signal for the start, and then the slow moving away, the waving of hands, the smiling or solemn faces disappearing into the darkness eastwards.

The Governesses' Home in Moscow, which I visited, is now an important institution, for the accession of English governesses is considerable in Russia, since the Court language is no longer French but English. It did not seem to me to be quite up to its requirements; though warm and snug, the rooms appeared too small, and not particularly cheerful.

Upon a gloriously brilliant afternoon, 16 February, I took a drive through the Kremlin. The sunset flashing on those grandly-coloured old Tartar walls and towers was superb. And such a view over Moscow as I have rarely seen: the thousands of domes and towers, all burnished and glittering with gold and every rainbow colour, stretching away into the distance far as the eye could reach. I never saw it equalled. A new statue of the late Emperor had been erected upon the Kremlin terrace since I was last here. It is of bronze, under a pointed canopy. An open colonnade runs at right angles round it, furnished with the same canopies on the front angles. It is most incongruous to all its surroundings, and most unfortunate in its design, looking for all the world like a café or casino in the midst of its savage Oriental entourage.

The Foundling Hospital in Moscow is the largest building in the city; one thousand babies are brought in every week, i.e. fifty-two

thousand per annum! They are kept there three weeks, and then taken to institutions in the country. They are treated very roughly, and many die. When grown the boys go into the army. I am afraid that Russia is a very bad country in this respect, but it can hardly be otherwise. The people darkly ignorant; there is little or no preaching, and therefore no teaching in the Greek Church; and even the services, being in Sclav, are not understood by the people.

From Moscow I travelled to Warsaw, several kind Moscow friends coming to see me off and wish me God-speed. I was told that it matters not in what quarter the wind may be at Moscow, it is so far inland that all winds have to blow over some two thousand miles of German, Polish, and Russian snow before reaching it, and by that time the south-west becomes a bitter wind. Rain, as a rule, comes from the east, i.e. from the Pacific.

I awoke to a brilliant morning, and found that we were stamping over the endless steppes, and making our way through the dense forests of pine and birch which mark Russian travel more or less from the German frontier to the Pacific, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea. When up and dressed I called upon Professor Hechler, of Vienna, who was travelling in the same train with me to Warsaw. Another fellow-traveller was a German, who had come from Pekin. He was at Tien-Tsin all through the Boxer rising, and was now on his way back to America. On this journey we had to pull up in the open by reason, I was told, of the oil having frozen. I thought of getting out and looking round, but dared not, the prospect of being left to the tender mercies of the bears and wolves of the forest was not pleasant. Upon this journey I crossed no less than twelve historical rivers—the Rhine, Elbe, Oder, Niemen, Vistula, Dwina, Neva, Volga, Dneiper, Beresina, Danube, and Moldau.

At Warsaw I was the guest of Mrs. Kiemmens, her son being our Vice-Consul. It was well I did not visit Kieff when in Poland, for a rising took place in that city, as was anticipated, and the Cossacks killed and wounded many people in the streets. This would have coincided exactly with the time of my projected visit. I was told that the Austrian Poles would elect to become Russian subjects rather than German, should the Pan-German movement take effect at the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph. "Envy," wrote Bismarck, "is the national vice of the Germans. They cannot bear to see any one hold a high and leading position." This, of course, referred to

himself, but it is true also of Germany as a nation, and lies at the root of German feeling towards England.

My young Polish friend Zygmund Moczarska, whom I confirmed when here upon a former visit, had got into political trouble. He was in the habit of inviting young men to his mother's house, and reading with them a revolutionary history of Poland, which is forbidden in this country. The police came to the house one evening and took him away. He was confined for eight months in the fortress at Warsaw, and when let out was placed under surveillance. He was not allowed to live with his mother out in the country, but only to visit her for the day, returning to Warsaw at night, having to report himself to the police daily. Dr. Ellis, our chaplain, told me that he did not think Moczarska would be allowed to come and see me. But he managed to attend the confirmation, and was delighted to meet me again. He said, "You told the confirmation candidates to-day to say the same collect daily that you told us to say when I was confirmed, that for the second Sunday in Lent, the dates coinciding." To which I replied, "I hope you have done what I told you." "Not every day, but I have written it out." "That is right," I said, "tell the truth."

The Russians were writing of us in connexion with the Japanese alliance: "England never allows Russia to fulfil her national aspirations. We wanted to expand in the near East, and take Constantinople. England forbade us. We want to reach open water in the Persian Gulf. England tells us she cannot allow any movement in that direction. We want in the Far East to develop an empire in regions misruled by China. England meets us there also, and orders us to abandon our aspirations."

The Poles were amongst the few continental nations not against us in the South African War. A Polish boy, whose brother I confirmed, wrote to General Buller expressing his admiration of his conduct in the relief of Ladysmith. Buller sent him a gratified reply. He also wrote to the same effect to Lord Roberts, to which his secretary replied. His father, a Pole, told me of this with great delight.

Block, the eminent writer, on our side, upon the Boer War, died in Warsaw just before I arrived. He was a great loss to our cause. I wish I had met him.

When at Warsaw I heard that revolutionary riots had broken out amongst the students at Petersburg after I left, as was anticipated.

Hundreds of arrests were made, and the university was in consequence closed. The *Daily Telegraph* reached us in Warsaw, the columns containing an account of these riots obliterated with what is ironically called "Russian cavair."

From Warsaw I went to Vienna, travelling in a reserved compartment, and made very comfortable by the arrangement of our Vice-Consul. Crossing the frontier at Granitza, near Cracow, I reached Vienna on the morning of 26 February, and travelled direct to Buda-Pesth. The misery of Austrian and Hungarian travel is great; I do not know which is the worse.

Professor Hechler, of Vienna, who was with me at Petersburg, told me a terrible story he heard when there. An English governess returning from our church one Sunday evening was not heard of again. Suspicion was aroused, and it was feared she had been made away with. Her body was ultimately found hastily buried in a barrack-yard. The matter came to the Emperor and Empress's knowledge, and it was believed that the soldiers implicated had been deported, probably to Siberia. He told of another very terrible case of the same kind as having happened in Petersburg. A young fellow came out to join his brother, who was an engineer. The brother, through some mistake, did not meet him at the station. As he did not turn up in due course, inquiry was made, but nothing could be heard of him. Some days after he was found in a dying condition lying outside in the open, and just able to state that he had been driven to some vile place, ill-treated, and then driven away as an outcast.

Professor Hechler told me that Mr. Wishall, with whom he stayed when in Petersburg, never allowed him to go out at night unaccompanied; and I noticed that after dining out one night at Warsaw my host walked back with me to the house at which I was staying. I urged that it was only a few doors off, but he insisted upon my not going alone.

Since I was last in Buda-Pesth the twin cities had grown immensely. On the heights of Buda had risen a really very grand palace for the Austrian Emperor when he stays here as King of Hungary. It is a structure of vast size and magnificent design, spreading over a large area of the rocks upon which the old palace stood, and to which the present building is an addition. Four domelettes—at each corner one—a central dome, surmounted by the ever-present crown of Hungary, which the Hungarians reproduce

upon every possible occasion. It is surmounted by a bent cross—bent when buried and hidden from the Turks. Lower down the Danube a massive iron bridge has been built. During my stay at Buda-Pesth I was the guest of our excellent and kindly Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Conway Thornton, who passed away to his rest very shortly after I left him, apparently in perfect health.

One evening during my visit I met at dinner Count Apponyi, speaker of the Hungarian Parliament. A remarkable man and exceedingly able, with whom I had much conversation upon the political situation in Hungary. He wished me to be present at a debate; but as the house opens at 10 a.m. and rises at 2 p.m. I could not manage it. He is Hungarian to the backbone. Opposite upon the same occasion sat Vambéry, the Central Asian traveller, with whom later on in the evening I had much conversation upon his travels. He is a great friend of our King. Shortly after I met Vambéry the King conferred upon him the Victorian Order, "in recognition of his unvarying friendship to England." He had been staying lately at Sandringham, and when he speaks of England it is always with unfeigned admiration. He knows and stays with many of our nobility when in England, and is never weary of singing the praises of everything English. He waxed eloquent on the Boer War, in which he is, of course, our strong ally. In his eyes Russia can do nothing right. He agreed with me that she has her hands full for many years to come, but wonders what she will do when the trans-Siberian Railway is finished and Siberia settled. I said there was no occasion to wonder or fear yet, as she had her work cut out for her in Siberia for centuries to come. "Yes," he said, "Russia has swallowed a huge part of the world, but she cannot digest it." Vambéry acted as interpreter between the German Emperor and the Sultan upon the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to Constantinople. He is a great and very interesting talker, having seen the world and taken good stock of it. Put him down in any country, no matter in what company, and he would hold his own, speaking as he does almost every language likely to be used, and knowing the history and politics of every country. In the course of his travels he has been Mohammedan, Sunnite, Shiite, Hadji, and I know not what else. I was sorry to miss seeing Count Karyoli, who died a month before I reached Buda-Pesth. He was a friend of Mr. Thornton.

Professor Hechler told me that when war was declared between

France and Germany in 1870 the old Kaiser said there must be a "Buss und bet tag," i.e. a day of repentance and prayer. On that day everything had to be laid aside, although the French were pressing on, and the Germans were saying that they ought to be getting on too, or they would be too late. "No," said the old Christian soldier, "Buss und bet tag first and foremost." And first and foremost it was; everything had to stand still till it was over.

One day during my stay at Buda-Pesth Count Apponyi called and drove me in his carriage to the new Parliament Houses, over which he showed me from one end to the other. They are said to be, and I suppose are, the finest in the world, except our own. They stand fronting the Danube, are Gothic throughout, richly decorated and adorned within, and abounding in mural paintings of high art. The central stairway leads to a rotunda, in which both houses can and do sit together when occasion requires. From this richly-marbled and decorated, groined chamber, corridors lead off to the two houses; those on the left to the House of Representatives, those on the right to the House of Nobles. The houses are equal in size, and identical in arrangement and decoration. An amphitheatre of seats is cut off at the end of the Speaker's Gallery, which is an ambon reached by a double flight of steps. It is not a speaker's "chair," as with us. The enrichments of this chamber are of the same order as the stairway and domed hall, highly chased and reflecting every colour of the rainbow. In fact, the decorations are difficult to describe; they are so bizarre. It seats 452 members. The Chamber of Nobles is, as already stated, the same in every respect as the Chamber of Representatives. The dining-room is long, and rather dark; the walls filled with large landscape views of various parts of the empire, Transylvania, Bosnia, etc. From this chamber openings lead out to the balcony, giving a superb view of the Danube, Buda, and its heights. There are innumerable lobbies, corridors, and rooms for each cabinet minister. The first session was to be held in these new buildings in the autumn. The Emperor-King does not open Parliament, nor does he ever appear there; the ministers attend him in his palace and he gives them permission to open it. I drove out to Buda one day and left cards upon Count Apponyi, and also upon Szel, the Prime Minister of Hungary, who has been our good friend all through the war, defending us in the Hungarian Parliament and elsewhere. Mr. Thornton begged me to make this call, as he

said Szel would appreciate it, and deserved English gratitude and recognition.

The church of St. Matthias at Buda is an historic one, for the crown of Hungary is kept there, but the building is not worth seeing. The Park Club at Pesth is a miracle of terrible luxury. It baffles description. The most exquisitely sumptuous building for the purpose that can possibly exist in all the world. One man of wealth and culture has made it his study, and has brought it to its present uttermost perfection. It is scarcely exaggeration to call it, after the Parliament Houses, the sight of Buda-Pesth. Saloons, cabinet-rooms, endless suites of all sizes, shapes, designs are scattered and grouped in every direction from the entrance-hall, dining-rooms, and drawing-rooms. Card- and gaming-rooms below. Upstairs an exquisite ballroom, around which again are suites of promenade- and drawing-rooms, adorned with fresco paintings and works of art, the furniture too beautiful almost to use. One expects to see not royalties moving about and sitting in them, but fairies whose wands have created all this loveliness, grace, and beauty. A chapter out of the *Arabian Nights*. Pompeii in all its sinful softness must have been but a poor forecast of this twentieth-century palace. It was a relief to get out of the place, lest one might meet the Prince of this world lurking about in some secret place of his habitation.

From Buda-Pesth I went to Vienna, where I was the guest of Sir Francis and Lady Plunkett at the British Embassy. Here I preached and confirmed in the Embassy chapel, which had been a good deal improved since I was here last. The east window filled in memory of the Jubilee, the other windows filled, and the structure otherwise brightened and made more church-like.

One day I drove out with Professor Hechler to the River "Jordan" at Mödling, in Sir Moses Montefiore's travelling coach, in which he *drove to Jerusalem!* A wondrous structure, which he gave to the Professor. Inside are cupboards and nooks for food and clothing; outside a sort of hooded rumble like a hansom cab; on the top cases for luggage. The sort of home on wheels that Noah might have designed when the earth was dry enough for him to drive about upon. What astonished me more than the scenery of the "Jordan" or even the Noachic carriage, was the fact that a pair of Hungarian horses took it at a high speed those thirty kilometres (twenty miles), stood at the door of the house where we refreshed for fifteen minutes, and scarcely touched by the whip either way,

trundled us merrily back to Vienna the return thirty kilometres, the roads being unmetalled and about as bad as they well could be. Where can we show English horses to equal that? Horses are cheap as well as good in Hungary. I asked the price of a pretty little pair about fifteen hands, and was told they would be about £36!

Mr. Millbank, First Secretary of the Embassy, told me that he was in charge here when the Duke of Edinburgh passed through Vienna on his way from Herculesbad in Hungary. The Vienna doctors dared not operate for cancer lest he should die under the operation. His mouth and throat were in a terrible state, swollen and disfigured. Mr. Millbank had to inform the Queen that he could not live. He left Vienna on a Wednesday, and died the next Monday.

The pictures in the National Museum at Vienna are a great treat. On the staircase is a colossal "Theseus slaying the Minotaur." This was ordered by Napoleon I to represent his invasion and slaying of Russia. As things turned out, Russia practically invaded and slew him. He could not even pay for the sculpture, and it was bought by the Emperor of Austria. A Poelenlurch, equal to a Gerard Dow, and yet I never heard of the painter. A Jan van der Heyde, who painted villages of old red brick with church spires, is always attractive. A glorious Hönderkoeter, "Hofer raising the Tyrolese against Napoleon," is powerful. "Finding a Runaway," by Kurzbauer, is a clever picture. "The Betrothal of Ludwig to a Spanish Princess," by Drozit, is almost life-sized and most remarkable. "Nie Züruck" illustrates the Austrian North Pole Expedition, representing the explorers in uttermost extremity upon the ice on a dark, bleak, wicked day. The figures are very terrible in their weakness, agony, and death.

After much delightful hospitality and many pleasant gatherings at the Embassy, I left, for the last time I regret to add—my kind friends Sir F. and Lady Plunkett, always so genuinely pleased to welcome and entertain me—and travelled to Dresden via Prague. The scenery along the Moldau is pretty, but that in passing to the Upper Elbe is far finer. Aussig is very picturesque, and from Bodenbach, the frontier, the route lies through the beautiful Saxon Switzerland all the way to Dresden. At Schandau the rocks become very quaint and fantastic, worn away and disintegrated by ages of alternation of rain and frost. They stand up like castles of all sizes, shapes, and

architecture, assuming the form of single towers, pillars, obelisks. Nature seems to have been for countless centuries on the freak; there never was surely such a meeting-ground for such pranks as she has played amongst these sandstone gorges of the Elbe. The famous Bastei Rock is, of course, the most remarkable, the largest, most prominent, and wildly rent of all.

At Dresden, where I was received and entertained most kindly and hospitably by Lord and Lady Gough, I had a letter from Mr. Fry, of Berlin, telling me the terrible story of the young French manservant who waited upon me at his house when I went up to Russia, and who had disappeared so mysteriously a few days after. "You will be shocked to hear that the murdered body of Louis Gaudin was found three days ago in a deep pool on the Tempel Hof Plain—a disreputable part of Berlin. His head had been slashed by sabre-cuts, and his clothes bore marks of a severe struggle, so that no doubt he was robbed and murdered, and his body thrown into the 'French pool,' so called because in 1870 the French prisoners were encamped there, and ever since the murder the pool has been frozen over." At Dresden I did the round of work, ecclesiastical and social, which always awaits me in that busy chaplaincy, as organized by my indefatigable friend and chaplain, Mr. Moore, and then went to Leipzig.

The Paris *Figaro* writes of us concerning the Boer War: "England without a murmur breaks her gigantic savings-box, out of which the gold flows over all the markets of Europe and America. She buys, without counting the cost, all the forage, horses, and mules she can find in the world. And among that nation of practical merchants, only yesterday so justly proud of their national finance, no one, or almost no one, was found to blame that unbounded prodigality which is still draining the savings of England. The people seem to say, 'Let our finance perish rather than our prestige.' It may be objected that these sacrifices are made in a detestable cause. We do not forget it. But if haughty impassibility in reverses, stoical firmness under the most cruel disappointments, and unspeakable resolution to conquer at any price do not constitute a superb spectacle of constancy, and are not worthy of admiration, in truth we wonder what can be required of a people that is great." And this tribute while France was hating us with a deep and bitter hatred.

At Leipzig my host, Mr. Bosworth, kindly showed me all the sights

of that most interesting city, and they are many. The National Museum of Pictures is full of good painting. A fine canvas by Koch represents the breaking up of the French cuirassiers at Sedan, the grey horses scattered, some ridden, many riderless, over that fatal slope at Floen, upon which I have stood and endeavoured to realize the hideous carnage. Napoleon at Fontainebleau before being sent to Elba, October, 1813, is a fine picture. Some good old Dutch pictures, too numerous to notice in detail—Weenix, Berchem, Van Goyen, etc. In the entrance-hall is a very powerful bronze life-sized figure of Judas rushing along in despair after the betrayal. He holds his head bowed down in his hands as if fleeing from all the devils in hell.

The new university is a fine building, entered by a very striking hall, richly adorned with frescoes. The Sieges Denkmal at Leipzig is historic, not sentimental, and therefore less interesting than most of the German war monuments. All is bronze upon polished granite. On the summit stands Victory; in the centre is a large relief; the old Kaiser sits crowned with laurel. At each corner on horseback stand the Saxon King, the Crown Prince Frederick, Bismarck, and Moltke. Between each a private soldier of differing services. The inscriptions are as follows: "Enkel morgen kraftvoll walten schwer errungenes zu erhalten." "May the grandchildren strive earnestly to maintain what cost so great an effort." On the north side, "Unsre Brueder haben freudig fuer das Reich den Tod erlitten." "Our brethren have gladly suffered death for the empire." On the eastern face, "Unsre vaeter heisses sehnen Deutschlands einheit ist erstritten." "German unity, the eager longing of our fathers, has been achieved." Immediately behind this monument is one of the oldest houses in Leipzig, with no less than five stories of windows in the immensely high-pitched roof. An old house in this Johannes Platz was pointed out to me, in which were found cannon-balls shot by Napoleon's army in 1813. The Jews' street—Bruhlstrasse—is old and picturesque; the last house before the square is that in which Wagner was born.

We visited the spot on the Elster where Poniatowski, the last of the Kings of Poland, was drowned during the Battle of Leipzig. His horse was shot, and he got entangled in the mêlée. Like all the other little rivers flowing through the city, it is small, though a deep and swiftly running, treacherous stream. Then, no doubt, flowing between grassy, wooded banks, in the country; now rushing

along through dense streets, and confined between strong masonry. A monument stands on the spot, probably at that time a lonely spot in the woods. All four rivers—Elster, Plesse, Parthe, and Luppe—are thus stone-channelled as they flow through the city. The old Stadthaus is an exceedingly grand pile, built about A.D. 1550. Not far off is the Auerbach Keller, where Goethe wrote his *Faust*. The Gewerbe Museum contains a very remarkable collection of Japanese works of art of a very high order. They are, indeed, superbly magnificent; grand bronzes such as I have never seen elsewhere; exquisite models of temples, enamelling, gold, embroidery, etc. In another museum is much good sculpture, some of tinted marble by Klinger. Works also by Dr. Lange, a rising sculptor.

Our church, in which I preached and confirmed, had been much improved, but needs still further improvement.

I revisited the picture gallery to take stock of the modern pictures, which are exceedingly good. A Norwegian scene, "Hochgebirgs einöde" ("The Jewel of the High Mountains"), by Carl Ludwig, is a gem as well as its subject. The Romsdal Fiord, by Carl Oesterley. Four fine portraits of the old Kaiser, Bismarck, Moltke, and the King of Saxony, all by Lensbach, the great German portrait painter, are perfect. C. Dietrich has a good "Viehhof" (a cattle-yard.) Cain killing Abel in a wild, rocky district by a mountain torrent, by Drölling, is pathetically graphic, but intensely sad.

The Students' Conservatorium of Music is very handsome. How much these Leipzigers do for music! In the park is a bronze statue of Bismarck, with his big boar-hound at his side. A life-sized German workman, of which class Bismarck was ever the strong champion, stands at his feet presenting to him a palm branch.

From Leipzig I travelled to Weimar. The park through which the Ilm flows is quiet, peaceful and beautiful. If one lived in Weimar, it would be a great boon. In it is Schiller's Garten-house, a small cottage where he lived in summer. The old tower of the palace in the park is very picturesque. It is well seen from the bridge, the view from which is charming. After doing my work I went to Cassel. Here also the park through which the Fulda flows is very beautifully wooded. It is reached through the Aur Thor war monument, upon which are medallions, representing soldiers under arms. On the side of the arch stands what may be called Germany's motto, "Gott mit uns"; on the other side, "Gott war mit uns."

Wilhelmshöhe, Napoleon III's beautiful prison in 1870, looked its

best in its early spring dress. I had not wandered about these perfect grounds for twelve years, and was glad to renew my delightful impression of their beauties.

From Cassel I went to Frankfürt and Heidelberg, at which place I confirmed the boys of the two English colleges, and then left for Aix-la-Chapelle, where on 26 March, in a blinding snowstorm, I dedicated the little iron church, a good many German and town officials being present. From Aix-la-Chapelle I returned direct to England by way of Antwerp and Harwich.

On 12 May I was away again for Brussels via Ostend, where I confirmed *en route*. At Brussels I was the guest of Mr. (now Sir Constantine) Phipps at the Legation. On the 14th I drove with Mr. Phipps to Christchurch, which I consecrated, the chaplains of Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent, Spa, and Brussels, being present. A public luncheon afterwards, at which speeches, etc.

On my way from Brussels to Paris I travelled with Mr. Connor, of Düsseldorf, to Sedan via Namur and Dinan, to Mezières. The route is pretty, notably where the Lesse joins the Meuse. At Hastière is a fine old abbey-church. Arriving at Sedan before dark, we explored the now dead and almost buried town which has never recovered 1 September, 1870. We went to the Prefecture where Napoleon slept on that memorable night as described by Zola in his *Débâcle*. The lodge where the girl Rosie provided the white table-cloth of surrender I looked at with much interest. There were the windows of the room on the left of the house to and from which the poor distracted Emperor walked, his hands to his shattered head, exclaiming, "Oh, those guns, will they never cease! they must have seen our flag." The next morning I was up early, and away to Bazeilles, four miles distant, in the tram, passing through Balan *en route*.

Bazeilles was so utterly smashed up, pounded, pulverized by shot and shell, and burnt, that what there is of it is practically a new place, only portions of six semi-surviving houses remaining. It contained in 1870 about 1500 inhabitants. The railway crosses the Meuse here by a bridge which played no small part on 1 September. I walked up the road towards Givonne, which further on falls into the Route Nationale to Bouillon and Belgium. It runs along the little stream that was lined on its eastern bank by Bavarians, and the Crown Prince of Saxony's army; and on the western bank, at short range, stood the 3rd and 11th French Army Corps. "La maison de la dernière cartouche" lies about two-thirds of the way between

Sedan and Bazeilles. The old Balan gate of Sedan and its fortifications are a mere wreck, smashed and crushed up into a chaotic mass of jagged, jammed masonry. It is therefore difficult to trace the exact lines and waymarks of that time, but we worked hard with a plan of the whole place and environs, and I think, in the main, mastered it.

We then took the train out to Donchéry, and entered the little towny village. There were the narrow streets and the small market-place with the old church on one side of it, a lazar-house and prison choked with French prisoners and wounded soldiers, as described by Russell and Forbes. Now so quiet and peaceful, asleep, clean, and well kept.

Passing through the town and over the old stone bridge which spans the Meuse, we came upon a squadron of lancers and a detachment of infantry manœuvring. The cavalry were dashing and galloping up and down the *chaussée* as if the Germans were at their heels. It was a strange coincidence to find all this going on at such a place, recalling so vividly what had been enacted there in much larger and sterner reality thirty-two years before. Through these rushing detachments of cavalry and infantry we made our way to the weaver's house, situated just off the Route Nationale between Donchéry and Sedan. It is called "Maison de Mons. Tisserand," after the owner of that date.

Here we stayed for some time and thoroughly explored the cottage and its surroundings. It consists of two tenements, not three as Forbes states—that in which Napoleon met Bismarck and Moltke is at the end towards Sedan. An old woman, the present occupant, was by no means uncivil, but said she had not the key of the room in which Napoleon took refuge and was interviewed by Bismarck. That room, however, was only occupied for a few minutes by the two great men, and therefore its being locked did not much matter. She showed us all over the rest of the little house. It is a dirty old place, but absorbingly interesting. One enters at once upon a sort of common entrance-room and kitchen. To the left is a small bedroom, where an old man was in bed, groaning as if a German bullet was in his stomach. From the window of this room the old woman gave me some geranium cuttings. From the corner of the entrance-room referred to, a dark, rickety wooden staircase abutting upon a small back sitting-room leads to the upper story. It is but a one-storied cottage. The old woman kept begging me not to fall, and indeed

there was need of care, for the rotten banister tottered and the stairs creaked dismally. Amidst her ejaculations of "Prenez garde, monsieur, prenez garde," she was particular to add, "Mais c'est le véritable escalier par lequel l'Empereur et Mon. Bismarck firent l'ascente." It leads into a red-tiled apartment, *red tiled* as rightly stated by Forbes. Over the old bed-ridden man's room is the little locked-up chamber facing the road in which Napoleon and Bismarck conversed for a few minutes, until it was suggested they should sit outside the cottage and talk, for it was, no doubt, stuffy on that hot September day, and probably as dirty then as now. The old woman told us that two chairs were taken out of the house for the two great men to sit upon, and were placed just by the window of the old man's bedroom. Two little plots of garden ground stand before the cottage surrounded by a ragged hedge of mixed shrubs and roses. There was the little vegetable garden on the Sedan side of the cottage, and another patch behind, called by Forbes the "potato garden," in which the unhappy Emperor paced to and fro, to avoid observation from the road, while Bismarck rode to Vendresse to consult the Kaiser.

I do not doubt that the fallen monarch took refuge in this wretched, lone-standing dwelling to avoid the crowded streets and square of Donchéry, and to get out of the high road to Sedan, which were no doubt crowded with German soldiers and French prisoners. What a relief it must have been to the fallen monarch when he was taken a mile nearer Sedan and lodged in the Château Bellevue. Forbes tells us that the Crown Prince and his staff were —with himself—lying on the grass slope just across the road where they could hear the murmur of the Emperor's and Chancellor's voices, but could not distinguish what was said. The voices, he tells us, were at times raised to excitement, if not more, when the terms insisted upon by Bismarck were protested against by the Emperor. *There was* the narrow grassy slope on the other side of the road by the hedge, and beyond, the meadows falling down to the Meuse. Nothing could possibly be clearer than the whole scene.

In the rear of the cottage is a small square stone outhouse, the only approach to a picturesque item upon the poor, squalid premises. A large stretch of country and hill lies spread before the cottage, and Moltke might well have pointed, as stated, to a section of unlimbered guns—part of the iron girdle encompassing the doomed Sedan—their gunners ready to reopen fire at 10 a.m., as threatened,

if the capitulation was not signed before that hour. This scene, however, probably took place in front of Château Bellevue, the ground in front of which lends itself better to the story, if true. A battery did stand upon the field in front of the château, commanding the western end of the town of Sedan.

From the weaver's cottage to Château Bellevue is a delightful walk of about one mile and a half, by the tree-bordered Route Nationale, along which the squadron of lancers were now passing on their way back to Sedan. We thought they did not look at us with very friendly faces as we stood by the weaver's cottage, for they must have known we were English, taking stock of the scene of their national overthrow. The road mounts gently to higher ground upon which the château stands, the Meuse flowing below on the left, and the heights of Frenois looking down from the right, upon which the Crown Prince and his staff watched the operations of 1 September. The old Kaiser's position was about a mile further upon the Crown Prince's right, i.e. eastward, immediately above Sedan and the village of Wadelincourt. The position is in front of a wood, and dominates the whole area of operations from Bazeilles on the east to far-away Mezières on the west, overlooking the winding, tortuous Meuse, which writhes like a mighty silver serpent through the valley beneath to the forested heights of the Belgian frontier. In the meadows below and behind the Château Bellevue lay a large section of the Wurtemberg army, covering the railway and the road upon the right bank to Donchéry and Mezières.

The château is a large building, with capped towers, well placed for a double view, the front gates and entrance looking down over Sedan, the garden front down on to the Meuse. Upon the field in front of the entrance gates—now a clover field, in which bees hummed peacefully instead of angry shells—stood one of those terrible iron links—a battery of field guns—by which Moltke had girded the doomed city. Two weeping willows, apt emblems of what they had witnessed, mourn over the entrance gates. Here in this historic château the Emperor Napoleon delivered his sword to King William. Here slept the fallen Emperor his last sleep—if he slept at all—upon French soil before being taken to Wilhelmshöhe. Forbes tells us that he found in his bedroom upon a little table by the bedside Bulwer Lytton's *Last of the Barons* turned down where he had left the story. It was a chilly night; a window-curtain had

been torn down to lay upon the Emperor's bed. It is a tragic place and one that brings strange weird thoughts to one's mind.

From the château we walked on by a narrower side road by the edge of the clover field to the suburb of Glaire, by which side road Napoleon must have been taken to Bouillon, to avoid passing through the exasperated army, crowded, crushed, and cursing in the streets and squares of Sedan. So far as I could make out by the route taken, he must have passed along the northern edge of the promontory of Iges, where one hundred thousand of his soldiers were soon to be shut up in what was known as the "Camp of Misery." If so, the road lay—after doubling that promontory—by the hard-fought portion of the several battlefields of 1 September, i.e. Floeing, and the Calvary at Illy, where the strongest but utterly ineffectual stand was made to cut off the Germans from completing the iron girdle to the north and west of Sedan. Here it was at Floeing that the French cuirassiers on their grey horses were annihilated. If this was the Emperor's route, he must have seen a terrible sight indeed upon that field of death and destruction. At Glaire one comes upon the canal which makes the peninsula of Iges into an island, and is crossed by a bridge. The château of Glaire is passed in its pretty grounds on the left, soon after entering the peninsula or island of Iges, and then a water-mill. The road to Iges then mounts abruptly to some waste and rugged ground, with the Meuse down upon the right and the battlefield of Floeing across the river. This must have been a fine point from which to see the terrible conflict, for the field of Floeing, away to the hotly-contested Calvaire at Illy, lies spread at one's very feet.

We returned to Sedan by Torcy, another point of hard fighting on the ever-memorable 1 September. On the way we fell in with an old fellow with two dogs, who told us that he was a soldier. I asked him if he was here in 1870. "No," he replied, "I was shut up with Bazaine at Metz, so I couldn't be here, for," he added, quite unnecessarily, "no one could get out there, you know."

From Sedan I went to Paris, where I was again the guest of my ever kind and hospitable friends the Monsons, at the Embassy. The Emperor of Austria had sent Sir Edmund a fine oil painting of himself in remembrance of his services as Ambassador at Vienna. It is by the celebrated artist Horowitcz, nearly full length, and an excellent likeness. At a large dinner-party at the Embassy I met the Hon. Mr. Herbert, who had just been appointed to Washington,

and was so soon to be cut off from what promised to be a brilliant diplomatic career.

Having done my usual work at both the Paris churches, I went to Lausanne, travelling the last part of the way with Count and Countess Nordenskjold, of Stockholm, brother of Baron Nordenskjold of the Swedish Arctic Expedition. They were interested to find that I knew their country.

At Lausanne I confirmed and spoke at a North and Central Europe Bishopric meeting. At Territet I found the Empress of Austria's statue being unveiled by the Austrian Minister for Berne. She is represented sitting upon a rock, clad, not in a walking dress, but one highly laced and superbly elegant, quite out of place in the open air. It would have done well in a building, or at least under a canopy. At Territet and also at Vevey I did my usual ecclesiastical work, and then drove to Château d'Oex, where I consecrated the new English church, returning to Territet, and then on to Geneva; from thence travelling direct to Rouen for a confirmation. At Rouen a wire ferry-bridge had lately been erected over the Seine. It consists of a car hung upon wires and run along upon an iron girder bridge, supported by two immense iron columns. It takes over passengers, carts, and carriages. I was told that one other such exists, and that, I think, is in America.

From Rouen I crossed to Newhaven via Dieppe.

CHAPTER XXXI

Scandinavia—The Sand route from Stavanger to Odde—Confirmation in the much-improved church at Christiania—A joint of bear for dinner—The first landing of Queen Alexandra in Denmark after her coronation—Queen Alexandra greets her English subjects—The Danish Kiel compared with the German Kiel of 1902—The Schleswig "Broads"—Grand Duke of Oldenburg's Schlöss at Eutin—Lubeck and its glorious antiquities—Hans Memling's gems—Sunday service for the English at Schwerin—Frederichsruhe and Prince Bismarck—Boer generals at Utrecht—Krüger's house at Hilversum.

ON 27 August I went up into Scandinavia with my son, crossing from Hull to Stavanger in company with several sportsmen going out to shoot elk. The view from the reservoir at Stavanger "is such as one would find nowhere but in the moon, or in Norway." The little ochre-stained wooden houses—yellow, brown, and red to a brilliant crimson—dotted about everywhere wherever a few feet of pasture, amongst the endless granite, exists. Immediately below lies sleepy old Stavanger, fishy in its fish smells, and all around tapes and threads of watery inlets, to the far-away sea. To the north and west lie ever-increasing piles of granite—like mountains of the moon—bare, bleak, grey, hard, depressing. A wonderful sunset worth looking at. This clear-cutting northern atmosphere makes everything far away start forward, and stand out with wonderful brilliancy, lighting up the coloured wooden houses on islands of emerald green, and bathing the mountains of the moon with rosy fire; sunsets seen nowhere but in the far north.

From Stavanger we went by the Sand route to Odde. It is rather a pretty passage to Sand amongst inlets, stopping at all sorts of queer little places, and leaving all sorts of queer odds and ends of little or no value; a dry fish at one place, half a dozen of dried sprats at another, a loaf of bread, a bag of flour, half-rotten empty crates, a struggling goat, a bleating sheep, a shrieking pig; at one place a box of matches. At Sand we drove by carriole to Osen,

and thence by steamer along the Suldal Lake to Naes. The Suldal gate is soon reached after leaving Osen, enormous twin masses of rock falling some 2000 feet sheer into the deep, dark waters of the Vand. This is fine, as indeed is all the Suldal Lake, but intensely lonely; small and very poor hovels at intervals, with meagre patches of grass and oats, which the poor folk are endeavouring to cut and harvest. At each group of hovels we stopped and threw ashore some miserable item. In one lonely cove we left a black sheep. A boy received it from the steamer into a queer old boat, probably the very next thing for floating purposes built after the ark; and to see that boy's face radiant with excited joy and gladness as he huddled the scrambling sheep over the steamer-side into his ark was worth the journey from England. No doubt the arrival of this sheep had been his day and night's dream for weeks, an event in his small fiord life to compare with which our coronation of the previous month was as nothing. Further on we landed two girls at the foot of a mountain, a lonely hovel perched upon it. They were dressed in rainbow attire, as if for a series of garden parties, though carrying all upon their backs, their luggage consisting only of a dilapidated, empty crate. However, they seemed happy and joyous, skipping up the mountain-side to the dreary *saeter*, which in a few weeks would be buried in snow. And what must these little farms be then! Utterly isolated, cut off entirely from the outer world, no road or trackway above, the frozen, snow-covered lake below. I was told that many of the inhabitants of these lonesome dwellings lose their minds, and that most cases of insanity come from such places. No wonder!

From Naes we drove sixty kilometres to Odde. The road up the Bratland is a fine piece of engineering, blasted out of the hard, granite rock, the foaming river, the Bratland foss, dashing through the gorge far below. At Breifond Hotel we stopped for coffee. Here a road leads away eastward to Roledal, Dalen, and Kirkebo, our old quarters some years ago. A good deal of snow lies here through the summer, and reindeer are herded in the Haukelid Pass. A climb of eight miles of zigzag from Breifond brings the traveller to the top of the pass, from which a really fine view is obtained down the deep, rocky valley towards Odde, and away to the Folgefonder glacier. All around is desolation and ruin of mountains, the descending zigzags making their way through a wilderness of fallen rock, hundreds, thousands of them as big as churches, some as big as

York Minster. Down these giddy precipices our driver—a mere lad —seemed to take delight in taking his pony at full tilt, the pace being that of putting a horse at a fence in a hot run; a rush, and then a swirl round the interminable angles of the zigzags with the pony's nose and shaft-ends projecting not very comfortably over some thousands of feet of sheer air. Had we gone over nothing would have been left of us and the pony but mincemeat, and matchwood of the carriole. However we got down from the cold, snowy, wind-swept pass to Seljestadt, where we ate reindeer and fish, and were not a little comforted.

At Udsigten Hotel further down a record remains of Mr. Gladstone's visit. He did not make a speech, because there was no one to make it to, but he wrote much about Gamle Norge, and the Norse blood in our veins left in England by invading Northmen, making us the fine people that we are. Our driver, only twenty-three years of age, was a nice intelligent fellow, speaking English picked up from tourists. When I catechized him as to his attainments I found that he had read Ibsen and Björnsen, knew Frithof's Saga, the Heim-Kringler, and a good deal more, indeed, of Scandinavian literature than I had ever read or even heard of. We passed Espelandsfos on our left, and the very striking Laatefos soon after on our right. Just beyond is a tablet let into the rock, erected by the German Emperor to the memory of a young German officer of his escort who perished here four years ago. He was riding a cycle, and either fell or threw himself into the raging waters, broken here into a wild whirl of foam by the rocky gorge through which it flows.

The Breuer glacier soon after came into sight, streaming down from the great Folgefonder glacier into a pretty little valley upon the other side of the Sandevand Lake. Two farms lie in the valley, to which and to the glacier a small steamer plies. Odde, deserted by its tourists, was slumbering, and would soon be fast asleep till June, 1903, when it would once more wake to its three months of life and harvest.

Touching at Lofthus and at Vik we reached Ulvik, of course in the pouring rain, without which, or snow, I have never traversed the Norwegian fiords. Thence to Bergen, which was, as usual, under a waterspout; the town in which horses are said to shy at you if your umbrella is not up.

Rounding the south of Norway, we made our way—still pouring of course—to Christiania, where Nansen's brother had kindly put his

pretty house upon the fiord at our service. Here we spent a few quiet days amidst his brother's trophies from the Arctic regions, photographs of dogs, sledges, etc., the *Fram* being a very constant quantity amongst the pictures of his travels. The house looks across to Oscars Halle, and has charming views down the fiord. The *Fram* returned to Stavanger after its four years' absence with Sverdrup just two days after we left that place. We seem to have always just missed these North Pole heroes.

A Norwegian admiral I met at Christiania told me that when up in the White Sea lately he had found a Mr. Ffolkes, of Norfolk, and a Mr. Hamilton fishing upon that dreary Siberian coast, and that they had been there for months. How they existed he knew not. "Who but Englishmen," he said, "would be found in such a region for pleasure?" Who indeed!

We little know what ecclesiastical influence as a Church we exercise upon the Continent, nor do we sufficiently consider how careful we ought to be in consequence. On the Swedish coast opposite to Denmark two parish churches have been built after the style of Sir A. Blomfield's English church at Copenhagen, replacing unsightly meeting-house fabrics. The chaplain at Christiania told me that as a consequence of the harvest festival held in our church the previous year—the first ever held in Norway, and looked upon at the time with suspicion by the Norwegians—the Norwegian clergy advocated lately the holding of such a festival. It was also announced with regard to the building of a new Norwegian church in the capital that "the organ and choir would be placed in the chancel, as in the English church."

Our visit to Christiania concluded with a few pleasant days spent with our Consul-General and Mrs. Dundas (now Lord and Lady Melville) at their pretty house "Ormkollen," situated upon a picturesque island about twenty minutes' passage down the fiord. The house is one of the best-built houses, in entirely Norwegian style, in Norway. The whole of these shores upon the fiord are dotted with varicoloured Norsk houses of all shapes and sizes, which make these sombre forests, granite rocks, and dark waters look as bright and cheerful as it is possible to make them. The view from the tower of "Ormkollen," in which we breakfasted, is extensive, the hills away into the interior of Norway a brilliant, sharp, steely blue; a northerly breeze flecking the fiord with white horses. It was cold, too, and Telemarken was already covered with snow. I confirmed and

preached in our pretty little church, built somewhat in Norwegian style, which had been much improved since my last visit.

One day I went into town to see three bears, which had been killed in the neighbourhood, two of which were brought to Jansen's great game shop in Christiania. One, a large male, was shot near the Konsberg mines. The man who shot it was in some danger. He fired twice, wounding the beast, which came for him. Something was amiss with his gun, and he was unable to fire again. It came within twelve feet, and was only prevented from attacking him by his dog. The third shot finished the enraged beast. These dogs are trained to bait bears, and in this case saved the man's life. The smaller, a female, was shot by a lad in Nordland. We were promised a joint from it for dinner next day. It sounded somewhat peculiar to hear Mrs. Dundas giving her orders. "You will send the elk to-day, and the capercailzie, and don't forget the bear for to-morrow." The shop was full of elk, reindeer, and northern birds of many kinds.

On 17 September I left Christiania by rail for Copenhagen. I had intended going by sea, but the equinox was on, and the weather had turned too wintry and stormy. By this route down the coast of the Cattegat one gets into Denmark by three miles of ferry instead of three days of North Sea, which suits me much better. At Copenhagen I was the guest of Herr von Krogh, one of the King of Denmark's chamberlains, whose wife is English. The Goschens were not at the Legation. He returned from Austria later to be at Copenhagen during the Queen's visit.

On Friday, 19 September, I drove to the landing-place, where the British Minister (Sir E. Goschen), the British naval attaché, the diplomatic corps, and our chaplain were assembled to receive Queen Alexandra. At the end of the stairway leading up from the water a small pavilion was erected for the reception of the royalties. A large assembly of Danish officers in uniforms of all services, together with city authorities in their bravest galore of velvet, gold brocade, and cocked hats. A regiment of hussars in light-blue uniform, of which King Edward is the Honorary Colonel, kept the enclosure. The Russian Imperial yacht *Pole Star* lay off the landing-place, gaily dressed in much bunting. The King of Denmark had gone out earlier in the day in his yacht, the *Danebrog*, to meet the *Victoria and Albert*. This first home-coming of his daughter as crowned Queen of England and Empress of India was made the occasion for a function of considerable dignity.

After long waiting the *Victoria and Albert* hove in sight, slipping quickly in upon the west offing. Then a stir took place amongst the brilliant assembly. Sir E. Goschen came to me, and said we must go to the steps and stand on the south side of the ascent from the water, the Danish officials ranging themselves on the north side. At this point of the proceedings the Russian *Pole Star* broke out into "God Save the King," and then opened her guns and thundered out a royal salute, which was taken up by the war vessels—English, Danish, Russian in the offing—making the old city tremble beneath the cannonade. Amid these salutes the royal launch left the *Victoria and Albert*, and steamed rapidly towards the quay where we were standing. None who were present are likely to forget the pageant, or the expression of joy and gladness upon the venerable old King of Denmark's face as he sat between his daughters, the Queen of England on his right, and the Dowager Empress of Russia on his left. Amongst the royalties in the launch were our Princess Victoria, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and several others.

One incident in the landing struck me as particularly noteworthy and gracious. The Danish authorities stood on the right of the stone stairway leading up from the water, the English on the left, and it was a thoughtful and kindly acknowledgment of her subjects' presence that our Queen passed up upon our side with her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, in order to receive and return with that kindly grace, which we all know so well, the loyal greetings of her English subjects before she turned and joined her father, who was in conversation with his own people. She came and shook hands with us, as did also her sister, the Dowager Empress. I never saw our Queen so radiant and happy, evidently gratified and touched by the grandeur of the right royal welcome accorded her by her beloved Danes. At this moment, as she stood with us, an enormous black cloud that had been threatening for some time burst with a force and suddenness such as only this stormy region can produce. Down came a perfect tornado of rain and hail, aggravated no doubt by the thunder of the saluting ships and batteries. Scarcely had our Queen and the other royalties reached the pavilion when it seemed as if the waters of the Sound were being hurled upon us from the sky. What we should have done without this shelter I do not know. We crowded into it, I fear, most unceremoniously, stern necessity overriding both law and etiquette.

For a quarter of an hour, whilst the elements howled and thundered without, we stood crushed and jammed together in most unroyal fashion, an undignified group of dripping mortals. At last the Danish royal carriages were got into order, and in the midst of the storm, which was still raging in unabated fury, the royal party drove away to Bernstorf. It was an historic landing, in which I was glad to have taken part.

Hitherto the Danes had only seen the *Osborne*, and compared her unfavourably with the huge Russian yachts *Pole Star* and *Standart*. Upon this occasion, now that their Alexandra is our Queen, they saw for the first time the *Victoria and Albert*, one hundred tons larger than either, as the captain of the yacht informed me, with evident pride and satisfaction.

On Sunday, 21 September, we assembled in the church porch, Sir E. Goschen, the Diplomatic Corps, and myself to receive the Queen. Upon alighting at the church door she and Princess Victoria came up into the porch and greeted us as usual, the procession forming at once and moving into the church, singing the harvest hymn, "Come ye thankful people." The church was filled with English and Danes, officers and men from the royal yacht, etc. I preached the sermon and confirmed in the afternoon. A Christiania paper was sent after me to Copenhagen, containing the following: "The English Bishop has been entertained at a great bear dinner, bears having been killed in the neighbourhood. Bear's meat is a new experience to the Bishop, for the saga of the bear in England is now a saga that no longer exists."

I went to the picture gallery, which I had not seen before. Some good pictures of the old Dutch school, and some modern pictures of the Scandinavian school. Amongst the modern is one by Dahl, "Christian II in Prison." It is a touching picture. The tottering old man, who was I suppose a sinner if history tells truth, and killed swarms of his nobles at Stockholm and elsewhere, is depicted in a wretched, cramped cell. An attendant is drawing out an old rickety chair for the miserable meal of bread and water, served upon a small wooden table.

The Rosenberg Castle in its beautiful old quiet gardens is the gem of Copenhagen. It is a small building, like a miniature Hatfield, and of that date, i.e. the time of Christian IV, to whom Denmark owes all its most interesting and unique architecture, to my taste amongst the most striking in Europe. The palaces and castles of

the nobles scattered all over Denmark, which are very numerous, are almost entirely of this date.

From Copenhagen I went to Kiel. Kiel has taken wonderful strides under German rule. I remember it in 1859, a quiet Danish haven. Now with its splendid Krupp shipbuilding yards, crowded with enormous and magnificent erections of glass and iron, unequalled in the world, it is an arsenal such as neither England nor the world can show.

I went to the castle to call on Princess Heinrich, who had asked me to do so when next at Kiel, but found all closed, the Prince and Princess being away. The park by the water is prettily laid out, and the quaint old town is full of bright, good shops. Two days after I had written this account of Kiel in my journal, I read in *The German Empire of To-day* this account of it by "Veritas": "The new Germanic yard at Kiel is being fitted with all the most modern plant, machinery, and electric appliances. It will be unequalled in the world as regards its capabilities of building vessels of every kind, splendid merchant ships, and also first-class men-of-war."

From Kiel I went through the Schleswig-Holstein "Broads," a district I had long wished to see. One soon enters a region very like that of our Norfolk Broads, only more deeply wooded. At Aschenburg is a fine broad with many islands. Here amongst a throng of water-birds I saw the white-throated diver. Preetz has a large broad. Upon each there seems to be a quaint old town, which greatly adds to the picturesqueness of the scenery. Plön is the most striking town of all, and has a broad full of islands; divers, grebes, and coots making the waters black. This country seems thinly inhabited, picturesque farm-houses, of old red brick and black woodwork, being scattered about here and there. Grensmühler has a deeply-wooded broad, with many good houses and villas upon it. At Eutin I stayed. Here the Grand Duke of Oldenburg has a fine old moated castle upon the broad, the gardens and wooded grounds running down on many sides to the water. The castle stands amidst avenues, broad shady walks, shrubberies, flower-borders, endless seats, arbours, inlets of water, dispersed and dispensed everywhere with great taste. A temple at the very edge of the broad giving views of varied kinds is a dream of sweet, calm loveliness. The stillness of the grave and the quiet beauty of Paradise combined.

In the Platz, before entering the castle grounds, stands one of the fine old red-brick Schleswig churches, the ecclesiastical feature of all this North German region up to Stettin, Dantzig, and Koenigsberg. A broad broach spire with perfection of brickwork in the tower. Round about the church are canonical-looking houses. There are no grounds like those of the old castles of Germany. These German grand dukes have fine old palaces and castles surrounded by grounds, perfect of their order, and to be found only in Germany. This lovely old place has the solitude and silence of enchanted ground—a piece out of the *Arabian Nights*. No one about, and yet all in perfect order; an enchanted ground as yet undiscovered and untrodden by foot of English or American tourist. Long may it remain so! The air came straight from the Baltic, which is not very far away, and was sweetly delicious.

Near the station at Eutin is a glorious old double-roofed, reeded windmill; a wooden gallery runs round its lower roof, in which are three tiers of windows.

From Eutin I went on to Lübeck, where Mr. Chaplin and the Church Committee of Hamburg had most kindly made all arrangements for my seeing that most interesting old city. They had requested the British Consul, Herr Belinke, and Professor Reusch, of Lübeck, to show me all the sights of the place. So on Friday, 26 September, I sallied forth with these two excellent and courteous guides, first to the cathedral, one of the grandest old twelfth-century red-brick churches of North Germany. It was a Roman basilica from the transepts to the west end. At the west rise two grand spires from superb towers, built of what is but little inferior to Roman brick. The building is reached through a restored and too highly ornate porch. The choir is Romanische. The interior is whitewashed, and I would not wish it otherwise, as it forms a background for the sumptuous colouring and gilding of the most gorgeous rood-screen I ever saw. Its figures, with enormous central crucifix, stretch across the transept arch. Endless fine monuments of all styles, gorgeously gilded and painted, cover the walls. The rood-loft is an exquisite piece of painted, carved panel-work. In one of the side chapels is a panelled, painted altar-piece by Hans Memling, consisting of St. John the Baptist, St. Jerome, St. Blazius, and St. Gilles; the inner panels—poor in comparison—by Delberg. The organ, specially played for us by arrangement, is very fine. At twelve o'clock the twelve apostles come out from behind the old

clock, make their bow to the seated figure of the Saviour, and retire. The charming position of the cathedral upon a piece of water is quite spoilt by a modern museum built upon the foundations of the cloisters; it entirely eclipses the south side of the building, and ruins its appearance. Three grand brasses—"graben platten"—of bishops of Lübeck survive in the floors of the cathedral chapels. I know of none so fine. The Marien Kirche is about one hundred years later than the cathedral. It is of red brick also, and surmounted by two lofty spires upon exquisite old red-brick towers. It was built by the burghers of Lübeck to eclipse —if possible—the Dom, which it certainly does not. The interior is also whitewashed, and the walls covered with colouring and carving, which shows well against it. The organ was played here again by arrangement, and is as fine as that in the cathedral. In a side chapel is a "Dance of Death" after Holbein. A "Sacraments Haus" and aumbry of bronze, fifty feet high and spire-like, is the gem of the church. There are other churches—the Petrus Kirche, St. Gilles, and the Jacobs Kirche, all spired, and completing the seven lofty spires which are such a feature in the distant views of Lübeck. The old gateways are unique. That near the station, with its stumpy, capped turrets, has been over-much restored with enamelled bricks, and needs a few centuries to tone it. The Berg Thor is much more as it was originally; it is a fine old five-storied tower, with venerable buildings clustering round and upon it.

The Hospital of the Holy Ghost is close to the Marien Kirche. Here one hundred and forty old men and women live in one hundred and forty little wooden cabins ranged along a large wall. These cabins, like little bathing machines, are nearly dark, and suggest lying in bed night and day.

The Rathhaus is a fine building containing the Senators' Chamber and local Parliament House, for Lübeck was a Hanse town, and has its privileges in consequence. On the wall of a committee-room is a pencil note from the Emperor Frederick, written during the five months of his reign. The writing is identical with the signature of the portrait of himself which he gave me, and signed about the same time.

I left Lübeck after a delightful visit for Schwerin, in order to give the English of the town and neighbourhood Sunday services. The Grand Duke's new castle is built upon an island in the broad, and is very luxurious, but too new to be interesting. The state-rooms are

endless and very fine, the ballroom being one of the finest in Europe, and a larger one still is being built. The old Schlöss, like that at Eutin, must have been a grand building. The public gardens adjoining the Schlöss are beautifully wooded, and profusely watered by artificial lakelettes and streams, inlets from the broad. Several small trim steamers ply upon this broad, which is the largest in the district.

On the Sunday we had a congregation of forty in the room of a private house, thirty-six out of the forty communicating. Two were young Englishmen, one going to India, the other lately from Eton. The four absentees were German Lutherans.

At Schwerin is another of the fine old red-brick churches of this region, the lofty windows—some sixty feet in height—being the chief feature of the building. The picture gallery, though small, contains a very choice collection, mostly of the old Dutch school; Oudry, Kalf, Von Oelst—artists new to me—have exquisite pictures of animals, birds, and still life. Schrick has pictures of flowers and shrubs dotted with butterflies and insects and other small creatures, lizards, toads, snakes, and mice, that riveted me by their superb finish. Vlieger has sea-pieces, Hönderkoeter birds, Van Bergen cattle, Jan van der Heer a moonlit river, and a Van Goyen amongst the best I know. The modern side has good pictures by Kritzchmer, Eckenbracher, etc. Well worth careful notice.

On my way from Schwerin to Hamburg I passed Fredericksruhe. Bismarck's house is in the wood close to the station; and on the other side, and also close to the line, stands his mausoleum. At Hamburg I was the guest of my ever hospitable and kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin. Here I confirmed and preached and enjoyed much kindly hospitality, leaving on 6 October for Amsterdam, where I stayed out at Hilversum with other hospitable friends of long standing, the Boissevains. At Amsterdam I confirmed in both churches.

The Boer generals were thundering forth their grievances against the British Government at Utrecht, and the subject of the Boer War was still too painful a topic to touch upon in Holland. Krüger's house was three minutes' walk from the Boissevains, very plain and small, with a small garden. In the room to the left of the door he used to sit in the morning, and in that over it in the afternoon. The Boissevains, whose house was in the same garden, used to hear him, when the windows were open in summer,

describing, with extended map, to his many visitors the position of things in the Transvaal, assuring them with much scriptural quotation that he would come to his own again.

I remember most of the Boissevain family from very small children. I have confirmed them, and seen some of them pass out into the world. A delightful family, mostly boys, who talk delightful Anglo-Dutch. I ask a boy who had a headache yesterday how he is. "Quite good now, thank you." "And your brother?" "He is bester, but not whole good." Dutch children are, as a rule, exceedingly well-behaved: they are obliging, attentive, and courteous to their parents and elders—a great rebuke and contrast to many English children of this twentieth century. However often during the day they may go out, upon their return they kiss their parents and shake hands with all and several of those persons who may happen to be present. If I send one of the boys to the post-office for stamps, the whole six, desirous of taking part in the expedition, rush wildly off—that is to say, as wildly as can be expected of Dutch boys—and upon their return shake all six hands with me, and hope I have been well ("good," as rendered in Anglo-Dutch) during their absence. One of these, a boy of thirteen, is going to be a soldier, and is the happy possessor of a small rifle. I have quite won his juvenile heart by practising with him at bottles set like soldiers in a row. Friends as we are, personally and as private individuals, he is, I feel sure, a sturdy pro-Boer; and if ever Boers or Dutch invade our island, that boy will, of a surety, be found jumping ashore first amongst our enemies. In the deep of his wicked little heart he knows that he is playing Boer and Briton with me; for when he singles out a bottle from the doomed row and smashes it he looks out of the corner of his eye at me, as much as to say, "That's what my people did at Colenso and Spion Kop; and that is what I shall be doing some day, but not with *bottles*." He is a far better marksman than I am, though I did kill my first bottle at the first shot, and rose above Majuba in his estimation. But he would be a very dangerous young Boer to tackle on the veldt, even at thirteen. True chip of the old Dutch stock! Since those days we have shot many rabbits together with bigger rifles in England, and have not often wasted a bullet.

I was taken one day during that pleasant visit to Hilversum to see the six-months-old baby of a married daughter of the house, whom I had confirmed some years ago. Dutch children are among

the dearest and best in all the world, and this particular baby the best in Holland, which is saying much indeed for its excellence. It was brought in, *more Bataviarum*, upon a board, much as a sportsman would exhibit a fish of the capture of which he was especially proud. The fish-board of this particular little fish, however, was decked with frilled muslins, pink and white; and had it jumped or wriggled, as the manner of ordinary six-months-old babies is, must inevitably have fallen over and come to the ground. But Dutch babies do not jump or wriggle, and this one, the proud mother told me, never even cried. A mood for all babies in North and Central Europe!

I went several pleasant excursions around Hilversum with my kind friends, passing many charming old bits of typical Dutch scenery. Amongst others, a quaint house built by the great admiral, Van Tromp. It is shaped like a ship, and stands in the water.

We drove about the pretty well-kept woods, of which the ordinary hurrying, through-passing, uninterested, and uninteresting tourist knows nothing; alongside straight canals, and over picturesque wooden drawbridges; through quaint villages, full of quaintly clad people. It was like driving through miles of Dutch picture galleries, stopping at some living picture now and again to take a kodak shot at some bizarre bit or corner of this amphibious country of reed, dyke, and meadow. We crossed stretch upon stretch of heathery flats, as painted by Mieris, to plunge again into a watery village redolent with burning peat, and pulling up at one of the large Dutch farms, a sight not to be missed in this dairy-land. Quite unlike the dirty, untidy, smelly Boer farms of the Transvaal veldt are these farms of the old country, save only the ampleness of the "frau," who comes with arms akimbo to greet the stranger with the same phlegmatic nod. Here in these farms are sights which only Holland can show—buildings thatched to perfection, not a reed out of place; the dwelling-house faultlessly clean; the living-room, with its bright, polished armoires, its racks and shelves filled with china, ancient and modern, pots, pans, brazen vessels, etc.; the big family Bible, all clasped and knobbed; a few pictures, that would be sacred were they not almost profane by reason of their grotesqueness; the steps up into the sleeping-room ("bet stoep," I think they are called), which is always so raised above the floor to clear the damp, Dutch farmhouses having no second story; the deep, wooden, recessed cupboards, fitted in some cases with doors, the sleeping-places of the family. Then there are the cow-houses,

large, long, barn-like sheds, with latrines running down the sides, in part of which the cows stand, tied in rows facing inwards, their tails fastened to a beam above to keep them clean. Beyond each line of latrine runs a paved way, along which the milkers pass to their work; while above the cows are the cupboards in which the cowboys sleep—sons of the family generally. Cold indeed in a Dutch winter must these wide, windy, barn-like buildings be, though the cows below act as hypocausts to some extent. "It is healthy to sleep with the cows," the old lady tells us, "and good for the lungs. Consumptive patients come to lodge with us for the purpose." In the midst of the great passage-way between the cows' heads stands the big churn, worked by horse-power, capable of making any quantity of butter. And where in all the world will be found such an indication of abundance of milk? No agricultural depression here, with the finest and most unfailing summer pastures in Europe! Pastures in Holland are never burnt by drought for the same reason that you cannot set the Thames on fire. One last look before we leave at those wonderful thatches which cover all so securely, protecting alike from summer heat and rain and from winter snow and cold—all beautifully level reeds from the endless waterways which lie everywhere around.

That a Dutch garden is neat goes without the saying; prim also, like one of those little gardens to be seen arranged on trays at an English flower-show. There is generally an artificial hill in it, about three feet high, as a set-off and protest against the otherwise level character of the ground; and there is frequently a fountain rising from the indispensable lakelette or boundary dyke. The gardens are very slightly protected from vagrant cattle; so slightly that, if situated in England, the proprietor would wake up every other morning to find his garden a bare garden indeed. In Holland, however, cows and pigs, like French boys, are not allowed to go out for a walk alone.

Holland in the late autumn, when November is in sight, does not present a very cheerful aspect. As all the world knows, it lies mostly below the sea-level, and has a way of getting lost in fog, like London; but it is not fog of the same order. London fog is composed of smoke and smuts; a Dutch fog is made of the pure moisture of its dykes, and is, like everything else in Holland, clean. At such times one has to feel one's way from dyke to dyke, and the landscape becomes somewhat involved.

It was with much regret that I left all the joys, the kindliness, and the genial hospitalities of this pleasant home at Hilversum; but it had to be exchanged for the lonely corner of a railway carriage that was to carry me away to other lands and other scenes, taking away only the warm, kindly memories of those happy days to keep me company; and as the train sweeps me over those wastes and waterways of friendly Holland, I envy the cottagers in their snugly-lighted cabins, who are tucking themselves away comfortably in their cupboard-beds, secure from the wind and rain that moans and beats so dismally without.

CHAPTER XXXII

Bay of Biscay chaplaincies — Nantes — Place Mareuil and Bluebeard — The Roman amphitheatre, the sights of Bordeaux—A run across the Bidassoa to Font Arabia in Spain—Mealless, wayworn, and sore distressed—On the track of the German army from Saarbrück to Metz—Seventeenth annual Conference at Baden — Interview with the Grand Duke and Duchess—Dedication of English church at Sierre—American gathering at Zurich on Independence Day—Innsbrück, Maximilian's tomb—The Empress Josephine's Hotel at Aix-la Chapelle—A typical German secondary school.

ON 29 January, 1903, I crossed to Calais and confirmed. I found France much exercised over the suppression of its religious schools in Brittany. It seems a very general impression that the motive is to seize and appropriate the land and property of such suppressed schools.

From Calais I went on to Lille and Croix for work, staying with my old and kind friends the Faulkners, at the latter place.

From Croix I went direct to St. Nazaire via Paris, staying with Mr. Irby, the chaplain, in his house looking out upon the Bay of Biscay. The docks at the mouth of the Loire are large and increasing. Here I confirmed, preached, and addressed the sailors at their institute. At Basses Indre, on the Loire, is a Welsh colony of tin-plate workers. At Nantes we have a small English colony, which I visited, preaching on the Sunday.

A statue has been lately erected at Nantes to Colonel Villebois Mareuil, whom we killed at Bishof, in South Africa. He was a Nantois, and a very obscure one; but the French have the gift—even to the art of cooking—of making much out of a little. Blue Beard was a Nantois. Perhaps a companion statue will be erected to him upon the "Place Blue Beard" in the act of attempting to kill poor Fatima. The magnolias, and the finest camellias I ever saw were coming into blossom in the public gardens, the latter, some twelve feet high, beautifully grown and trimmed. The Beaux Arts

is worth a visit, if for no other purpose than to see Norberg's large and remarkable pictures, "The Castaways" and "Les Inutiles." The former represents the dying and the dead in a boat that is cast away from a lost ship. The waves curl and roll around the doomed boat, and two albatrosses on the wing glide above it. It is a weird scene, and very terrible. The other represents the siege of the Château Gaillard. The *inutiles* sent out of the castle are scattered about upon the snow-covered ramparts by hundreds, stripping dead bodies, and even devouring them. Two bulls fighting, by Cambon, is fine. A man tied upon a wheel upon which a snake has fastened, and Marat lying wounded in his bath, complete the horribles of this collection, which would almost match those of the Trytyakoff Gallery at Moscow. The cathedral is grand. It contains the body of Francis II, the last Duke of Brittany; also a fine modern tomb of Lamorricier, killed, I think, in Algiers. St. Stephen's is a new but fine and interesting church.

From Nantes I went to Bordeaux, where Mr. and Mrs. Dobson kindly received me again. In the Museum Gardens at Bordeaux is the largest meteorite I ever saw. It fell at Carcassonne, and weighs 2 tons 1 cwt.; its composition, bitumen, iron, calcaire, and nickel; the shape that of an inflated warming-pan. The Roman amphitheatre is the sight of Bordeaux. It is but a fragment of an enormous structure. The quadruple arched gateway of small squared stones and bands of thin brick is vaulted, and leads into a small garden. A few steps take up on the right to a slight elevation upon which stand modern houses, turning round upon which one sees the flanking curtain walls of the amphitheatre. Not many arches are standing on either side of the gateway. The steps referred to lead up upon a fragment of the wall which separated the seats from the arena, and curves away till lost in modern houses. The entire arena is occupied by the rue de Colissé and rue Sassass, which cut one another at right angles in the centre of the arena. In the rue Sassass there is a portion of masonry, forming a partition wall. It is between a blacksmith's forge and a modern dwelling-house. This is continued across the rue Sassass till again lost in a modern house.

At the end of the rue Colissé, and *en face*, is a shop. Standing with one's back to this shop, and facing the great gateway at the far end of the rue Colissé, one sees to the right another fragment of the curtain wall of the amphitheatre. Here at the head of the ellipse no doubt a second great gateway stood, the foundations of

which are scattered above the surface of the ground, and in the foundations of an old and poor lodging-house.

Mr. Burke, our chaplain, saw the bronze equestrian statue of Napoleon III thrown down by the populace one Sunday morning in 1870, broken up with hammers and dragged to the Gironde, into which it was thrown! The picture galleries of Bordeaux are disappointing. The cathedral is fourteenth century, but the squat-groined roof deforms everything internally; an architectural abortion. Two spires rise from the end of the north transept; the towers on the south transept are unfinished. The old Norman church of St. Sevrin is very interesting. A glorious porch *inside* and a Norman nave, savage, dark, and heavy. St. Michael's Church is an interesting fourteenth-century building, well fan-vaulted in nave and aisles as are all these Bordeaux churches. The façade of St. Croix is worth a visit. Detached is a tower and spire, poor and of later date. The old bell tower is extremely picturesque; pointed and capped.

From Bordeaux I went to Arcachon where all was quiet as ever, mellow and summerlike, the Basin sleeping in a misty atmosphere, and the red-trousered fishermen with their *birettes* drawn over their faces lying about like lizards in the soft sunshine. Then on to Pau where I did the work which always awaits me in its three churches, and in addition dedicated a very suitable little mortuary chapel attached to St. Andrew's Church.

In reading, while at Pau, Marie Corelli's *Decay of Home Life in England*, I was particularly struck with the terrible truth of women's influence in the world. "The influence of women bears perhaps more strongly than any other power on the position and supremacy of a country. Corrupt women make a corrupt state—while God-fearing women make a noble, God-fearing people. It is not too much to say that the prosperity or adversity of a nation rests in the hands of its women. They are the mothers of the men—they make and mould the characters of their sons. And the centre of this influence should be, as nature intended it to be, the *Home*." Would that these words were engraved upon every woman's heart!

At St. Jean de Luz, which I visited upon leaving Pau, I confirmed and preached, going one day into Spain to see Font Arabia. It is but a short run by train to Hendaye, thence by boat across the Bidassoa. The tide was very low, and we had much difficulty in getting our boat through the tortuous passages amongst the sand-banks. The little town stands upon a rocky eminence commanding

the river's mouth, and is backed by the Spanish hills, which lie all around. The entrance is through a ruinous gateway, and the street beyond thoroughly Spanish, a perfect picture for artists; but it must be coloured, the balconies and house-fronts being brilliant and excessively bizarre. The grand heavy-carved overhanging eaves make the narrow streets almost to meet overhead. At the top of the street stands an old church tower, a fitting termination, and quite Spanish in architecture. Beyond the church is a square, on one side of which is an old ruined castle, ivy clad. All speaks of the days of old and the years that are passed; Ciudad Fuente Arabia, the city of the swift fountain, is dead and buried, and will never more rise from the dead. The view from the decayed ramparts up the river embracing Hendaye on the French right bank, and Irun on the Spanish, or left bank, is good, backed up by La Rune and the Trois Couronnes, the western end of the Pyrenees, which fall down here and leave a passage from one country to the other.

From St. Jean de Luz, or rather from Font Arabia in Spain, I travelled through to Somersetshire in a tornado of rain, hail, storm, and tempest, which smashed the windows of our train, blew out our lights, broke down our wretched French engine, and brought us into Paris hours late. At Calais the Channel had been almost impassable for the last few days. Upon arriving in London I found all trains to the west had gone save the night mail, by which I arrived at Bradford at 3 a.m. on 4 March, mealless since I left the Spanish border, wayworn, weary, hungry, and sore distressed.

On 8 June of this year I crossed to Antwerp, *en route* for Brussels, where I stayed with my constantly hospitable friends of many years, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, whence having done my confirmation work at Christ Church, and dedicated a reredos in the Church of the Resurrection, I travelled to Baden for our annual Conference via Metz, at which place I spent a very interesting day.

From the Parade Gardens above the Moselle a fine view is obtained. In front rises Fort St. Quentin, now called Fort Prinz Carl, dominating all others, on the slopes and flanks of which the huge beleaguered French force—unable to stow itself into the fortress—lay. At one's feet flows the Moselle, joined here by the Seille. Away to the left lay the hills around Gravelotte. I stood, and looked, and looked, trying to realize those terrible August days thirty-three years ago, when the despairing Bazaine and his mighty host lay locked in by the German army, failing in every attempt to

break through the iron girdle. There lay the Thionville Road stretching away to the north, along which the last desperate, unavailing efforts were made. Looking out upon this scene, as part and parcel of the story, is an equestrian statue of the old Kaiser erected by his "Dankbaren Volke." At the other end of the gardens is a statue of Marshal Ney, a native of Metz. On the way from Metz to Baden are passed many of the most famous battlefields of 1870, upon which the distracted French tried to stay the onward march of the ever-victorious Germans: Courcelles, Remilly, St. Avold, on a commanding height crowned by a war monument. Crosses and burial grounds strew the way—a very Via Dolorosa. Then Forbach, where one of the deadliest stands was made. At Forbach the country becomes broken and pretty as the Hardt Hills, the northern continuation of the Vosges, are entered and traversed, till the (then) frontier at Saarbrück and St. Johan, on either side of the Saar, is reached. Behind Saarbrück stands up the Spichenberg, which the French occupied at the beginning of the war. It is a strong position, from which, however, they were driven by the Germans, who swarmed up it upon their hands and knees, biting their swords between their teeth.

It is not easy to identify the Spichenburg amongst the congeries of hills that lie about Saarbrück in that direction. It is not the first height seen from the town, but lies on the other side of it. There is a tower upon an isolated hill on that side, called the Winterberg, which standing out as a bastion towards the plain commands the battlefield. It was here at Saarbrück that the Prince Imperial of France underwent his "baptism of fire"; and here, and here only, that his father commanded. It was only a slight skirmish in which the French had the advantage, after that the war was one continuous *débâcle*. From this interesting region I went on to Stuttgart, where I confirmed and did other work.

When dining at the American Consulate I heard the story of the loss of the *Seaford* on her passage from Dieppe to Newhaven, the Consul and his wife being passengers. The collision occurred when half-way across. The *Seaford* had about three hundred passengers on board. She withstood the shock only twenty minutes, and in that time the whole of the passengers and crew scrambled from her to the cargo steamer in collision, which came alongside for the purpose Being struck rather aft midships, she began to settle down behind at once. The French, who were numerous, behaved

scandalously, literally scrambling over the women and children to get first to the cargo ship. The English, calm and unselfish, behaved splendidly. Two ladies slipped between the two ships in their endeavour to escape, one hanging in such a position that she was in imminent danger of being crushed to death. One of the young ship's officers of the *Seaford* told her to let go and fall into the water; he then jumped overboard and saved her. The *Seaford* sank very quietly down stern first. The cargo steamer was herself a good deal damaged, and the captain doubted if he could reach the coast in time to save her following the *Seaford!* She was five hours making Newhaven, and the suspense and anxiety on board was awful. The Consul's wife had a good deal of jewellery, which when travelling she usually wore for safety. Upon this occasion it was in her jewel-box. Everything she possessed was lost. When she saw the *Seaford* go down she felt hurriedly for her jewels, thinking they were upon her, and could hardly realize that all had gone to the bottom.

From Stuttgart I went to Baden for our annual Conference; all was well arranged, and the Conference well attended.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden wishing to see me, I went to the castle one afternoon, and stayed with them for some time. She looked older than when I had last seen her; he, the perfect type of a German gentleman, bright and gracious. They hoped I had been satisfied with the Conference arrangements, and with Anglican matters in the Grand Duchy. We talked of their daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden, who was at Baden when I was last at the castle; and much also of our late Queen; of the Empress Frederick, and her memorial erected at Homburg, which I had been asked to unveil. They showed me the private chapel in the castle, and the new ecclesiastical furniture recently added to it by their family in memory of their fifty years' reign in the Grand Duchy. Before I left the castle the Grand Duke took me out upon the stone terrace to a corner from which a fine view of Baden below and the Black Forest hills around is obtained. He told me it was the old Kaiser's favourite point when visiting his daughter, the Grand Duchess. They were both most kind, and expressed genuinely their pleasure at my having come to see them.

Then on to Freiburg, where I did my work and made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth Smith. He having lived twenty-seven years in Russia, and she being a Russian, we had

much Russian talk. They pressed me much to visit Taganrog on the Sea of Azof, where they have many friends, promising to join me there and show me that district. Having done my work at Freiburg I went on into Switzerland and did the work awaiting me at Lausanne and Territet, going on up the Valais to Sierre, where I dedicated a very beautiful little chapel in the hotel grounds. Everything—marble, oak-work, stained glass by Clayton & Bell—good.

Here the heat was terrific, between 90° and 100°. To prevent returning through scorching mid-Switzerland to Zürich, whither I was bound, I went by way of the Furka Pass, with which I was glad to renew my acquaintance. Sleeping at the Rhone Glacier, I drove on next day to Göschenen, through much snow, for the pass had only been open a fortnight. I had crossed the Furka when twenty years of age, again when I was fifty, and now at sixty-five it seemed grander and more wonderful than ever. The view from the Furka Hotel of the Finster Aarhorn—whence alone it can be seen from a distance to perfection—and away beyond to the Breithorn and Matterhorn is worth the climb.

At beautiful Brunnen I stayed the afternoon, and then on to Zürich. I found Zürich mourning the result of a terrible mountain catastrophe, Professor Groebel and two boys of the Cantonal School having been killed by an avalanche at Piora, above Airolo. Six other wounded boys lay at Zürich, and Professor Vedoz with a broken leg.

July 4 being American Independence Day, we dined, a party of fifty English and Americans, at the Baur au Lac. I had to propose the health of the American President, speaking of the excellent feeling existing between the two countries, and adding that if we would only hold to that friendliness we could dictate to the world. This was very well received, Americans coming up from the other end of the table to thank me. The gardens were brilliantly illuminated, and the band played English and American music throughout the evening.

From Zürich I went to Innsbrück to settle a Church difficulty in that place. I had never looked thoroughly through the Hofkirche till this visit. It is full of interest, Maximilian's tomb being the chief. It is colossal, empanelled with scenes from his life, of white marble. He kneels on the top in bronze between two brazen angels. The surrounding figures consist of the contemporaneous kings and queens of Europe. King Arthur represents the contem-

porary English sovereign. Henry VII was king, but his son Arthur was chosen. It is well that a mythic English king was chosen to do this homage, or our insular pride would rebel.

A statue of Hofer stands at the entrance, and opposite a Denkmal of those who fell with him fighting for Tyrolese freedom.

From Innsbrück I went to Munich. The galleries at Munich are much inferior to those at Amsterdam and Dresden. They always strike me as having been filled with a view to quantity rather than quality, and are overloaded with poor representatives of the Italian school. The Murillo and Vandyck rooms are good, but there is a plague of fleshy Rubens pictures of the worst type. On my way to England from Munich I stayed at Spa, whence, having done my work, I returned to England via Antwerp.

In August I went into Germany, Belgium, and North France as far as Dunkirk. Crossing to Antwerp, *en route* for Aix-la-Chapelle, I was detained at Brussels, and spent the time in a visit to the fine new Museum of Natural History. Here the gigantic iguanodon has been housed with three others of equal size, making the finest group of these wondrous monsters from the coal measures of Charleroi in the world. I have fully described these great beasts upon the occasion of a former visit. Two fine specimens of beaked whales are in the same hall. They are of enormous size, representing the transition from the fish to the bird. I also found time to run through the Wiertz Gallery just opposite. Truly a demented man was Wiertz; a sort of artistic Dante. His gallery a chamber of horrors.

At Aix-la-Chapelle I preached a harvest festival sermon in the bright, well-decorated little church. Between the services I rested at the historic Hôtel Krone. Here for four years, from 1811–15, lived Josephine after her divorce, and hither came the European robber now and again to see her. I had what are called the Napoleon rooms. They are upon the first floor in the old part of the house, and are unaltered since that date. Two long narrow rooms, the sitting-room only 24 ft. by 15 ft. Two deep windows with seats and old sashes, a marble mantelpiece of that date, at which poor cast-off Josephine no doubt warmed her cold feet and chilled heart on many a dark winter's day. The ceiling is very plain, crossed by a heavy beam. The bedroom, 24 ft. by 7 ft., leads immediately out of the parlour. It is a gloomy, narrow chamber, lighted by only one window. Both rooms look down upon a garden,

now full of fruit and other trees, a few sickly flowers, and sicklier grass. Here, it is said, walked the Corsican bandit when planning the Moscow campaign. From 1800–3 Alexander I of Russia occupied this hotel off and on when taking the baths. I wondered if Napoleon's nephew, when passing through Aix-la-Chapelle in 1870 on his way from Sedan to Wilhelmshöhe, thought how history was repeating itself; how his uncle came and went hither when tottering to his fall; how here, in four rooms of a provincial hotel, lived the cast-off wife of his uncle—for in the next town of Verviers, just over the frontier, lay, half a century later, the captive nephew at the obscure Hôtel de la Gare on the third night after the overthrow of his empire, 4 September, 1870.

The cathedral I had not seen for some years. It is always interesting. The circular part was built by Charlemagne about A.D. 804, centuries before any Norman church was built in England. The marble pillars of the triforium, brought from Italy, taken away by Napoleon, and restored after Waterloo, have been repolished and the dome filled with mosaics. Otherwise all is as built a thousand years ago. Here in the circular triforium stands the marble chair in which Charlemagne was buried, crowned and sitting upright. Two centuries after his burial the Emperor Otto III, A.D. 1000, wishing to see his body, exhumed and reburied it. Frederick Barbarossa opened it again A.D. 1165, and buried the body in a sarcophagus without the chair. The chair, or throne, is raised on stone steps, and is constructed of simple slabs of white marble, strapped together with copper plates. In 1906 the tomb was opened again.

There are no less than one hundred and thirty bath establishments at Aix-la-Chapelle. The water rises from a great depth, some 4000 feet it is said. The heat is generated in the volcanic Eifel, from which it flows, upon the northern edge of which Aachen stands. It is 170° at the springs, which are sulphurous, and good for gout, rheumatism, skin diseases, etc. At Barsheid, a suburb of Aachen, the springs burst up in the streets at boiling heat, in which eggs can be cooked.

From Aachen I visited the Cologne chaplaincy, and then went to Düsseldorf, where I confirmed and preached in the most appalling heat I ever experienced in Europe.

From Düsseldorf I visited the Bonn chaplaincy. At Godesberg, where I stayed, is a typical German secondary school admirably ordered and managed, at which are several English boys. It contains

nearly four hundred students, and is the result of one man's twelve years' work. The building is fine—hall, class-rooms, chemical and physical laboratories, museum of natural history, geology, etc., with a large staff of masters. The boys are well looked after, morally and spiritually, and it might well serve, in all respects, as a model for English secondary schools. Upon the walls of the Lehrer Zimmer are Rückert's words:—

> Ein Lehrer soll zu viel am jedem Tage beten:
> "Herr! lehren mich Dein Amt am kinde recht vertreten."

A very sad accident befell one of the English boys at this school shortly after I visited it. Two brothers were with their mother upon the Rhine bank. The younger ran upon one of the stone groins stretching out into the river. It was in the dusk of evening; the groin was slippery with ice; and the poor little fellow lost his footing, and was never seen again.

An English lady, who has two boys at this school, told me that when they first arrived they astonished but won the admiration of the German boys in their dormitory by kneeling down and saying their prayers. The German boys, to their credit, did not laugh at or hinder them. Lutherans do not kneel to pray. It seemed to me that these English boys showed no little moral courage by not being ashamed to be seen upon their knees in prayer amongst foreign boys in a strange land.

From Godesberg I visited the Bruges and Dunkirk chaplaincies, whence, having done my work, I travelled back through Belgium to Rotterdam, where I was the guest of Mrs. Laming on the Westerkade. Here I confirmed and spent a few days, returning to England by the Hook of Holland.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Sir Henry and Lady Howard's reception at the Hague to meet Prince Henry of the Netherlands—Berlin—Conversations with Sir Frank Lascelles—A visit to the British Legation at Dresden—Last visit to the Monsons at the Paris Embassy—Seventeen years of hospitality and kindness—Eighteenth annual Conference at Zurich—Visit to Sir Constantine Phipps at the British Legation at Brussels—Dedication of windows in the English church at Homburg.

THE year 1904 began by a long visitation through the Holland, North and Mid-German, and North France chaplaincies. A hurricane had been blowing, with torrential rain, for thirty hours, the country flooded in all directions, and the Thames, as a river, blotted out. I travelled to Harwich, and crossed to the Hook of Holland *en route* for the Hague, where I was the guest of an old diplomatic friend, Mr. Leveson-Gower. The sun having ceased to shine in England for a considerable period, it was pleasant to find it again in Holland. Mr. Leveson-Gower was getting together some interesting history connected with this chaplaincy. Charles II died in 1685. The church was draped in purple cloth, and terrible quarrelling took place as to its distribution after it was taken down. Mary (William III's wife) died in 1694; purple cloth again draped the church, and terrible quarrelling took place again over its distribution. The Presbyterians shared our church, and terrible quarrelling was the result. The German Lutherans shared it also, and terrible quarrelling ensued between the several bodies. A man designated "a reader" took the services, and seems to have been a most undesirable individual. As I read all this "terrible quarrelling," and much more, I was thankful to think that we did better nowadays than that, and indeed in the two hundred intervening years we ought to have been mending our ways.

One evening we attended a reception and ball given by Sir H. and Lady Howard at the Legation, and met a number of interesting

people. All the Government functionaries and dignitaries were present. Sir Henry presented me to Prince Henry of the Netherlands, the Queen's husband, who was interested to hear that I knew Schwerin, his home. He told me that his father built the new Schlöss upon the site of the old castle which was burnt. We talked also of Dresden, which he knows well, and of Coburg and the Duke of Edinburgh. He speaks but little English, putting in German words and waiting for them to be translated into English. He is rather short, with sandy hair, a pleasant smile, and an affable manner. The Queen was unwell, or would have been present. The Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs told me that his wife was related to Bishop Otter, of Chichester. Sir Henry introduced me to many officials, amongst others the Japanese Envoy. I told him I wanted to see his country, and we talked much about it. He said not a word about the war, but kept near the English all the evening, as if he felt they were his best friends. The Dutch rather favour Russia, being afraid for their Dutch East Indies if Japan grows too powerful. Mouravieff, the Russian, was present. I need not add that he and the Japanese Envoy did not fraternize. The Peace Conference window—"Faith, Hope, and Charity"—in our church at the Hague was given by an American, and is an artistic addition to the interior. At Sir Henry's suggestion I went to the palace and wrote my name in the Queen's and Prince's book.

Having confirmed and done my work at the Hague, I went on to Düsseldorf, to endeavour to settle the differences in that chaplaincy, and from thence to Berlin, where, as usual, I was Sir F. Lascelles' guest at the Embassy. Princess Feodora, the Empress's sister, came to lunch one day; she is affable and pleasant.

A confirmation on 20 February was followed by a large reception of the English and American colony in the ballroom of the Embassy. Germany seemed to be with Japan in the war, but the papers and the Government kept quiet and said nothing. The new bronzes lately erected in the English church to the memory of our Queen and the Empress Frederick are very good. I was pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Towers, the American Ambassador, and his wife, who had kindly invited me to stay with them, as it was thought the British Embassy might be full, in view of the wedding of Sir Frank's daughter.

One evening during my visit Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Count Seckendorf came to dinner. The former I had not met

since he was quartered at Darmstadt, nor the latter since the death of the Empress Frederick.

Sir Frank is always interesting, living, as he does, in the centre of German political life. He told me that after Cronje's defeat the Czar approached the Emperor and proposed to offer mediation. The Emperor, knowing that England would not wish it, declined to move. Sir Frank repeated again and again how friendly the Emperor was to England, and no one knows the Emperor more intimately. Would that England could be brought to believe this! I told Sir Frank that he was placed at the very key of Europe, and that, in view of his personal good terms with the Kaiser, his position as Ambassador at Berlin was of the utmost importance to England and the world. He said, "Yes, that is true, I know it is important. I said, "This makes your stay here a necessity." Sir Frank thought that a better feeling existed at that time in Germany towards England than in England towards Germany.

In referring to the Emperor, Sir Frank spoke of him as an exceedingly able man, knowing everything, and the very man needed in Europe. I told Sir Frank that I had always thought so, and never lost an opportunity of telling people in England what a true friend he had been to us; that the Kaiser's was the most valuable life in Europe, and the one that Europe could the least spare, while to England his loss would be irreparable; that without his constant and firm friendship through the dark days of the Boer War a European combination against us would in all probability have been the result of the strong feeling upon the Continent. To this he entirely and emphatically agreed. He is never weary of the subject; it is evidently of the greatest interest and importance to him, as well it may be. When I took leave of him next morning, he said to me, "I am writing to the Foreign Office upon just what we were talking of together last night."

From Berlin I went to Dresden, where I spent a week as the guest of Lord and Lady Gough at the Legation, who kindly allowed me to do the work of the chaplaincy from their house.

The Cazalets of Moscow were in Dresden, and we had much talk about the war, which they thought a great mistake and likely to last a long time. Mr. Cazalet told me that his son William was building a house twelve miles from Moscow. When I asked if they could live safely so far from the city, he said, "Well, they will have

a watchman round the house at night and two big boar-hounds to guard them."

From Dresden I went to Leipzig, where I did my work in very cold weather, and then went on to Weimar and Gotha. Here all is much changed since our good Duke of Edinburgh's death. He was a great loss to us. One night I met at dinner the Hofprediger (Court chaplain). He said that he heard me preach when the Duke was present, adding that the Duke said to him afterwards, "Why don't you preach as the Bishop did, without writing your sermon? Why he spoke to us as if he were our brother!" Gotha was blocked with snow, and I was not sorry to get out of Thuringen—ever a cold region in winter—to Heidelberg, where I stayed at Neuenheim English college, and confirmed the boys, and then travelled on to Wiesbaden for work, and thence to Lille and Bruges, and so back to England via Ostend.

My next visitation was to the Paris, Swiss, and Belgian chaplaincies. At Chantilly I confirmed the stable-boys, jockeys, etc., and then went on to Paris. This was my last visit to my long-standing and ever kind friends the Monsons at Paris; as they were leaving the service in September. Sir Edmund spoke much of King Edward's visit, and described it as a great success; also of President Loubet's visit to London; it quite carried away the French people in their feelings towards us.

Upon taking leave of the Monsons I had to thank them for seventeen years of hospitality and kindness, the ever good and constant friends of our Church at Copenhagen, Brussels, Vienna, and Paris. We shall not see their like again.

After doing my work in the two Paris churches I went to Lausanne and confirmed, going on to Vevey, preaching and confirming in our pretty little church, built by Mr. Street. From Vevey I visited Neuchâtel, and then to Zürich for our annual Conference of chaplains. Here we had a most successful gathering, and were entertained with much kind hospitality, Sir Cunningham Greene, our Chargé d'Affaires at Berne, coming to Zürich to take part in the proceedings. I had not seen him since his return from Pretoria, where he represented us up to his departure on the breaking out of the war.

Bishop Webb kindly came from Salisbury, and addressed us on our quiet day.

I travelled direct from Zürich to Brussels, where I stayed with

Sir Constantine Phipps at the Legation during my visitation of the two chaplaincies, and thence to Antwerp, whence, having done my work, I returned to England, via Harwich.

My autumn tour was but a short one. Visiting Cologne, I went to Homburg, where I preached, and dedicated a set of windows in the apse of our church, presented by the Duke of Rutland, in memory of the Duchess. The Duchess died at Homburg, to which place they were annual visitors.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Dantzig, Königsberg—A night in the lock-up at Wirballen on the Russian frontier—News from the war in the Far East—Battle of Mukden—A dismal journey in a derelict train to Libau—Experiences of an English boy in Russia—Departure of Russian fleets from Libau—Bilderlingshof and the frozen Baltic—A visit to Maxim Gorky—His experience in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul—His share in "Red Sunday"—His opinion of the war—His literary work—His respect for and love of England—Pobiedonostzeff—Riga in revolt—Cossacks quartered in the factories—Attempt on life of Maximovitch—Rebellion spreading over Lithuania and Courland—St. Petersburg—Its attitude during the war and the revolution—The place where Plehve was assassinated—Journey to Warsaw—A Russian view of India and possible invasion—Warsaw a hornet's nest—Attempt on life of Chief of Police—Lodz, Marki, etc.—Poland and its condition—A Polish funeral—Departure from Warsaw—The frontier station of Alexandrowo—How it was guarded—A formidable adieu to the land of Cossacks and bombs—A Swedish country house.

THE year 1905 opened with a terribly interesting visit to Russia, when that country was in the throes of revolt and anarchy, in the midst of events destined to change the whole course and history of that empire. I have known Russia for many years. My first visit was after the Crimean War, in 1859, and my visits since, for years past, have been frequent. But I have never known her—and nobody has ever known her—in the condition in which I found her upon the occasion of this present visit. Russia has had many great national struggles, one exceptionally great, since the Crimean War, but none of such a compound character, externally and internally, as the present. A few notes made upon an episcopal visitation may not be uninteresting at the moment of current history that she was making—and making literally every day.

I made my way up northward by Berlin, turning aside to visit the ancient cities of Dantzig and Königsberg, in order to minister to our fellow-countrymen residing in and around those somewhat remote and out-of-the-way old-world places. Not three Englishmen, perhaps, in the course of the year who pass up to St. Petersburg,

turn aside at Dirschau to visit the birthplace of Fahrenheit, the quaintest of all the old strongholds of the Hanseatic League. These towns lie far away from the German capital, the one three hundred, the other four hundred miles north of Berlin. Both are in Prussian-Poland and not far from the Russian border—one on the Vistula, or Weichsel, as it is here called, as it flows out into the Gulf of Dantzig, or Gdansk, as the native Poles call it; the other on the Pregel, within a few hours of the Russian frontier. Our church at Dantzig is an old one, not unlike a little city church, built when the town held a number of prosperous English merchants. The scenes recorded in Merriman's *Barlasch of the Guard* are laid at Dantzig, and his admirable description of the place is most graphic. All may be clearly traced, for its streets, its gateways, its towers, and its moats are those through which Napoleon's Grand Army of 400,000 men of all nations passed to Moscow nearly one hundred years ago; and through which the starved, ragged, frost-bitten remnant crept savagely upon its memorable retreat. The great roadway, or track, runs to-day, as it ran then, away through Königsberg across the frontier to Wilna, Smolensk, Borodino, and Moscow, over a country the great novelist so well describes, and is as dreary and inhospitable in 1905 as it was in 1811:—

"There are, as God created it, few countries of a sadder aspect than that which spreads between the Vistula and Moskwa. . . . The sea would seem to be our earthly picture of infinite space, but no sea speaks of distance so clearly as these plains of Lithuania—absolutely flat, quite lonely; the far-off belt of pines only leads the eye to a shadow beyond which is another pine-wood; and the traveller walking all day towards it knows that when at length he gets there he will see just such another on the horizon."

At Neufahrwasser on the Gulf, at the Vistula mouth, we have an excellently appointed and well-worked institute for our British sailors trading to and from the port of Dantzig, and worthy of the best support we can give it. Here, and at the church in Dantzig, assembled during my visit considerable numbers of our fellow-countrymen and women for social gatherings and church services.

There is much of interest to see at Dantzig. The glorious old Dom, the Marienkirche, some 380 feet long, with its fifty chapels, is one of the largest in Christendom; its unique reredos, rising a considerable way towards the roof, set with scores of empty niches

robbed of their silver figures by the Corsican robber to pay, among other depredations, for his expedition to Moscow. The largest font ever made, and of elaborately chased copper, stands at the west end, tons upon tons in weight. A pyx, like that at Lübeck, spires up far away towards the wall plates; cases of priceless vestments, silver plate, and treasures of Roman times are stored away behind glass cases in great abundance. A grand Memling, the gem of the minster's treasures, unfolds on hinged panelling the immense painting of his "Last Judgment," in which all the vast multitude are absolutely naked. The lost are being so cast by Michael the Archangel down to hell; the redeemed, passing through angel bands, are receiving each a robe—the robe of the righteousness of their Redeemer. The realistic character of the painting is a sermon, and a very solemn one. The exquisite Artus Haus, with its ceiling, its paintings, its black carved-oak staircase, and groined roof, from which hang ancient ship models, is smaller, but, if possible, richer than the neighbouring Rathhaus. Both must be seen; they cannot adequately be described.

The gates of Dantzig are many, and each of different architecture. At one end of the town are no less than three of these gates, all within a few yards of one another; those upon the river and the canals are reached from without over drawbridges. The Langemarkt and the Frauengasse are, perhaps, the quaintest of all the quaint streets, with their *beishlags*, or open verandas, of quaintly carved stone and wrought iron, No. 36 in the Frauengasse, the home of the Sebastians, being among the quaintest. There is also the treasure-house of Zschizinski, the Polish Jew, a collection of enormous value, unique and priceless. Here he lives and sleeps alone in his old-fashioned Polish house, a museum in itself, and a sight well worth alone the journey to Dantzig. At Oliva, some seven miles away upon the Gulf, is a fine monastic church, with cloisters, abbot's house and grounds. In the summer time—when the Vistula is free from ice—large barges are brought down the river from the interior of Poland, laden with grain and other produce. The encampments of these Poles in their national dress upon the river banks is a frequent and picturesque subject for local artists. At Dantzig, as at Kiel, are extensive Government and private dockyards, where men-of-war and cruisers for the German navy are built. Just now the cruisers *Berlin* and *Alexandrina* are being built. A German officer connected with the yards kindly spared me nearly two

hours in taking me not only through the works, being carried on by some five thousand men employed, but showing me also, in detail, the cruisers in course of construction. Two men-of-war, three large cruisers, and three smaller are being turned out of these yards annually.

Königsberg I must dismiss more briefly, or I shall tire my readers before getting them to the Russian frontier. Here I spent Ash Wednesday, holding a service and giving a celebration for our shepherdless sheep of that far-away fold. I held it in a church lent by the Old Catholics, the Pfarrer being present. The castle, where the kings of Prussia are crowned, is a dark, sulky-looking old building, upon a slight elevation above the Pregel. The city is built, as its southern eternal sister, upon seven hills, and is entered by seven gates. Two lakes in the midst of the town, one of considerable extent—now, of course, both frozen—are picturesque features, and add much to the appearance of the place. Königsberg is the birthplace of Kant, to whose memory a statue, recently unveiled by the Kaiser, has been erected upon the University Plain.

From Königsberg to Eydkuhnen, the last station in Germany, is a journey, by express, of about four hours, passing Insterberg, the junction for historic Tilsit and Memel, now no longer one of my chaplaincies, for the English have ceased out of that remote *angulus terrarum* on the extreme edge of the Russian Empire, and our church is closed. It was at Memel that the beautiful Queen Louise took refuge with her little son Wilhelm—the old Kaiser of the Franco-German War—when so cruelly insulted and ill-treated by the ruffianly Napoleon. They stayed in the house of the British Consul, the ancestor of the holder of that office at Memel to-day.

Scarcely any passengers were travelling towards Russia, the large corridor carriage containing only two men. The reason was obvious. From Eydkuhnen, the last station in far northern East Prussia, to Wirballen, the first station in the Russian Empire, is but a few yards; but those few yards make all the difference. Race, language, appearances of all and every kind—even to the rolling-stock of the railways, the stations, the very colour of the posts and of the sentry-boxes which stand looking at one another across the little nameless stream which divides the two great empires—all are different. The very gauge of the lines is different by several inches, that no Russian train may run on to German territory, or German train on to Russian. The Czar himself, when travelling to and from Russia by land, has

to turn out at Eydkuhnen coming westward, and at Wirballen going eastward. From the Baltic to the Black Sea extends a line of sentry-boxes, three deep, at intervals of a rifle-shot, so that fugitives escaping one line of rifle fire have to run the gauntlet of the other two. As soon as the train passes the rivulet, and it passes very slowly, Russian soldiers step up on the footboards on either side to prevent any possibility of passengers dropping out of the train without duly accredited passports. No racial change in all the world of travel can be more striking and complete than on passing this frontier. The silent movements of the Russian officials in their strange dress, moving about with the softness of leopards; the square Tartar faces of the fur-capped, white-aproned porters; the one language and no other spoken and written upon all notices—makes one feel a long way from home, and very far eastwards.

Passports, at all times a grave consideration on the Russian frontier, are of much graver moment at the present time. If all is not in order in ordinary times, the delinquent is stopped, taken up into one of the many little rooms above the great station, and there locked up in durance vile until he can clear himself. With my special passport provided by Lord Lansdowne, and *visé* by Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, I was bowed out of the great hall at once into the waiting-rooms; my luggage passed, with the *laissez passer*, also furnished by the Russian Embassy, with the same dispatch. So far so good, and all had gone well.

Now, however, came my troubles. No one seemed to know when I could get on to Libau, the next point on my journey, and no one spoke even German good enough to tell me what they did know, much less any English. One official said that there used to be a connecting train "last year, but not this year; all was changed." Another told me I could get on at 9 a.m. next morning, another said not till the afternoon of the next day; no two agreed; most of them knew nothing; all seemed disorganization and confusion. What was to be done? No hotels are allowed on the frontier, lest suspicious characters should shelter in them and slip over into Germany. There were those small rooms already referred to—cells they really are—and nothing more. At this juncture I fell upon a porter, a Russian, who had been in America, and spoke fair English. I felt grateful to the United States for having taught that man our tongue, for he saved me the situation. There was, he assured me, no alternative, for the waiting-rooms would be closed when the

St. Petersburg express had gone. This Russo-American friend took charge of me, arranged my sleeping accommodation, and gave me in charge of a woman, who brought me hot water in a white teapot without a lid, and mumbling something in Russian about "passports"—by which I gathered she supposed I was detained upon that account—wished me good-night. There I tried to sleep, a profound silence falling upon the great station when the St. Petersburg express had started for the north.

The next morning the station was alive with low-class Russians from the country districts, dirty, ragged, unwashed, bundles of squalor. The only trains that bring travellers of the upper class are the very few expresses—fewer now in this distracted time than ever—coming and going to and from the main towns in Germany, Poland, and Russia. In due course the Pennsylvanian-Russian came and announced that I could get on, if I wished to do so, to a station called Koschedari, upon the main line to the north, where I should have to change, stay several hours, and take the only train in the afternoon now running between that station and Libau. Into that train he put me, with what result I will presently relate.

Koschedari is not a cheerful place in which to be stranded for some hours. It is a dismal and very ill-begotten little station dropped upon a deadly level plain, above the horizon of which the trains—few and very far between—appear, either way, as small black flies crawling over the edge of the world. In the present distress one such fly creeps daily to and from Libau—the port to which I am bound. The pace of trains in this country is so Russian that upon the appearance of these flies on the horizon the passenger has ample time to get a last meal—such as it is, for he will find nothing on board—before the apparent insect assumes its due proportions, develops into a train, and draws up at the platform.

I whiled away the time waiting for this uncertain daily arrival by talking, in mutually bad German, to a couple of young Russians in uniform, who, coming from Wilna, were travelling into Courland. They were lamenting, in common with all other poor Russians, the great disaster at Mukden, but lamenting cheerfully, for the Muscovite takes his reverses with a manful stoicism that inspires respect. I told them that we too had experienced reverses in South Africa, that war was ever full of uncertain factors, and that the unforeseen came frequently to pass. The elder of the two lads, who acted as Mercurius, said that the Büren had certainly

overthrown us with a "grosse schlacht," but did not seem to think the cases at all parallel; nor did my affected cheerfulness inspire him with much confidence in the Russian cause. As Wordsworth puts it in the case of the deserted soldier's wife—

> She thanked me for the wish,
> But for the hope, methought, she did not thank me.

A convoy of deserters marching past along a platform, surrounded by a detachment of soldiers with fixed bayonets—runaways, presumably, from the prospects of being entrained for service in the Far East—accentuated the situation. A ragged, greasy, sheepskinned following of bemoaning women brought up the rear. Russians are never demonstrative either in their sorrows, of which they have many, or in their joys, of which they have but few—they are a silent, suffering, and wonderfully enduring people. These, as they went bewailing softly brothers, sweethearts, sons, or husbands, as the case might be, did not detract from the depressing surroundings. As I left the main line, I looked with interest along the broad-gauge rails stretching away through the snow from here to where the great retreat from Mukden to Harbin was being enacted at the other end of the empire. As station after station was reached, the same solemn, silent crowd stood upon the platforms to hear the last news, or buy the last paper. The line of anxious, patient faces standing, *en queue*, at the bookstalls, waiting for the daily papers which the train brings, was most pathetic. Officials in uniform, soldiers, poor men and women; mere bundles of rags and squalor, with evident personal anxiety, slunk behind the well-dressed with just as heavy hearts and haunting fears upon their sad and sallow faces as to what they might hear of those who had gone from them to the Far East—a patient, dogged, hopeless look, as if they had suffered too long to have any hope of better news and a turning tide. It was a painful sight to stand among them as they held out the small brown kopeks in their trembling hands for the wretched little sheet of "latest news," with which they crept away to their distant villages, like dogs with a bone, to devour it alone in their misery.

The train in which I travelled was, as to first-class passengers, absolutely empty through the entire day and night. No one, save a few peasants, seemed to be travelling, in these regions at all events, of this distracted land. The rolling stock upon this Libau line was almost as bad as it could be. The excuse was that great numbers of

carriages had gone to the seat of war to act as hospitals and for other uses. The windows were filthy, the lantern for the one candle, which is supposed to light the carriage, hopelessly bespattered with weeks of ancient grease; the thermometer stood useless, for there was little or no heat to record; the lavatories broken, waterless, unusable. It snowed ever wearily, a low-spirited mournful snow. To creep for a day and a night across these white plains, with that everlasting "thump-dump" in one's ears, so well known to winter travellers in Russia, caused by the unyielding rail-joints upon the frozen earth, is depressing. And with the entire corridor-carriage empty, the solitude of the journey was at times almost unbearable.

Noiselessly—for Russia is probably the most silent land in the world—the train glides into station after station, where there are ever the same sad, yellow faces; the same crowd of befurred and bearded Jews carrying the inevitable bag upon their backs; the same bundled-up women (hardly distinguishable as to sex) trudging about and showing, happily, the smallest possible morsel of their pinched and wizened faces; the same long stop to drink vodka and discuss the news, for time is of no account, there is plenty of it, say the Russians, in their country, for it is a large one. Silently, with no cheery guard, as in other lands, to wave his parting flag, the train moves on again, verst after verst, with nothing to look at but what Mr. Seton Merriman truly calls "the saddest aspect in all the world."

Upon getting out one night at a station in search of tea, I had literally to feel my way back to my compartment, which possessed the only candle in the entire corridor. The opposite door to that at which I entered with my tea was open. I did not know it, and had I taken another step must inevitably have gone out, tea and all, upon the frozen railway lines. After this a friendly guard—sad, of course, but friendly—brought me some tea. I knew it had been manufactured in the dilapidated lavatory, for I had seen all his apparatus there, and he in full operation upon several occasions; for with a Russian there is but one alternative when he cannot get vodka—he makes tea. I did not like to seem unresponsive to his friendly act, but I declined that tea. Courteous and unresentful, he took it to the third-class people—men and women to whom the blissfulness of ignorance would be no argument in favour of a wise folly—for he returned presently with an array of empty glasses and squeezed lemon slices.

The fidelity with which Russian women follow their husbands when in trouble or disgrace is very touching. Railway platforms furnish painful scenes by no means infrequently, for every station, however small, has its police in uniform and sabre; the larger stations have several, and just now they have plenty to do. In such cases there is invariably a little crowd of sobbing women, who always seem bent upon following their menkind wherever they may be taken, and to whatever lot may be in store for them.

These Russian peasant women may be ugly, but they are wonderfully faithful creatures, and the way in which they stand by husbands and sweethearts, brothers and sons, is most touching; to prison or death, and, what is worse, to Siberia or Saghalien, it matters not—away they trudge, mere bundles of rags and sheepskins, but with brave and kindly hearts wrapped away beneath. Another interesting feature of travelling in Russia at this time was the spirit of scramble that manifested itself; poor at all times, the lower classes were—owing to the war—poorer then than ever. It was not easy to get your change when you tendered a superior coin; the official, or waiter, or whatever he might be, had a way of disappearing to some ungetatable part of the station until the train was gone, and you saw him no more. It was therefore necessary to carry abundance of small change.

Libau, at which I arrived about 2 a.m. upon a snowy, bleak winter's morning, had passed through rough times. To state that it was patrolled by dragoons and Cossacks day and night was only to state the condition of all Russian towns just then. Houses were visited at intervals by the police in search of suspects and manifestoes, and all seemed in expectation of "something more." The hastily constructed raw plank shutters fixed to the shop-fronts still stood on their hinges, ready again for use should another rising lead, as before, to the looting of shops and destruction of property.

I was told a story here that may be of some interest as illustrating the system—which has caused much comment in the European Press—of sending back Russian refugees who cross the frontier into Germany. In this case it was an English boy, named Barnet Baker, living in Manchester. The incident occurred three years ago, when he was twelve years old. His father sent him from Manchester to Königsberg, in East Prussia, to consult an oculist. On his way the boy was robbed when asleep of all the money upon him. In his helpless condition he fell into the hands of the German

police. At that time the German Government was actively sending Russian refugees back across the frontier, and this boy, having told the police that his father was a Russian Jew, was so sent back. He was put into prison, being moved about, during his three years' imprisonment, to several Russian prisons. Lately, when fifteen years old, he escaped, and made his way to Libau, where the Jews hid, sheltered, and were kind to him. They inquired of an English trading vessel if it would take him to England. Those in authority on board said that if the boy chose to stow himself away they would not interfere with him. He did so, and was landed in London, whence he made his way to Manchester. When he reached Libau the poor little chap was in a most terrible condition —filthy, half-starved, and in rags.

The getting of refugees over the frontiers out of Russia is quite a system. Since so many hundreds have found their way across to England during the Far Eastern War, it may be of interest to describe it. The trade, for it is nothing else, exists among the Jews, who take up their abode upon the frontier to assist refugees to cross. The runaways pay so much to these Jews, who give the sentries a couple of bottles of vodka or so, and they are allowed to slip across. The sentries are placed three deep along the frontiers from the Baltic—stationed out far upon the ice in the winter—to the Black Sea. They are posted within rifle-shot of one another, so that if a refugee escapes the first line of sentries, he has still to run the gauntlet of two more. Dark nights and foggy weather are chosen for the venture.

The Social Democrats were issuing in Libau, as elsewhere, constant manifestoes calling upon the students and others to rise; the finding of these in any house, or upon any one's person, would be sufficient cause for arrest. As a curiosity, I possessed myself of one, the terms of which it would be well, perhaps, not to quote. They were, of course, violently hostile to the Government. The Moscow notices, which caused such a stir in England, stating that we and the Japanese were furnishing money throughout Russia for revolutionary purposes, were also posted up at Libau. Many were torn down by the populace, who knew this to be false, the very schoolboys writing the word "lies" in Lettish and Russian under them.

It was from Libau that all the Baltic fleets sailed for the Far East. The October fleet, which fired upon the Dogger Bank fishermen, got out before the ice closed in. For the other a channel

had to be broken by ice-crushers. A good picture appeared in *Black and White* of 11 March of the last fleet making its way through the ice, crowds standing upon the edge of the open channel cheering the vessels as they passed through. Two put back into Libau disabled while I was there. As I was leaving Libau for Riga a mounted patrol rode up the railway line and along the platform, the lines having to be watched and guarded, being indeed in the hands of the military and under martial law.

The route to Riga from Libau lies through Esthonia and Courland, entirely across dreary plains and enormous tracts of forests, pine and birch. There is no forest like a northern one. In England pine woods have no undergrowth whatever. In those of the far north the ground is one beautiful varied carpet, thickly set with hummocks of lichens, reindeer moss, and small growth of all kinds; whortleberries, dwarf junipers, and all sorts of bright-leaved plants, which, protected from the severe frosts of winter by the trees above, are of a dark evergreen and brilliantly bright. The ground never perhaps altogether thaws deep down, even in summer, certainly not in Siberia. When therefore the ice and snow disappear the face of the country is flooded for weeks, the water being unable to get away below. This is no doubt a provision of nature, taking the place of rain. It keeps the earth moist through the scorching three months of summer till the ice and snow come again, thus providing moisture for the next summer. If the melted snow water could run off—which it cannot do in this absolutely flat country—or could get down through the frozen ground, vegetation would be burnt up.

At times during the night (on the branch lines at all events) the train has a way of coming to a standstill in the open country. It seems as if both driver and locomotive had gone to sleep. A profound silence falls upon the train, till a dismal wail from the engine and the renewed creaking of the carriages announces that they are on their way again. Vodka is, no doubt, at the bottom of these stoppages, and if taken in sufficient quantities is a soporific in which the Russian greatly delights.

One could but mark a more independent spirit abroad among the lower classes than before the spirit of lawlessness took possession of the country. It was observable in little things, and it was universal. There was an attitude of equality foreign entirely to the Slav. I saw this very clearly upon one occasion. I was driving with a friend in a somewhat smart carriage and pair of

horses. A droschky driver knocked up against our wheel. Our coachman let out at him, not only with tongue but with whip. In other days the man would have taken this submissively, whereas he rose in his seat and lashed our horses so viciously that they bolted forward and nearly broke the pole of the carriage against a loaded wagon in front of us. He then dashed off as fast as he could go, lest we should give him in charge.

What was worthy of observation and note at Bilderlingshof, upon the Gulf of Finland, where I stayed some days—having an interview during my visit with Maxim Gorky, who was out on bail—will be read, I think, with interest.

Bilderlingshof, which takes its name from one of the Russian generals now in the Far East, is in summer a bathing-place on the Gulf of Riga. During my visit the Gulf was frozen like the Arctic regions, and the place—with houses closed—slept beneath the winter snow. Here I heard the full extent and details of the catastrophe at Mukden, for news oozes out but slowly in Russia. No news, in Russia, is bad news, such intelligence being invariably for a time suppressed; it has to be broken diplomatically and by instalments to the people. Forty-five thousand Russian prisoners, and no one knew what the result would be! It was feared that even should peace be made, the enormous defeated army upon its return would turn against the Government and cause a revolution, so hated was the war, and so bitter would the vanquished army be.

A dense forest of pine trees at Bilderlingshof runs down to the water's edge, for the Baltic has no wide waste shore such as we know in England. This dark blue-green coast-line stretches away east and west as far as the eye can reach. Below outspreads the great frozen sea, to reach which one has to clamber over some half-dozen waves that seem to have been arrested in the very act of breaking upon the shore when the ice-grip came down from the Arctic north and froze them as they broke. Beyond these lay one vast, flat expanse of ice, dotted with the little sledges of the Courland peasants, and looking like small brown flies glancing about upon the surface of a huge bridal cake. Scattered at intervals over the frozen surface were masses of hummock-ice standing up silent and motionless under the grasp of 60° of frost. These are created at the beginning of winter by slabs of drift-ice thrown by the wind upon the already freezing surface and blown along till caught by some obstruction against which they pile, in some instances to the appear-

ance of small glaciers. From the top of these ice-hills a wild strange view stretched away in all directions; landward lay the apparently interminable pine forest, continuous as if it belted the world; east and west the Arctic waste of snow-covered ice; due north a section of open water, dark as indigo, opened by the wind from a certain quarter to-day, to be closed up and hummocked together again to-morrow. An endless supply from the ice-fields of the Gulf of Finland (eastward) and Bothnia (northward) was always at hand, and answered to the call of every wind that blows.

It was a weird, wintry scene, brilliant beyond description in the northern sunshine, and worth alone the journey from England to look upon. Seals there were in abundance, slipping and sliding about out of sight behind the hummock-ice, rearing themselves from their winter drowsiness to look sleepily about them, waiting for the moving of the waters. Of other living creatures there were absolutely none—the grey-hooded crow excepted, which, like the poor, is ever present in this land of poverty. He sat about everywhere, silent, hunched, morose, hungry.

The Bohemian waxwings were somewhere behind in the depths of the forest, waiting also for better times, which come when the bee-eaters and golden orioles arrive. However, the flight of birds northwards had already, in small measure, commenced. The starlings were returning from India—first sign of ending winter—and the pied woodpeckers had begun to tap the trees in their endeavours to awake their insect food from its long dark winter's sleep. Though it was our 14th of March it was but the Russian 1st of March, and the spiky leaf of the Siberian snowdrop had, as yet, not ventured to show itself. The reindeer moss was everywhere, round and white as the snow beside which it sits. Across this ice-bound promontory between the Gulf of Finland and the River Aa, the wind came sighing and soughing dismally day and night, absolutely the only sound in all this northern creation. It was difficult to realize in the midst of this solitude that at the other end of the empire, "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," was being waged, day by day, the deadliest struggle the world had ever seen.

A month ago three English steamers were frozen in off this coast with thirty feet of ice round them till the *Yermack* ice-breaker came to their rescue and freed them. Some people in this neighbourhood, curious to see how she crushed her way through, went out in her thinking to return in a few hours. The wind suddenly changed,

the ice came down in vast masses, holding the ice-killer fast in its grip for two days, and it might have been weeks had the wind remained in the same quarter.

When any open water shows upon the horizon, the Courland fishermen rush out in their sledges for miles to get what they can before the ice closes again. Upon this fairyland of ice I used to walk almost daily in the radiant sunshine. Out of the ice-bound East the sun rose daily without a cloud, and into the ice-bound West it set also cloudless. In the evening we returned to the pleasant wooden house in the forest, and enjoyed stories of Russian life and Tchaikovsky's music. One evening we were told of a peasant upon a farm in the neighbourhood having been torn to pieces lately by a wolf. Amongst other stories, too numerous to relate, I cannot resist giving one because it is so Russian. A man living some eighty versts from a railway station—no great distance in this country—drove up in a sledge, and asked a passenger upon the platform if there was a train expected. "Oh, yes," replied the passenger, "I have been expecting one for two days and a half, and I don't think it can be very long now."

One day during my visit to Bilderlingshof I called upon Gorky, the novelist. All Russian names have a meaning. Gorky means "the bitter one"; Kuropatkin, "the son of a partridge"; Tolstoi, "the stout one," and so forth. I went with my hostess Mrs. Addison, who speaks Russian perfectly. We had heard that he was ill, and it was doubtful if he would be able to receive us, as we understood he had been refusing all visitors. We sent in our cards, and after some little delay a message came that he would be happy to see us. We were shown into a small but cheerful little room, the tables of which were scattered with books and writing materials. A sofa covered with rugs, upon which he had evidently been lying, stood towards the side of the room. In a few minutes the novelist came in, and shaking hands, with much bowing begged us to be seated. He is a rather tall and slightly-built man, colourless as are all Russians, with light moustache and pointed beard, both of which he constantly twisted and stroked as he conversed with an almost nervous persistence. His hair, *coupé à la Russe*, was long and hanging down behind. He was dressed, as all Russians of his class, entirely in black—black-belted tunic, fitting close and high up to the chin; black breeches tucked into high black boots, and a silver châtelaine hanging from his girdle. The interview lasted about

an hour. Three times my hostess moved to go, urging that he was not well, and that we must not tire him; but as often he begged us to stay, insisting that he wished the English Bishop to hear everything he had to say and hoped he would make it known. He opened the conversation by asking, "May I smoke?" I had thought to see a common, coarse peasant, for he rose from that class, whereas he is refined, gentle, eloquent, and, as my hostess assured me, speaks beautiful Russian, expressing himself as a man of education and cultivation. His voice was clear and sweet, notwithstanding the cold from which he was suffering, contracted, as he explained, during the month that he lay a prisoner in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul at Petersburg. He said that his cell was damp and cold, and his prison dress of coarse canvas not warm enough, but, he added, that it was not so bad after all, the soldiers on guard and his attendant gaolers, knowing and admiring his writings and plays, which are being acted very generally in Russian theatres, treating him with kindness and consideration.

His conversation divided itself into three parts. He said that he had travelled throughout Russia on foot, visiting the monasteries, and inquiring into the religious condition of things. To this he had devoted years. The result of his observation and inquiries was to convince him that the monks and clergy generally were ignorant and unable to teach the religion which they professed, that superstition and formality pervaded their so-called religion, and that there was no reality about it. They taught that there were sixty or seventy Virgin Marys; they taught the saints and the Virgin, but not the Gospel; it was sheer polytheism; as to dogmatic teaching, it did not exist. Somewhat abruptly he asked me if I disliked what he had written, and supposed I did. I replied that I had read some of his writings, but made no comment upon them. He then assured me, with an *empressement* that was evidently sincere, that he had never written and never would write anything against religion—quite the reverse; that he earnestly desired to see his people taught true and vital religion. I told him that I was very glad to hear this from him. He asked me if I had heard of the various sects in Russia; I mentioned some. Had I heard of the Duchoborzi, fifty thousand of whom were anxious to emigrate to Canada and seek there the religious freedom denied them in Russia? I replied that certainly I had heard of these people for years—notably the *rascolniki* (dissenters from the orthodox faith consequent upon the corrected

translation of the Scriptures—in 1666, by the Patriarch Nicon), but should be glad to know what he had to say of them. He said, with much warmth and enthusiasm, that he himself was a man, and sought the freedom these sects were seeking; that it was the wish of his heart that his countrymen should rise above such ignorance and superstition and be men also. He spoke eagerly and very rapidly, and my hostess told me it was most difficult to keep pace, as interpreter, with his utterances. I spoke of his books having been translated into English, referring specially to one of his works. He said that versions of them, both in French and English, had been sent to him by the translators.

What Gorky stated as to the ignorance of the people generally throughout Russia is only too terribly true. How can it be otherwise when the Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobiedonostzeff, has himself made this written statement:—

"The religious life of a people like ours, who are abandoned to themselves and left untaught, is sacramental. The Bible is non-existent for illiterate people, for whom all that remains are Divine service and certain prayers. In some lonely places the people understand absolutely nothing, neither the words of the Church service, nor even the 'Our Father'; and yet, in all these untutored minds, is erected, as at Athens, one knows not by whom, an altar to the Unknown God. . . . If our people are ignorant in matters of faith, saturated in superstition, spoiled by reprehensible and vicious habits, and if our clergy are rude, ignorant, and sluggish it is not important!"

I then asked Gorky his opinion of the war. He said it was a most unpopular one, hated throughout Russia, that Russians neither wished for it, nor understood for what reason or advantage it was being waged; that it had ruined the peasants, was ruining the country generally, and that the army went to it most reluctantly. He had seen vans, with no apparatus for heating, constructed to hold forty men, crowded and crammed with seventy, and when the soldiers remonstrated and resisted by shutting the doors, their officers would knock them about with their sabres and drive them in by force. Their wives and families would crowd round the trains and protest against their being sent away to the Far East, throwing their children into the vans, unable to support them unaided by their husbands. It was a war, he said, waged not for the benefit of Russia, but for that of the bureaucracy.

He then gave us a detailed account of the events of what is now known as "Vladimir's Sunday." He told us at considerable length the part he took in those events and the reason of his being sent to the fortress. He and several of his literary friends holding the same views as himself went on the Saturday to M. Witte, and urged him not to allow the military to interfere with those who were coming unarmed to seek constitutional reform from the Czar. He insisted that they were peaceful people and not revolutionists; that they intended only to march unarmed, headed by Father Gapon—whom he called "a most religious priest"—bearing his cross, the holy pictures (the cherubim was his expression), and portraits of the Emperor and Empress. They implored the Ministry and those in authority to withdraw the troops from the positions they had taken up, or collision and bloodshed would be the result. This was refused, and they were dismissed abruptly as disaffected and revolutionary leaders. The next day (Sunday), as the crowds passed over the Vasili Ostroff, or Basil Island of the Neva, and made their way towards the Winter Palace, they were confronted with and fired upon by the soldiers, with the result, as all the world knows, of the slaughter of men, women, and children to the number, he stated, of two thousand.

"We went," he said, with much excitement of gesture and speech, "as peaceful people seeking reform from the Czar; we are now no longer such. I then wrote," he concluded, "to the Czar to this effect: That we had warned the authorities; that we had gone with peaceful intentions, our good faith being evidenced by the women and children who went with us; that we held the Czar responsible for the massacre of defenceless men, women, and children. For this," he said, "I was taken and confined in the fortress. My wife was at the time very ill, supposed for a week to be dying, and I had no tidings of her condition. I am now let out on bail, but shall be had up again for trial, and no doubt imprisoned again in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul." I asked him if he would like to visit England. There was nothing, he replied, that he would like more. It was the wish of his heart; England was the home of liberty, and Englishmen its champions throughout the world. He was passionately fond of our history and literature, and admired everything English. He told me that he had that day been photographed, and would send me a copy of his portrait.

We then rose to go. I thanked him for the interesting information he had given me, and expressed a hope that he would soon be

rid of the cough and cold that were evidently troubling him, being frequently interrupted by it during the recital of his adventures. Rising, he wished us good-bye; grasping my hand, and dropping his voice, he said with a sadness that was almost pathetic, "I am a solitary man, and don't like publicity."

My next point upon leaving Bilderlingshof was Riga. Here I found everything at extreme political and social tension, the inhabitants full of apprehension as to what would happen next. Already there had been an attempt to capture the railway station at the end of the great bridge over the Dwina, the assailants, in great force, being repulsed by Cossacks and many killed. Cossacks and dragoons were quartered in the factories to overawe the workmen, but as they were found to be patronizing with the artisans, the Government were withdrawing them. Proclamations at Riga were being distributed broadcast, and more openly than at Libau. The police, indeed, seemed powerless to stem the tide of this revolutionary literature. To have issued such things before the war would have been impossible. Siberia would have been the prompt reply. But now the people had got beyond control. Half the nation and more would have to go to the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, or to Siberia.

My host at Riga was in Petersburg on "Vladimir's Day," and saw a good deal of the proceedings. He escaped more than once the charges of detachments of Cossacks, taking refuge in arches and courtyards, in one of which he stumbled in his haste over six dead bodies. The Cossacks hate the Russians, and look upon it as mere sport to charge indiscriminately into and cut down a Russian crowd. Their whips (*naghaïkies*) are leaded and are terribly formidable weapons. I got one from the Cossack barracks in Riga as a memento of my visit to Russia at this historic time. Cossacks are not employed so much in Poland; Russian soldiers will act as willingly there against the Poles as Cossacks in Russia proper.

Notwithstanding all this anarchy the congregations at all three services in our church were very good. At eleven the church was full; at the confirmation in the afternoon the crowd was standing to the west doors.

The next day I was across the river in Courland, at one of the many factories, where fifty Cossacks had been quartered. They were Cossacks of the Don, and the wife of the English manager, who had to provide for them for some weeks, told me that they

behaved exceedingly well, and when withdrawn by the Government for getting familiar with the factory hands, expressed themselves as most grateful for the hospitality of their English hostess. The evening before my visit to this factory thirty revolutionists were shot—not all being killed—and eighty arrested in a wood immediately behind the works. It was not particularly pleasant to drive through the streets of Riga in a private carriage; the multitudes of disaffected "out-of-works" looked with no friendly eyes at any one who appeared to be an official or a representative of the bureaucracy. I used to tell my hostess that I always felt safer when she accompanied me, because they did not blow up "official wives" with their husbands!

The night before I left Riga, and by the same evening train in which I travelled to Petersburg, an attempt was made upon the life of Maximovitch, the judge who had come from the capital to try the revolutionists of last month. He fortunately took the precaution of joining the train at the first station out of Riga. Thinking that his carriage was occupied, it was fired into at a level crossing as it left the city. It was a narrow escape. As the reservists marched through the streets they were ordered to "sing," in order to appear willing to go to the war, and to make the populace believe that they approved of its prosecution. It was, however, but a dismal dirge that they made of it as they went wailing along, downcast, wretched, forlorn; being to all alike, military and civilians, a hated and detested war.

One of the worst features in the internal condition of Russia was the attitude of the peasants in country districts. They were rising everywhere against the landowners, and demanding rights to which they were not in any way entitled, asserting that the land belonged to them, and that they would have it. They said that when Alexander II freed the serfs it was his intention that they should possess the soil. Acting upon this, they were looting the country-houses, attacking the farmsteads, threatening the proprietors, and cutting down the timbers. Many landlords fled into the towns; many more were preparing to do so. Even in the towns those on strike came to the houses of the well-to-do classes, and in an insolent, high-handed manner, did not ask for, but demanded money and bread.

An English lady told me that one day her house had been so visited, and that she gave them the bread and money which they threatened to break in for and take if it were not given; and this in such a city as Riga, which was patrolled closely with Cossacks and

dragoons, and ostensibly guarded with an unusually strong body of police! The fact was that the people had got beyond authority, and it was not the Government that ruled, but anarchy. Two years ago such meetings as were then openly held in defiance of law, such anti-Government utterances as were everywhere heard, and such republican demonstrations as were made, would have been impossible.

I always make it my practice to call upon the orthodox bishops wherever I stay. At Riga I called on the Archbishop of Riga and Courland. Libau has no bishop, but the Archpriest accepted the invitation to meet me, and expressed his intention, though prevented at the last moment, to be present at the confirmation. The priest of the military church attended both reception and confirmation, watching the service with deep attention.

From Riga I went to Petersburg, travelling through the night, and awoke to a sunrise over newly-fallen snow. The great birch trees in the park at Gatchina—the Windsor of Russia, and about an hour from the capital—are always a glory at this season. Covered with hoar frost, or as they then were, with fresh-fallen snow, and glittering under the brilliant northern sun, they looked like gigantic fountains of silver spray thrown over the park in all directions. Gatchina is the first civilized-looking place after the long journey through thinly-scattered, brown, wooden-hutted villages, the only evidence of human life—such as it is—upon the monotonous landscape. Here lives the Dowager Empress Dagmar, and a little further towards Petersburg, at Tsarskoye Selo, the Czar and Czarina. The guards surrounding these two imperial residences had been largely increased in the then state of affairs, and all kinds of extra precautions taken. Where the underground earth huts for the soldiers on guard formerly existed, neat little wooden houses have been erected every half-verst and larger ones every verst. These last are for larger detachments of soldiers.

I was quartered in Petersburg upon this occasion on the Vassili Ostrof, or Basil Island of the Neva. It was from behind this district that most of the factory hands came to join the 150,000 who marched to the Winter Palace. The streets in the neighbourhood of this house witnessed many of those scenes which marked the uprising on "Vladimir's Day." I walked one day with my host along the Neva bank of the island to the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, and he pointed out to me the guns upon the walls, which were fired upon the occasion of the blessing of the Neva waters by

the Czar. The fortress is nearly opposite the Winter Palace, and the inquiry had left little doubt that the incident of the loaded cannon which struck the imperial pavilion in which the Czar stood was not accidental. I was anxious to understand exactly how the guns were directed, but my friend said, "I can only explain verbally. We must not be seen pointing." The remark made one realize how careful it was necessary to be at that time not to draw attention to or appear to be discussing recent events. Police and officials were very suspicious just then. Vladimir's palace is situated immediately across the Nicolai Bridge. It is a plain, dreary-looking building. He had never left it since the fatal Sunday, and it was well he did not, for it was closely watched.

At Petersburg I held two confirmations — one for adults, the other for the young candidates. Our church, already beautiful, had been enriched by a set of fine mosaics at the east end, as well as some good stained glass. It was well filled at 11 a.m. on the Sunday, and crowded at the confirmation.

When the sun sets down the Gulf towards Cronstadt, on a clear night the effect is very beautiful; the smoke rising from the city—always a pure white in this clear atmosphere, nothing but wood being burnt—has the appearance of a brilliantly pink canopy of cloud, intense as Bengal lights. The dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral (which is overlaid with beaten gold like the spire of the Admiralty and other buildings) glows aloft a rich pink in harmony. Tram-lines are laid over the frozen Neva during the winter, upon which tramcars are run, forming a considerable relief to the crowded bridges.

It may be remembered that a bomb exploded soon after "Red Sunday" in the Hôtel Bristol at Petersburg, killing a man who was handling it, and who was supposed to be an Englishman. He had a false passport, representing him as having a Scotch name, whereas it was discovered that he was a German, named Naumann. One of our factory people at Schlüsselberg upon Lake Ladoga, young McCullum, whose family I know, was staying next door at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. As his name resembled that upon Naumann's passport, he was advised to clear out before the police came. Being entirely innocent of any collusion with the German, he refused to do so. Not having brought his passport with him, he could not be identified for the moment, and was consequently arrested till our Ambassador explained the circumstances.

The Neva embankment is a beautiful and interesting rendezvous on a fine winter afternoon, when the sun is shining upon the snow-covered roadways and the ice-bound Neva. It is then that the great world of Petersburg throngs that part of the embankment stretching for some two miles in front of the Isaac Plain, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage. And it is a pageant worth seeing—a brilliant concourse of carriages, officers and officials on horseback and on foot. It was a strange sight to see all the wealth and splendour of this great capital promenading over the very ground which a few weeks before ran red with the blood of their fellow-citizens, swarming up and down as if the empire was at peace. Some of the carriages contained wounded officers, bandaged and bound, their crutches leaning by their side. Who would suppose that their army had been in full retreat month after month through an entire year without a single victory to record; one fleet destroyed and another going apparently to destruction also? This externally. Within, things, if possible, were still worse, the people asking where the Government is, and what it is; their Emperor practically a prisoner in his own palace, and the Grand Dukes, who are supposed to govern, in the same case. And yet these people, in semi-Oriental grandeur, were chatting together and saluting one another with courtly smiles, oblivious, apparently, of what the rest of the world stood looking at aghast—300,000 victorious Japanese driving before them the shattered remnant of the Russian army! In spite of all this, against the threats of the nation, and the added terror of revolution staring them in the face, they were talking of mobilizing another 400,000 men to go and be slaughtered as other hundreds of thousands have been!

Napoleon in his hundred days' desperation was as nothing in comparison. A truly wonderful people, and in a way to be looked upon with admiration, at least I cannot but feel so. For endurance, determination, and courage a Russian comes next to an Englishman. And they were so courteous and considerate in their bearing to us, though they could but see behind Japan the power and prestige of the British Empire, for the Russians are not a spiteful or malicious people. If some other nation of Western Europe—I will not particularize—were at war with Japan, and we Japan's allies, our position as residents in those countries would be impossible—we should be hounded out of them. Russia was sore, of course, but she kept her soreness to herself. To see a great and proud people, looked upon

hitherto as almost invincible, going about holding up their heads with all the world against them while the heart of the nation, beneath all this apparent indifference, was crushed and overwhelmed, was a sight worth coming so far to see.

The day after leaving Riga I had the following from a friend in that city:—

"As the result of the conflict on Sunday in the woods behind the factory where you dined, two thousand people tried the day after you left to force their way over the pontoon bridge, but were repulsed by the military and the Cossacks."

On my way to call upon the Archbishop of Petersburg I was shown the bullet marks freely showered upon the buildings up and down the Nevsky, though they had been painted out and puttied up, for it is the manner of the Muscovite to hide as soon as possible what he is conscious of having done amiss. The dead bodies of "Vladimir's Day," which were not put under the ice of the Neva, were carted away at night in wagons by hundreds into the country and buried. No record was left of them. They were unknown and purposely nameless. When relatives and friends went to make inquiries of officials concerning their fate, they were told that nothing was known of them. We drove to the Nevsky Monastery, the Archbishop's residence, in a motor. As we passed through the ancient archways and by the side of the immense cloisters and buildings swarming with monks, my friend said, "I do not suppose that these venerable precincts ever resounded before to the snort of a motor-car," and the monks certainly looked astonished.

On my way to the station, upon leaving Petersburg, the spot was pointed out to me where Plehve was killed. He was turning a corner on his way from the Baltic railway station when a bomb was thrown from the upper window of a restaurant. It is an open space of very wide dimensions, intersected by a canal, and the houses in that district are far apart, the Warsaw railway station to which I was driving being some distance away. Notwithstanding, every window in the neighbourhood as well as in the station was shattered by the concussion, so tremendous was the force of the explosive used. Of Plehve himself there was little left.

The traffic upon the Petersburg-Cracow line, upon which I was about to travel, had been entirely suspended. Like Jericho in its siege, Warsaw had been strictly shut up; none went out, and none came in. Few people were travelling on this, as on the other lines

I had traversed. Indeed, all through Russia I had never a fellow-traveller in my compartment with me. However, traffic had been restored, and I started on my journey of one thousand versts to the capital of Russian Poland.

I woke in the morning to exactly what I anticipated, for there is but one landscape in Russian travel—a dead level of snow, pine forests, stretches of frozen water, wretched patches of brown hovels, and grey crows. This for a thousand versts at a stretch is monotonous. When I emerged from my "wagon-lit" I came upon the morning tea being manufactured in a recess in the centre of the corridor carriage. The samovar was steaming, the *ménage* well-appointed, and very different from that of the dilapidated lavatory on the Libau line.

Here I encountered a Russian doctor travelling from Petersburg to Warsaw, with whom I fell into conversation. He had travelled far, seen much, and taken good stock of it. He waxed eloquent upon the war, the fleet, and the state of the country generally, regretting that, whilst speaking French, German, Italian, and Spanish, he had never mastered English. "Why," he asked, "do not the English like Russia? Is it not because they do not know us? We did not sympathize with the Boers during the South African War. Germans, French, Swiss were all against England, but not Russia." I told him it was because Englishmen did not know Russians in their own country; that we who knew Russia knew how considerate and friendly his countrymen were to the English residing in Russia, and appreciated it; that whatever dislike existed was owing to prejudice. "And why," he continued, "is England always harping upon our wanting India? Russia knows very well that she could not take India, even if she wanted to do so, nor does she wish to cause England trouble upon her Indian frontier. It is a ghost story and nothing more."

This is the invariable Russian opinion as to India. It is such ideas as those propounded not long since by M. Botyanoff in the *Invalide Russe* that create the misunderstanding between the two nations, whereas such ideas are purely personal, put forward by people of no official weight or position, and are in no way national. The wild ideas, held by no sensible Russian, of a coalition against England by massing Russian troops on the Afghan frontier, France and Germany co-operating on the sea, exists only in M. Botyanoff's head. But even such crazes do harm when misrepresented, as they

were in England, as the policy advocated by a paper of such importance as the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

If England, while taking care to be strong in India, would but exorcise this frontier ghost, and not weakly exhibit her apprehension of the self-raised evil spirit, we should hear no more about it. It is this bogey upon which Russia trades, when she finds it convenient to do so. It is known to be England's one sensitive point over which, when occasion requires, Russia knows that she can shake her sword of Damocles. Russians whose opinions are worth anything, military, naval, diplomatic—serious Russians who think and also know—will tell you that there is not and never was the slightest idea of attempting to possess themselves of India. If such assurances have no effect to convince, the reading of Popoffsky's *Rival Powers in Central Asia*—a book almost unknown to English readers, but full of profound facts and profounder lessons to Englishmen who value their empire—can hardly fail to do so. We may not be overloved by the native races of India, but Popoffsky shows clearly enough, even from a Russian point of view, that Russia is not only loved less, but is dreaded in India with an overwhelming dread. The offer of their services by the princes of India at the time of the Penjdeh "incident," opened not only Popoffsky's but many other Russian eyes. England, Japan, and Russia standing together would secure the peace of the Eastern—England, America, and Germany the peace of the Western world; and yet by reason of these miserable jealousies and misunderstandings we are for ever alienating those who might be, who ought to be, and in their wiser tempers wish to be our good friends and trusty allies.

At a refreshment-room *en route* to Warsaw I came upon a bright, pleasant young Finn from Helsingfors, on his way to the Archæological Congress at Athens. I thought he was English, and saluted him as such, possessing a face so different in type to the Slav, the Tartar, and the Jew of these regions. He was evidently pleased at the mistake, and still more pleased when I told him that there was not, after all, much difference, and that the next best thing to an Englishman was a Finn. "Das," he said, "ist wohl gesagt."

The Poles form admirable artistic studies. Every rich Pole wears magnificent furs; every poor one wears a long black sheepskin reaching to the ground, and carries on his back the inevitable bag. Their beards, their ringlets, their shuffling gait, the furtive look, and downcast eyes mark unmistakably their nationality. Poland, never

a restful country, was just then an angry hornet's nest. The railway stations were, in consequence, strongly policed, the officials standing about in long, brown coats and aigretted fur caps, armed with dirks and revolvers.

The train from Petersburg lands the traveller at Praga, on the north bank of the Vistula, Warsaw being reached by a fine iron bridge some half-mile in length, the castle and fortress, towers and spires of the city rising picturesquely on the south bank. At the end of this bridge the spot was pointed out where, the evening previous to my arrival, the life of Nolken, the Chief of Police, was attempted. The pavement was torn up by the bomb, his carriage shattered, and he himself (though still living) wounded in fifty places. Had the carriage not been driving at a furious pace to avoid an attack he must have been killed on the spot. The plot was well laid. A bomb was thrown into the police-station at Praga, killing several police in the building. The outrage was telephoned at once to the head of the police in Warsaw, who, as had been anticipated, hurried off at once to Praga; and on the way the bomb was thrown. Those implicated had warned the passers-by not to loiter, but to clear out of the way. The spot chosen was at the bridge-head, where steps lead to the river bank, down which the assassin rushed. He was followed by one of the police escort in attendance upon Nolken, and when pressed turned and shot his pursuer dead.

Agrarian risings and acts of violence were rife all round Warsaw. Recently 1500 peasants who were marching, bent upon some raid, in the neighbouring district of Kutnow, were attacked by the soldiery, thirty being killed, and nearly one hundred wounded. Murders at night were frequent in the streets of Warsaw, and people did not leave their houses after dark unless compelled to do so.

I had a good deal of conversation with Captain Murray, our Consul, about the attack made upon him by dragoons charging along the streets. There was, it seems, no intention in the occurrence; the soldiers did not know that the Consul was in the crowd, and an ample apology was made by the Government. In patrolling the streets the cavalry go either in Indian file or in open formation, like the five-spotted side of a die. This for safety, in case—as was by no means infrequent—a bomb is thrown amongst them.

A magnificent new Orthodox cathedral was almost completed at Warsaw. The Poles, of course, hate the sight of it, being, in

their eyes, an added badge of servitude. Placards were found on it thus worded, "This building to be let." They say that they will blow it up, and it is quite possible that the threat will be carried out. It was not needed, and is only a source of irritation to the inhabitants. One sees Pobiedonostzeff behind it—that policy of Russification and coercion which is driving the loyal Finns into antagonistic disgust of Russian rule, and maddening the Poles into a deeper and more abiding hatred. And yet every one seems afraid of this ecclesiastical layman; even the anarchists attach a sort of sacredness to his person as Procurator of the Holy Synod, and shrink, it is said, from killing him.

Upon a former visit to Russia, when Archbishop Palladius, of Petersburg, invited me to a week of functions with the Orthodox Church, to meet the four archbishops of the holy cities of Russia—Moscow, Kieff, Kasan, and Irkutsk—and other bishops of the empire, I was much struck with a scene enacted one day at the opening of the Ecclesiastical Academy. The great hall was full from end to end of State functionaries and ecclesiastical dignitaries, archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, archimandrites, with Father John of Cronstadt, and other ecclesiastics. When all was ready for the opening ceremony Pobiedonostzeff entered, and immediately the whole multitude rose to their feet, except the bishops. We kept our seats, the rest of the assembly standing until the Procurator had passed to his chair.

A funeral in Poland—and there were many of them just then in Warsaw—is a very dismal affair, beset with doleful sights and sounds. As I sat writing, one passed my windows. It was evidently that of an official—probably a case of assassination, or a wounded officer from the seat of war—for it was followed by a detachment of military with their band, the red cross vans and officials bringing up the rear. When the band ceased the followers set up a dreary wail, hopeless as the Polish cause itself. The coffin was draped with heavy black cloth, covering the entire hearse, and falling to the ground. The whole thing was so intensely melancholy that one longed to throw some Western Christian life and brightness into the proceedings.

A statue of Copernicus—who was born hard by at Thorn—stands in an open space off the Aleja Ujardowsky, one of the principal thoroughfares of Warsaw. That he studied the heavens, it is well said, is not to be wondered at, since there is nothing whatever in the region of his birth to turn the human gaze earthwards.

The hopes of peace which Sir Charles Hardinge (our Ambassador) told me at Petersburg he thought was in sight were soon overclouded again, and war to the bitter end seemed Russia's determination. The rich merchants and wealthy landowners in Poland were more bitter than ever against the Government. They said that the attitude of the peasant and working-classes was entirely owing to Government favouring them at their expense; that ever since Alexander II freed the serfs, forty years ago, they have been encouraged to look upon the land as their rightful property, and have always sought opportunity to possess themselves of it. That opportunity was then before them, and they were determined to take by violence what they have hitherto been unable to obtain in any other way. They further asserted that it was more difficult than ever to obtain redress at law from the lower classes; that the Government had always been afraid of them, and done its best to favour and encourage the peasantry against the upper classes. This may be so, for the Government does not fear the comparatively few capitalists in Poland, their fear lying in the direction of the overwhelmingly large population of artisans and peasants. If these last scrambled for and possessed themselves of the wealth of the propertied classes, two ends would be gained: they would be—so far as it is possible to satisfy Poles—contented, and the dangerous political element in the country obliterated. It was a new idea to me; but since there seemed a very general consensus of opinion in this direction, and I heard it strongly expressed, I concluded that there must be some ground for the assertion.

Warsaw is a fine city of busy streets, handsome buildings, and well-laid-out parks, in one of which is the pretty little palace of Poniatowski. Lodz—the Manchester of Poland—had been, if possible, a worse centre of lawlessness and anarchy than Warsaw. Assassination, strikes, destruction of machinery and factories had been, and still were, rampant in that district. There and at Marki, another manufacturing town, some twelve miles distant, we have a good many English, and their position through these continuous troubles had been most precarious. It was difficult for them to travel to Warsaw to attend the confirmation which I held. There seemed a very general opinion that more bloodshed and trouble was coming, and that the second outbreak would be worse than the first. Indeed, as an old resident, who had lived nearly all his life in Russia, said to me when I took leave of him, "It is no time for travelling in Russia, and the sooner you are out of it the better."

Under these circumstances, and having done what I had to do in the several centres of my church work, I was not altogether sorry to say good-bye to my many good and hospitable friends who had taken such kindly care of me in these unhappy times, and to book my place for the frontier station of Alexandrowo.

Arrived there, I found it far more closely guarded even than Wirballen, by which I had entered Russia, on the main route from Berlin to Petersburg. The station was beset with officials armed with fixed bayonets, sabres, and revolvers to overawe the inhabitants of that volcanic frontier line. They were everywhere: stationed along the platform, posted on either side of the trains, and watching up and down the railway towards Russia and towards Germany. The newspapers were reporting that the very flooring of the carriages was being removed here and there in search of arms and explosives. That might be, and very likely was, the case; for Russia's one fear in this part of her empire is that the Poles mean to arm and offer armed resistance. As each passenger took his seat in the train for the frontier he had his passport handed to him—not on the platform, lest he should effect an exchange with some other passenger, but in the train, into which we were all locked. Before every carriage stood an armed official, to see that no attempt was made to leave the train or exchange a passport. One man who hung back in conversation with an apparent friend was given to understand by an acted threat, in somewhat abrupt fashion, that if he did not get in at once without external assistance, it would be given him at the point of the bayonet. Thus locked, the train was guarded along the footboards on either side by officials till it had cleared the Russian sentries and the Russian Empire. This takes place at a distance of about an English mile from Alexandrowo. At that point a brilliantly-lighted guard-house is passed, and then almost immediately the three-fold line of sentries, and we passed slowly and silently out of the dominions of the Czar of All the Russias. The Kaiser's boundary posts are soon reached, and then within a few hundred yards Oslotchin, the first station in Germany.

Here the German officials, who are evidently in close co-operation with the Russians in the matter of arms and explosives, looked us through again, though how, guarded as were, we could have possessed ourselves in that short distance from one frontier to the other with anything revolutionary it was difficult to see. The official who searched my carriage, of which I was the sole occupant—as

indeed I was through all the thousands of versts upon my Russian and Polish journeys; no one was travelling, no one dare travel, but those compelled to do so—discovered in one corner of it my pastoral staff, the circular boss of which—suggestive of a bomb—was wrapped in leather. Holding it at a judicious distance, he demanded savagely, "Was ist das?" Having reassured and satisfied him that it was a peaceful weapon, he retired, evidently relieved, and for an East Prussian official—proverbially defiant and fierce—was respectfully polite, wishing me "Gut nacht."

What happened after that I do not know, for the next thing I was conscious of was that we had done over six hundred versts from the Polish frontier during the night, and were running through the suburbs of Berlin once more, and entering the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof of the German capital.

On Monday, May 8th of this year, I crossed to Antwerp and conferred with the chaplain upon the subject of the new church. Thence to Brussels for our annual Conference, which was well arranged and well attended. During its session I was the guest of Sir Constantine and Lady Phipps, who very kindly received the members. I then visited Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Freiburg, Territet, Lausanne, Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne for confirmation and other work, nothing very particular occurring worth record upon that well-beaten track.

My autumn visitation to the North German, Scandinavian, and Dutch chaplaincies was also over somewhat familiar ground, which I have traversed and described under too many circumstances to need further detail. In Sweden I stayed with hospitable and kind friends for the work I had to do in that part of Scandinavia. A description of the Swedish house in which I stayed I venture to give in detail, since few English people know what a delightful abode a Scandinavian country house is in summer, or more particularly in the soft, still, mellow autumn season of the year.

I have known Sweden since 1859, and have stayed in several country houses in that part of Europe—in a very beautiful one, some seventy miles from Stockholm, where our King, when Prince of Wales, shot his first Swedish elks; in another upon Lake Wenern; in another near Udervalla, towards the Norwegian frontier; and, in September of this year, in yet another, upon the beautiful lake of Jönsared.

This particular country house stands in well-timbered grounds,

about a quarter of a mile from the lake, the lower end of which is bounded by rocky, wooded heights of most picturesque formation. The house itself, like most country houses in Sweden, is built of wood, decorated with spoils of the chase—elk heads, deer horns, stuffed eagles, buzzards, etc.—and very much up to date in its arrangements, furnishing, and electric light. The estate upon which it stands consists of several thousand acres, mostly woodland, about three hundred acres being cultivable land and forming the home farm. In front of the house lies a park-like piece of ground, bounded by avenues of trees, which run down to and open up a fine view of the lake, the further shores of which stretch away northward in dense forest. A fountain, in its large basin, stands in the centre of the view, greatly adding to the effect of this part of the grounds. A small stream, making a waterfall, runs by the kitchen gardens into the lake, and forms a quiet inlet for the water-fowl. Behind and on either side of the house lie the gardens, brilliant at this season with flowers such as an English garden produces.

The chief feature of the place is the farm and farm-buildings, which are unusually extensive, for all must be put under cover in such a northern winter as Sweden experiences. Enormous barns and outbuildings for storing the harvest—hay and other farm-produce—stand round a courtyard. As the loaded wagons come in from the harvest-field—then in full swing—the loads are lifted off them by an operation I had never seen before. A wooden rack is laid at the bottom of each empty wagon furnished with chains, which hang over the wagon's sides. Upon this rack the corn is loaded in the field and brought into the barn, the chains clasping the load from the rack round the top. A heavy hooked chain is let down from a running tramway which traverses aloft the entire length of the barn. At a given signal the load is raised from the wagon by a jack attached to the running tramway above, swung up aloft, run along to the point required for storing, and deposited in its place. A fresh rack and chains are then dropped into the emptied wagon, which is driven back to the harvest-field, and the process is repeated. Correspondingly large buildings for housing about two hundred cows, which are kept in perfect cleanliness and order, form another section of the farm premises. A dairy worked by steam, upon the Danish principle, flanks the cow-halls—for they cannot be called sheds—requiring a large staff of experienced hands to keep the machinery and various processes in constant work and order. The

crofter system obtains upon the estate. Some eight or ten crofters' cottages are scattered here and there upon small plots of a few acres each. The crofters are at the call of the landlord when required, being allowed a day or two in each week to themselves according to the season, extra work being extra paid. They keep bees, two or three cows and pigs, grow their own garden produce, and seem contented and well to do.

The lake holds fish of many kinds; in the river running into and out of it are trout and salmon of large size. My host was endeavouring to attract wild duck to stay and breed upon his shore of the lake by planting wild rice from Winnipeg. This the duck delight in, and feed upon greedily. If able to grow it to any extent, there can be no doubt that its attractive power in drawing and keeping wild fowl of all kinds will be very great. Here I spent several interesting days, learning much of the country life around, and passing most pleasant evenings, with games and music, under the hospitable roof of my genial host and hostess and their kind and delightful family.

It was supposed that the difficulties between Norway and Sweden would be adjusted without serious difficulty, though the feeling, no doubt, was bitter in Sweden towards the Norwegians, who seem to have made the case of the Consuls a mere pretext for separation without adequate cause or reasonable grievance. The old King, whom I saw in Gothenburg, looked aged and sad, and felt the action of Norway very keenly. It was thought that the Norwegians should have allowed him to end his days as King of the united countries, but that they thought it politic to strike before a younger and, perhaps, a firmer hand wielded the sceptre. The breaking of the weaker part of the kingdom with the stronger resembles the action of an inferior partner dissolving partnership with a prosperous firm. "Sweden will suffer to some extent by the separation, but Norway will suffer more," was the prevalently expressed opinion.

The day after I left Prince William of Sweden was arriving for the autumnal elk hunt. Only seven elks are allowed to be shot on the estate each year, and, of course, there were great preparations in progress, and much anxiety to give the Prince a good day or two's sport. I wish I could have stayed to see it, but it was impossible. Work awaited me in Germany, Holland, and North France, and I had to go and do it.

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